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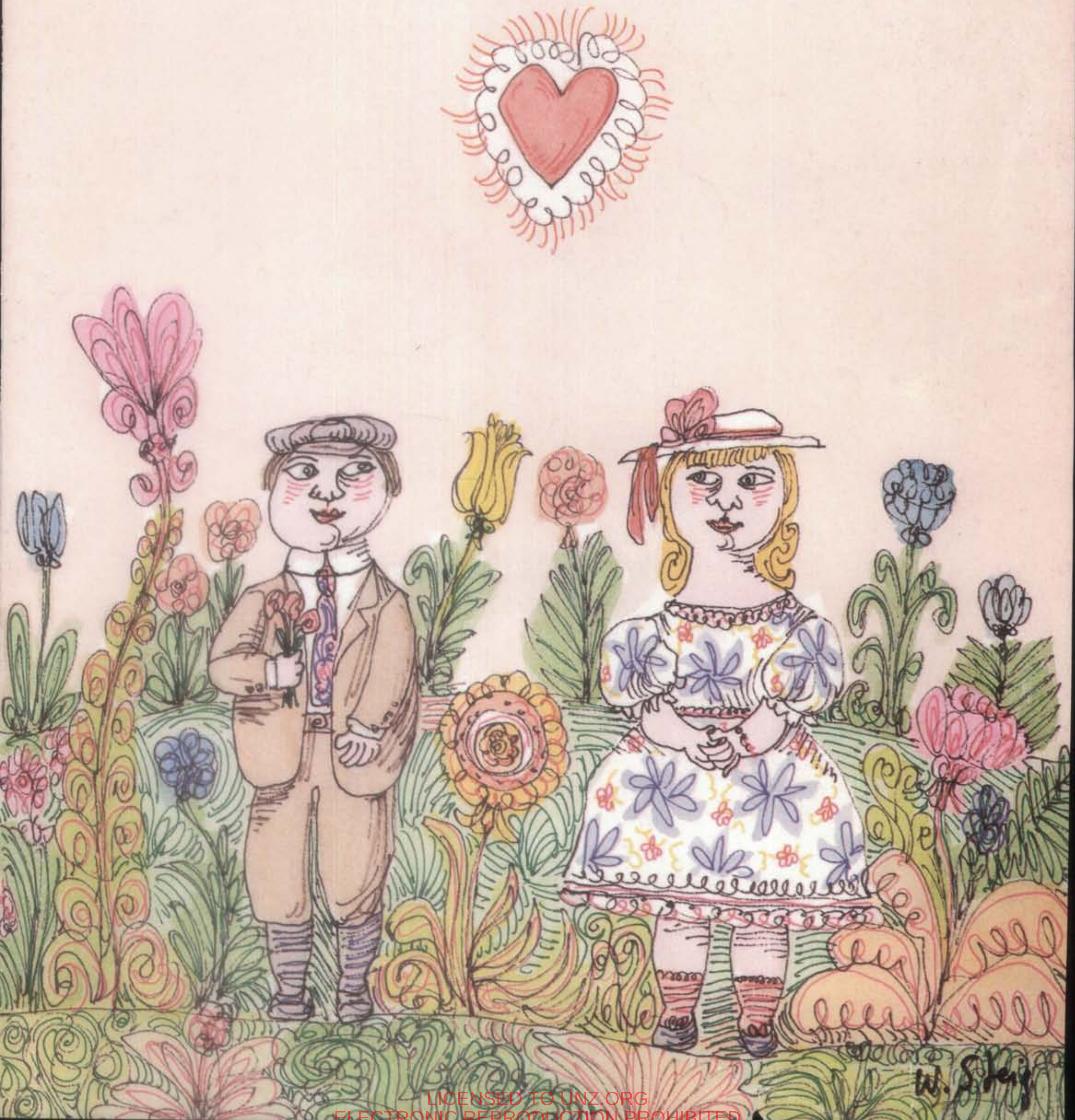

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A charming little play, unabashed in its sentimentality, about an English family gallantly surviving the rigors of the Second World War. The author is C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," starring Kevin O'Connor, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Becoming Garcia—A play by Tato Laveria about a middle-class Hispanic family on the lower East Side. Opens Thursday, Feb. 9, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 26. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Criminal Minds—Three first-rate actors—John Glover, Leo Burmester, and Pamela Reed—play a couple of escaped convicts and the girlfriend of one of them in Robin Swicord's very funny comedy. David Trainer was the fine director. (1/23/84) (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

Do Lord Remember Me—A revival of James de Jongh's dramatic play, made from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. With Frances Foster, Gian Carlo Esposito, Ebony Jo-Ann, Lou Myers, and Roger Robinson. Staged by Regge Life. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Doonesbury—Garry Trudeau's celebrated comic strip comes agreeably to life in a musical that demonstrates Trudeau's gift for writing clever lyrics. The music is by Elizabeth Swados. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **A THURBER CARNIVAL,** by James Thurber, will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Feb. 9, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 26. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Getting Along Famously—A comedy by Michael Jacobs. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

The Glass Menagerie—An admirable production of Tennessee Williams' first big success. Jessica Tandy is a formidable Amanda Wingfield; also in the cast are Bruce Davison, Amanda Plummer, and John Heard. John Dexter directed. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ian McKellen Acting Shakespeare—Ian McKellen appears to be on close personal terms with Shakespeare and, along with reciting passages from his works, he gives us welcome glimpses of how the playwright's mind may have worked. A merry, informal evening in the theatre. (1/30/84) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap

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opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Feb. 12: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 15: **IOLANTHE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Living Theatre—Three plays in repertory. **ANTIGONE,** by Bertolt Brecht: Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8. . . . **THE ONE AND THE MANY,** by Ernst Toller: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 9-10, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 11, at 7. . . . **THE YELLOW METHUSELAH,** an adaptation by Hanon Reznikov of Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" and Wassily Kandinsky's "The Yellow Sound": Saturday, Feb. 11, at 10, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3 and 7:30. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

Mademoiselle—A comedy by Arthur Whitney. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Theatre Company—Two revivals opening a season of alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS,** and Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Velina Houston's play **AMERICAN DREAMS** is the second in this season's series of three productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

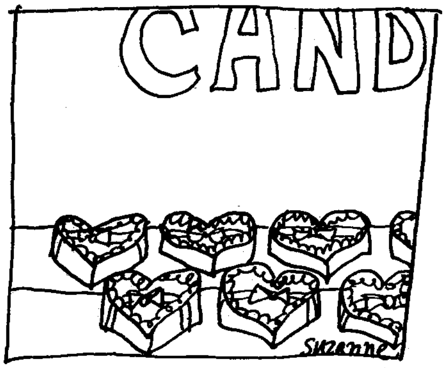
Old Times—An extremely good revival of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. Anthony Hopkins is the husband, Marsha Mason is the wife, and Jane Alexander is her friend of long ago. Kenneth Frankel directed. (1/23/84) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Open Admissions—Calvin Levels and Marilyn Rockafellow are well worth going to see in this harsh, accurate study of the process by which we pretend to educate the illiterates among us and break their hearts in the course of doing so. The author is Shirley Lauro and the director is Elinor Renfield. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close head the marvellous cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Rink—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli in a musical with a book by Terrence McNally, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. The direction is by A. J. Antoon. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 9. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Serenading Louie—An admirable revival of Lanford Wilson's less than admirable play about the marital troubles of two well-heeled couples in their mid-thirties. With Dianne Wiest, Lindsay Crouse, Peter Weller, and Jimmie Ray Weeks. John Tillinger was the able director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A truncated version of the Bizet opera, with Carmen as a doomed slut and Don José as a murderer four times over. The chief instigator of this travesty is the director, Peter Brook. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,896 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **'NIGHT, MOTHER:** A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim, but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. With Galina Panova and George de la Peña. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein on Monday and Tuesday evenings, as well as at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, played by Dennis Quaid and Randy Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St.

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764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7:30; Friday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Feb. 12, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 9: "Divertimento No. 15," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 10: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Other Dances," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 11: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 11: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 12: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 12: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Antique Epigraphs." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 14: "Ballo della Regina," "Scotch Symphony," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 15: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Chaconne," and "Antique Epigraphs." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 17: "Concerto Barocco," "Scotch Symphony," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 18: "Ballo della Regina," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 18: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Antique Epigraphs." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Program I: With the Dave Brubeck quartet. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 3; and Sunday, Feb. 12, and Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3; and Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of an eleven-day engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 26—Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7, and Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Varese Tribute" (première), "Liturgies" (New York première), and "The Mechanical Organ." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 18, at 3: "Pond," "Kaleidoscope," and "Gallery." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Twyla Tharp Dance—Final performances by Miss Tharp and her company—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, at 8: "Fait Accompli" and "Baker's Dozen." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 8: "The Golden Section," "Eight Jelly Rolls," and "Bad Smells." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2: "Sue's Leg," "Telemann," and "Nine Sinatra Songs." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 12, at 7 (a benefit performance): "The Golden Section," "Sinatra Suite" (with Mikhail Baryshnikov), "Baker's Dozen," and "Sinatra Songs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Robert Small—"Anything with a Heartbeat," a full-length solo work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesdays at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by three companies. **MATHEWS-MASTERS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Feb. 8, and Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2. . . . **ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 9-10, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8. . . . **GUS GIORDANO JAZZ DANCE CHICAGO:** Wednesday, Feb. 15, and Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, the **BARRY HARRIS** trio will be on hand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

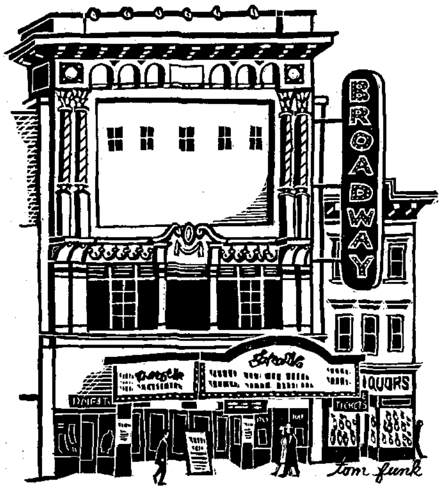
Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** *has returned to this club to* sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. The jazz roster: alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** through Sunday, Feb. 12; Monday, Feb. 13, Marje Kessler and her trio and Stephanie Crawford and her trio; and starting Tuesday, Feb. 14, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** and his group. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, trumpeter Tom Browne and drummer **NORMAN CONNORS** with singer **JEAN CARN**; Sunday, Feb. 12, guitar wiz **DAVID BROMBERG**; and Friday, Feb. 17, tenor saxophonist **SONNY ROLLINS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **KENNY BARRON** and **DAVID WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Feb. 11, and **JOHN O'NEIL** and **RAY DRUMMOND** starting Monday, Feb. 13. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON**, who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.



Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, a delicate, elegantly swinging piano soloist given to playing short, abbreviated sets, works here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Feb. 8, Buster & the Big Ideas, End to End, and Beat Feet; Thursday, Feb. 9, the Waldos and the Misguided; Friday, Feb. 10, the Del Lords, the Replacements, and L.E.S.R.; Saturday, Feb. 11, the Drongoes, Last Goodnight, the Del Fuegos, and Paleface; and Tuesday, Feb. 14, Penny Loafers, the Insiders, Section 8, and the Whirling Dervishes. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH**, a strong, moving singer, performs jazz and blues at nine and eleven nightly, except Mondays. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, Feb. 8, Dave Walters; Thursday, Feb. 9, Joe Val and the New England Bluegrass Boys; Saturday, Feb. 11, Backroads; Wednesday, Feb. 15, Liz Carroll; and Saturday, Feb. 18, Brad Leftwich and Linda Higginbotham. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Thursdays and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Feb. 12, the Spanky Davis quintet takes over the bandstand. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—**SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS**, a rhythm-and-blues weirdie, will be present on Friday, Feb. 10, at eight and eleven. In the fifties, Hawkins, who has a penetrating, bloodcurdling baritone, recorded the R. & B. classic "I Put a Spell on You," which is punctuated with growls, screeches, yelps, and moans; for his stage act, he dressed like a Mau Mau or climbed out of a coffin. Although his performances still shake up his audiences, Hawkins has said that he'd like to sing ballads. The rest of the schedule: Saturday, Feb. 11, Buskin & Batteau; Monday, Feb. 13, Jim Morris, the Bloody Puddle Theatre, and the Ultrapov Comedy Troupe; Tuesday, Feb. 14, Steve & Mark and Susie Schneider; and Friday, Feb. 17, at eight and eleven, **ERIC ANDERSEN**. Thursdays, Sundays, and other assorted nights are comedy nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Thursday, Feb. 9; pianist **JORGE DALTO** on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11; pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** on Sunday Feb. 12, and with guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** on Monday, Feb. 13, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 15-16; and singer **SHEILA JORDAN'S** trio on Tuesday, Feb. 14. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Kitt Moran sings with Mike Moran, Bob DeVos,

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Crossing the Distance

A path between two seas, dreamed of for centuries. The result: a modern day Noah's Ark where endangered species thrive. A look at teapots that fly. A poignant visit with Anne Morrow Lindbergh. And a trip from Moscow with three Siberian tigers.

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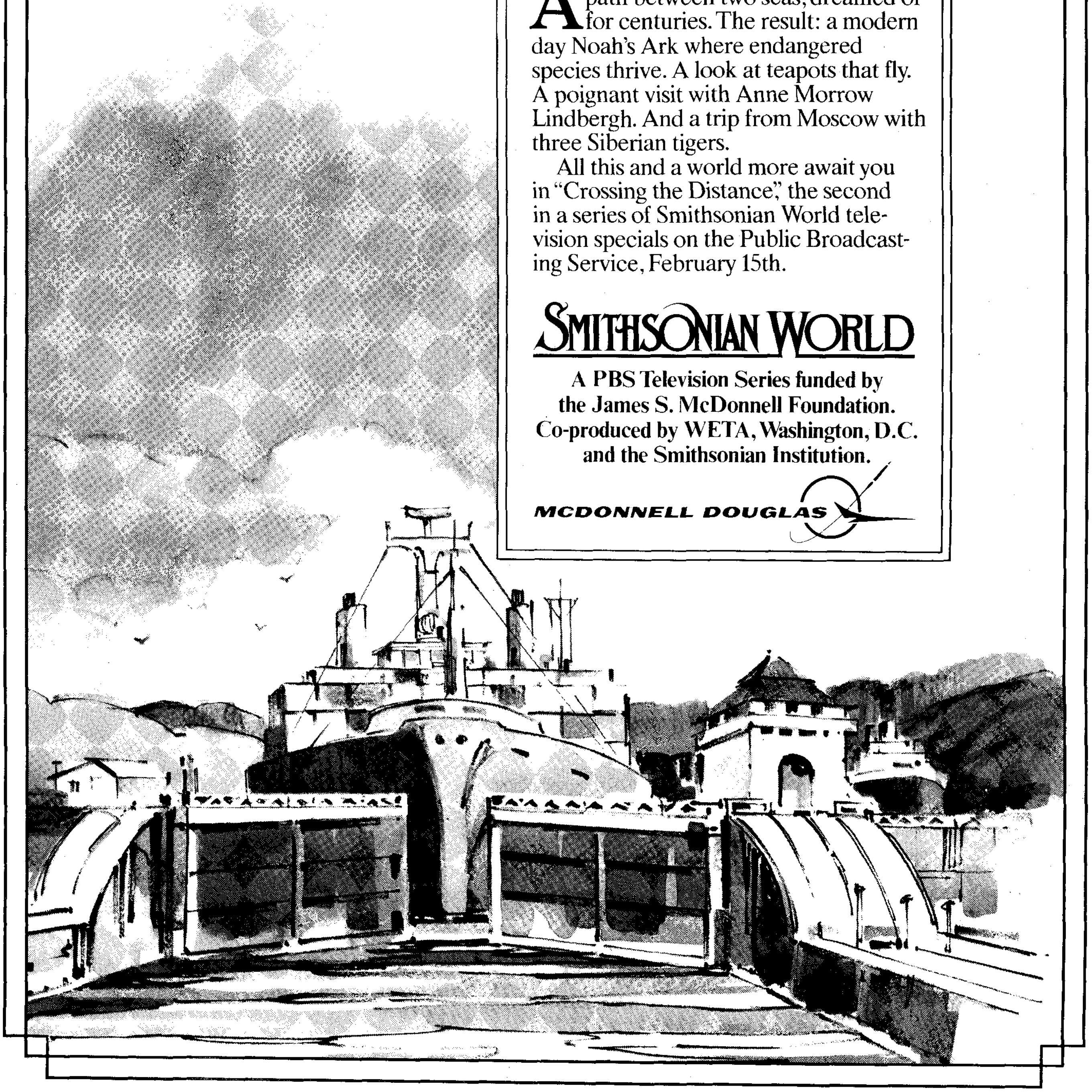

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and Jack Dryden, and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE**, whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. On Monday, Feb. 13, singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** will work with bassist John Belzaguy. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and the same hours on Sundays belong to **BROOKS KERR**.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is present Tuesdays through Saturdays; and **JUDY CARMICHAEL**, another stride-piano expert, works Sundays and Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

JASMINE, 168 W. 96th St. (662-6665)—Contemporary, up-to-date, downtown-quality jazz on the upper West Side. **RANDY WESTON** is at the piano until Sunday, Feb. 12; on Tuesday, Feb. 14, the Gail Wynters trio will take over. Mondays are the property of soprano saxophonist Darryl Foster's quartet and singer Alyson Williams. Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** is here with show-boating bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Feb. 11, and on Tuesday, Feb. 14, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will come in with bassist **MARC JOHNSON**. The Sunday-and-Monday men remain pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Feb. 8, Gene Clark & the Firebyrds and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog; Tuesday, Feb. 14, Chicago blues singer and guitarist **SON SEALS** and the Robert Cray Blues Band; and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 15-16, more Chicago bluesmen, **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** and Sugar Ray & the Blue Notes. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON**, a terrific and convincing performer, is singing a whole gang of Cole Porter songs Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The partial lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 8, Rebirth; Thursday, Feb. 9, **LESTER CHAMBERS**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, singer **CARMEN LUNDY**; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS**. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Feb. 8, Carol Macdonald & Witch, French TV, and Hard Facts; Thursday, Feb. 9, Dean Friedman, the House Painters, and the Safecrackers; Friday and Saturday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, **KENNY RANKIN**, the pleasant pop-jazz folkie; Wednesday, Feb. 15, Alan Mann and Thom Morlan & the Reactions; Thursday, Feb. 16, Station F. M., the Visitors, and T. C. Kross; Friday, Feb. 17, Bricks Mortar, the Tapes, and Human Hands; and Saturday, Feb. 18, Tom Intondi, Christine Lavin, and other folkies. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Feb. 10, Chris Stamey; Saturday, Feb. 11, the Rescue and Donna Destri; and Saturday, Feb. 18, the Dance. Wednesdays and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s. and v.j.s. Live music from after eleven-thirty.

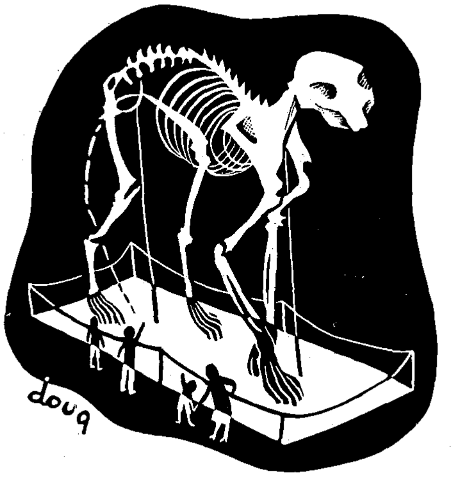
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA** play for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the sixty-fifth-floor windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Feb. 9, Aerosmith; Friday, Feb. 10, Ronnie Spector; Saturday, Feb. 11, Andre Cymone; Monday, Feb. 13, the Pa-dant-iks; Tuesday, Feb. 14, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; and Saturday, Feb. 18, Wire Train. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Feb. 8, Henry G. Mitchell & the Beautiful People; Thursday, Feb. 9, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER**, with trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON**; Sunday, Feb. 12, Vivian Prince; Monday, Feb. 13; the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**; Tuesday, Feb. 14, Tiger's Baku, with Tiger Okashi; and Wednesday, Feb. 15, Somersault, with Steve Fishman. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The influential **GEORGE RUSSELL**, composer, arranger, and jazz theorist (he is known for his Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization), is leading a group of young, awe-struck players through some of his works. (His works, which swing considerably more than one might suspect, include "Electronic Sonata for Souls Loved by Nature," "Events I-VIII," "Vertical Form VI for Jazz Orchestra," and the fiery "Cubana-Be, Cubana-Bop," which he wrote for Dizzy Gillespie in 1947.) Through Sunday, Feb. 12. Pianist, composer, and singer **MICHELE ROSEWOMAN** will be here with her group on Monday, Feb. 13, and on Tuesday, Feb. 14, South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** (formerly known as Dollar Brand) will move in. Shows from nine-thirty. Dining.



TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Buster Poindexter, a *nom de guitare*, plays rock and blues with a band Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 16-18. Music after nine.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on Feb. 13, Wilfrido Vargas will share the stage with Adalberto Santiago y Su Orquestra Alegre and with a guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF**. On Saturday, Feb. 11, at eight and eleven, "A Night at the Savoy" will feature **JON HENDRICKS & CO.**, the Norma Miller Jazz Dancers, Sandman Sims, Sandra Cameron, and **GEORGE KELLY** & His Jazz Sultans. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, in the Top of the Gate, the **HERBIE MANN** sextet, which will feature saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, will perform at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** can be heard after nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, and drummer **BILLY HART** make up the quartet **QUEST**, which performs here through Sunday, Feb. 12. On Tuesday, Feb. 14, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** descends the stairs with his quintet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. **JIM HALL** and **RON CARTER**, one of two guitar-bass duos currently available (see Zinno, below), play sublime duets Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Mondays through Wednesdays, Barry Olsen; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 9-12, Mitch Rothschild; and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 16-19, Tony Regusis. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

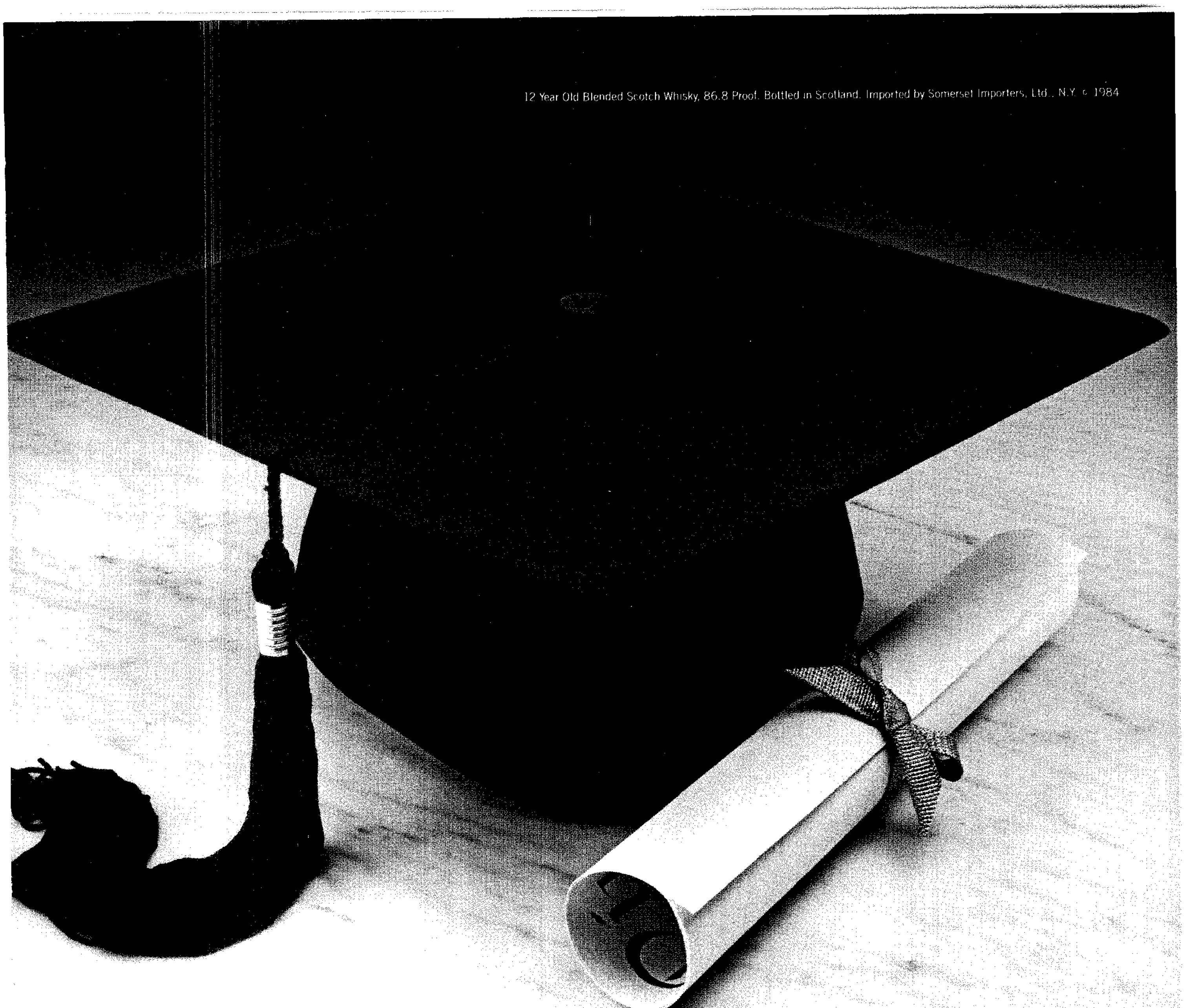
WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** winds up his visit on Saturday, Feb. 11; bassist Tommy Palmer will drop by on Monday, Feb. 13; on Tuesday, Feb. 14, there will be a salute to Jo Jones; and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 15-18, cool-school saxophone veteran **ALLEN EAGER** will head a quartet. Sundays are given over to altoist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ**. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **HUGH LAWSON** and bassist **CALVIN HILL** work through Saturday, Feb. 11, and that piano-bass-duo-about-town **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will take charge on Tuesday, Feb. 14. Sunday's music is provided by **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE**, the other distinguished guitar-bass unit in town right now (see Village West, above). Music from eight, except Mondays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CHICK COREA AND GARY BURTON—With a string quartet. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

HOUSTON PERSON and **ETTA JONES**—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.



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Official Rules 1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To enter, fill in the official entry form (or on a 5" x 8" plain piece of paper), clearly hand-print your name, address and the answer requested in the statement on the official entry form. The answer to this statement may be found by looking at the labels of any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 6, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Bonus phrase may be found on game board displays in all participating restaurants or liquor stores, or by writing to: Bonus Phrase, P.O. Box 202, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope no larger than 4-1/8" x 9-1/2". Mail to: Johnnie Walker Black Label Contest, P.O. Box 9095, New Canaan, CT 06842. Entries must be received by March 23, 1984. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. **3.** Winner will be determined by random drawing from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. **4. Grand Prize:** the cost of a four year college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses, up to a limit of $40,000, or $40,000 in cash to be paid in one sum, or $2,500 quarterly per year over a period of four years. **Bonus Prize:** $5,000 in cash to be used (if so elected by the winner) toward the cost of a college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses. The prize winner will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use the winner's name and photo in publicity. **5.** Prizes are non-transferable. NO correspondence will be entered into. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. If Grand Prize Winner answers Bonus Prize question correctly, both prizes (valued at $45,000) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, licensed alcoholic beverage wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Oklahoma and wherever sweepstakes are prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE AS OF January 1, 1984. **8.** The name of the winner will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Black Label Winners List, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

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1. The name Walker appears (answer) ______times on the 3 front labels.
2. The Bonus phrase is ________ ________ ________.

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P.O. Box 9095, New Canaan, CT 06842

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state as of January 1, 1984.

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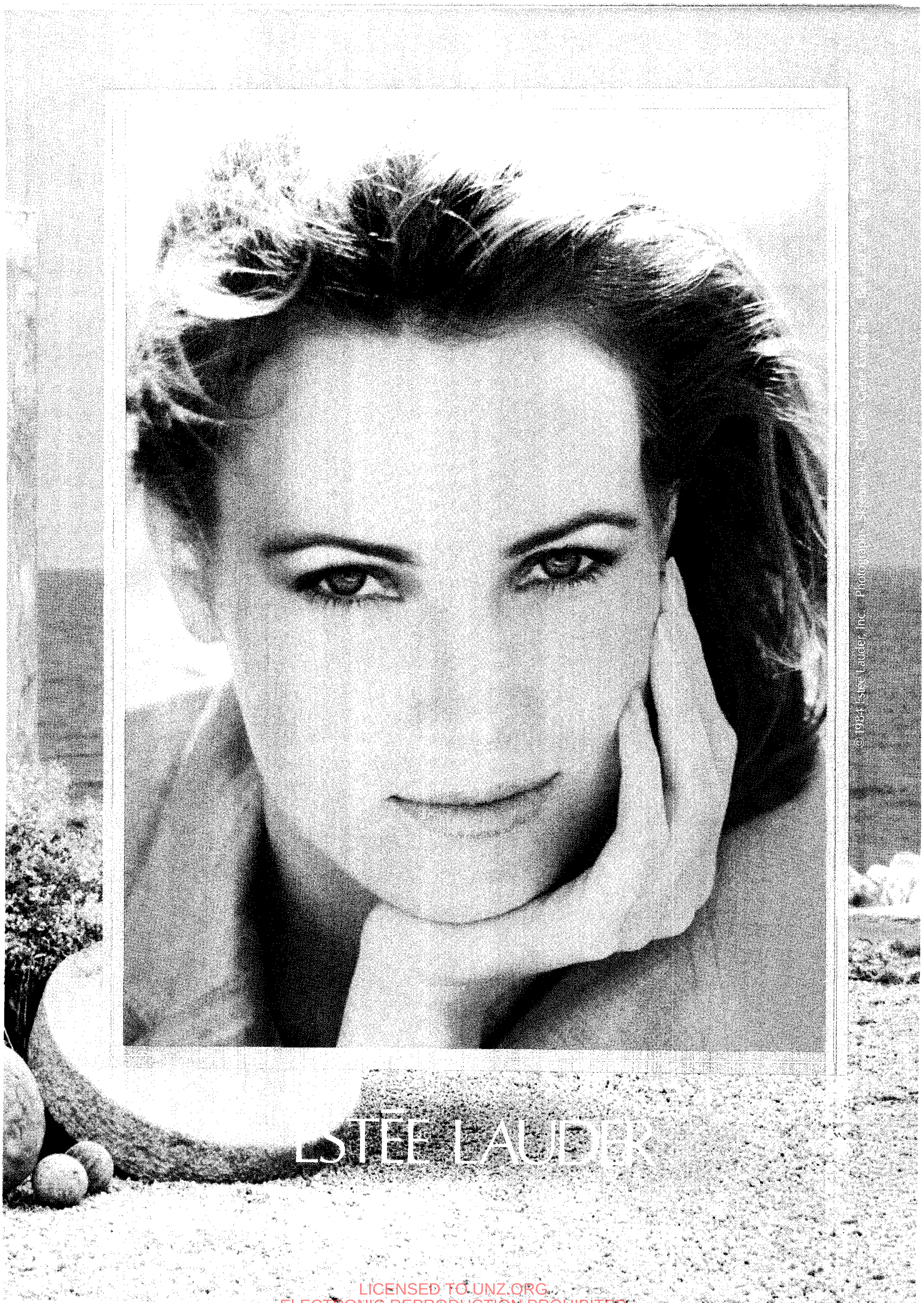
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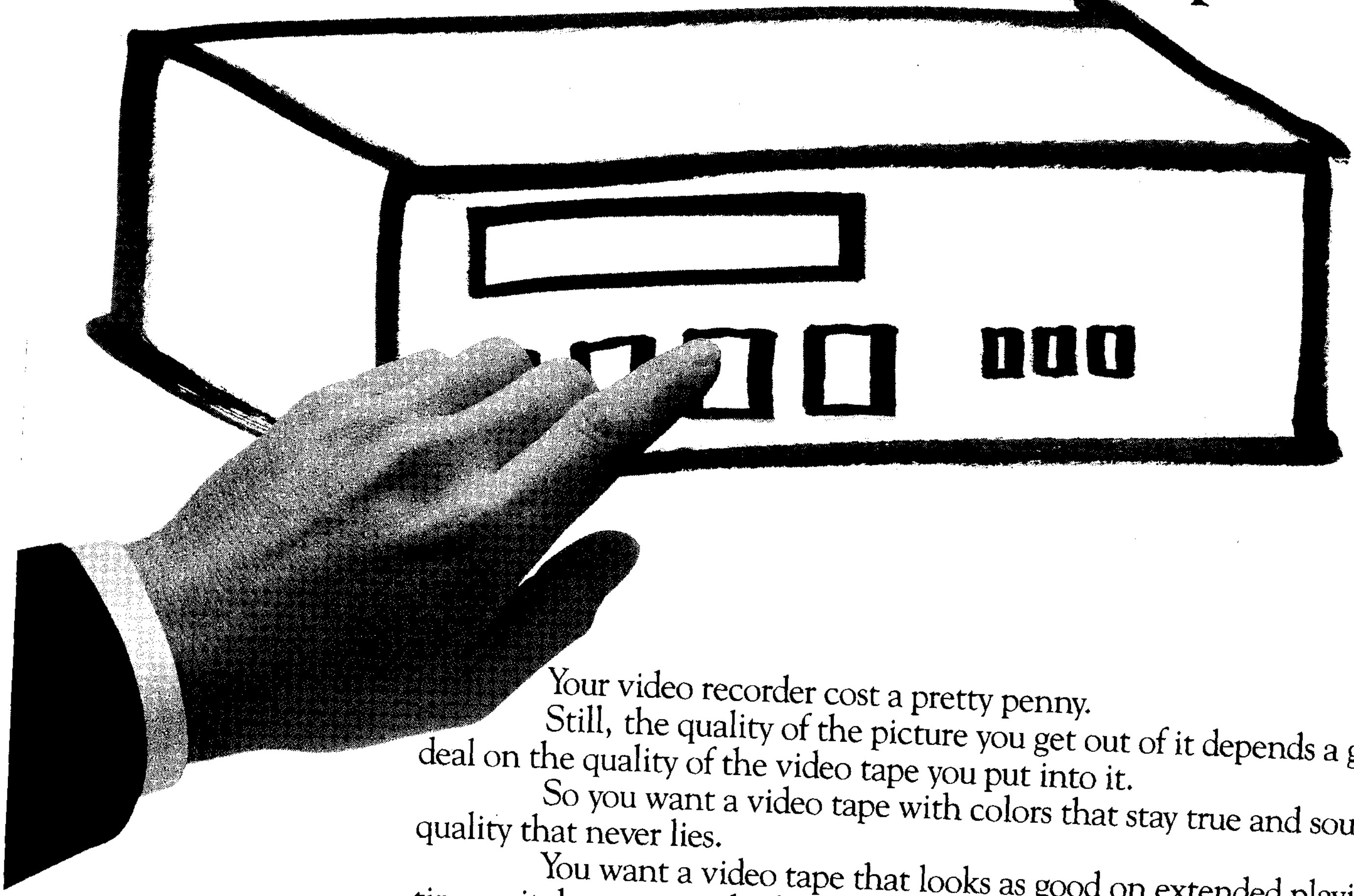

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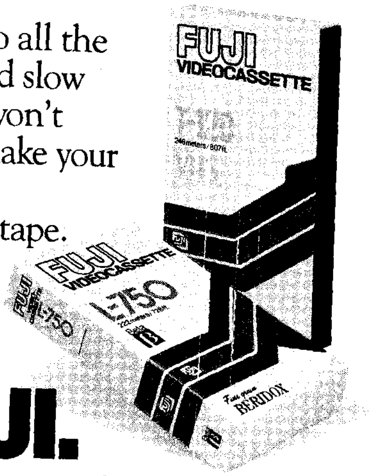

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 8:30 and 10.

Kevin Burke and Micheal O'Domhnaill—With Andy Irvine. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Andy Statman's Klezmer Orchestra—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of five programs entitled "The Golden Decade of Song: The Tuneful Thirties," this one featuring Rex Reed (narrator), Anita Ellis, Jazz Babies, Julius La Rosa, Maureen McGovern, and Mike Renzi. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2:30, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

60th Anniversary Celebration of Paul Whiteman's Historic Aeolian Hall Concert—Maurice Peress conducting a jazz band in a re-creation of the 1924 concert that introduced George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." With Ivan Davis and Dick Hyman. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one performed by Buddy Tate and Al Grey. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

C-Sharpe Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 9, 10:30, and midnight.

David Murray—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Menudo—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday, Feb. 14, through Thursday, Feb. 23. Weeknights at 8; Sunday at 3 and 8.

International Music Stars—A three-month-long series will open with Régine. (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Wednesday, Feb. 15, through Thursday, Feb. 23. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3.)

Tommy Flanagan and George Mraz—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 17, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Irving Plaza—Saturday, Feb. 11, after 11:30: Los Lobos and Barrence Whitfield & the Savages. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 10, at 9: Dave Valentin. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Benefit Concerts—WNEW's fiftieth anniversary celebration, featuring Mel Tormé, Tony Bennett, Peggy Lee, Vic Damone, Rosemary Clooney, Woody Herman, and others. A benefit for the National Kidney Foundation. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Earl Robinson in a benefit for the Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975)—Eight paintings, including a still-life done in 1917 and a sunrise on Martha's Vineyard, dated 1969. Through Feb. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Federico Castellon (1914-71)—Paintings and works on paper from the thirties, by a Surrealist. Through March 1. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Maureen Connor—Sculptures in which drapery motifs are carried to abstraction. Through Feb. 25. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Recent color-field paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Paintings. Through March 3. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Vera Klement—Large works, each with two distinct abstract forms thickly painted in a turbulent mixture of rich colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Two shows. Watercolors from a sketchbook executed in 1934, on a Mediterranean cruise aboard the yacht of Sara and Gerald Murphy. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.) . . . ¶ Seventeen oils and eleven works on paper ranging in dates from the mid-twenties until the year he died. Through March 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Lobe—New sculptures. Through Feb. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Francisco Oller (1833-1917)—Fifty-odd paintings by a leading Puerto Rican artist who studied in France and has several works in the Louvre. Through March 18. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Reinhoud—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Working drawings for some of his sculptural pieces, done in bold black-and-white strokes. Through Feb. 25. (Hoffeld, a new gallery at 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **noortman & brod,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings on loan from the Manchester City Art Gallery, England. Among the artists are van Ruisdael, Tissot, and Sickert. Through Feb. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **schoelkopf,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Twenty-six works that were all considered avant-garde not so long ago, by such artists as Niles Spencer, Lachaise, Calder, Matulka, and Joseph Stella. Through Feb. 22. . . . **spanierman,** 50 E. 78th St.: A show of nineteenth-century American genre paintings includes a colorful East Indian procession by Edwin Lord Weeks; two youths, one black and one white, by James Clonney; and a portrait by Frederick MacMonnies of his two daughters. Through Feb. 25. . . . **steinbaum,** 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs by sixty-two artists whose works are shown in pairs because this is a husband-and-wife show: the Drexlers, the Kozloffs, the Woodmans, others. Through Saturday, Feb. 18.

Sculpture—One work and one drawing each by ten Minimalists, including Tom Butter, Brigid Kennedy, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Jay Coogan. Through Feb. 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings and works on paper from throughout the artist's career. Through Feb. 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ella Bergmann (1896-1971)—Drawings and collages by a Constructivist connected with the Bauhaus and the Dadaists. Through March 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Bosman / Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Heroic brush drawings, each narrating a disaster at sea—the monstrous wave, the flooded engine room, the lowered lifeboats, etc. / Pastel landscapes framed by the trompe-l'oeil tape that is her hallmark. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Heavily impastoed paintings from the past year. Through Feb. 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ernest Briggs—New oils by an Abstract Expressionist. Through March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Paintings: still-lifes and scenes of Rockport, Massachusetts. Through March 3. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani / Christopher Jones—Cityscapes executed from the various bridges around Manhattan. / Large, loosely painted landscapes of Maine. Through Feb. 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Cuartas—A hushed atmosphere surrounds these hard-edge Realist paintings—still-lifes, figures, imaginary architecture—by a Colombian-born artist now resident in Paris. Through March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jimmy Ernst—Paintings and works on paper. Through March 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alvaro Guevara (1894-1951)—Nine small oils. Through March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Large oils and small gouaches of the rolling, misty countryside around the Delaware Water Gap. Through Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Jessup / David James—The blocky figures in these paintings and the simplified landscapes they inhabit have the same innocent grotesqueness one finds in the pages of old-fashioned children's books. / Abstract constructions done with plaster, Rhoplex, wood, and paint, and assembled on metal lathing. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)—Paintings and drawings in a small show that complements the big exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Diana Kurz—Figures and still-lifes are seen in these new paintings, and the latter are also on view in charcoal and pastel drawings. Through Feb. 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert LaHotan—Paintings of figures in gardens, the seashore, and so on. Through March 3. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rodger Mack—Recent abstract bronzes. Through Feb. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Mountain landscapes of Colorado, Montana, and other Northwestern states. Through March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Recent steel sculptures. Through March 2. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin—Six-foot-square canvases of a silvery gray traversed by horizontal stripes of a softer gray. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—A fifteen-foot, three-panel painting called "Nightlife and Northlight" dominates a showing of new works. Through March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Richard Merkin—Recent figurative paintings and pastels. Through March 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Moser—New paintings and drawings of lonely landscapes that are imaginary but typical of the places the artist remembers from his travels around the Midwest and Northeast. Through Feb. 25. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Neel—Paintings from the past five decades of subjects the artist characterizes as "human creatures." Through Feb. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Marsha Pels—Abstract bronzes. Through

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 3. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Nina Posnansky—Musicians at work, Jerusalem rooftops, Haitian marketplaces, and flowers figure in these acrylic paintings and watercolors. Through Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Gallery 84, at 30 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Recent paintings. Through March 16. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lucas Samaras—A *triple show. Miniature* bronzes (figures on chairs), plus drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Multipart photographs assembled from 8 x 10 Polaroids. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of pastels. Through Friday, Feb. 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

F. L. Schroder—Abstract wall sculptures made of sections of aluminum tracking welded together; the artist currently has a show at the Queens Museum. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Bright-colored shaped canvases, circular, oval, and in clusters, in a two-gallery show—at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through Feb. 25.

Donald Sultan—New paintings. Through March 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Diane Townsend—Profusions of peaches, apples, quinces, persimmons, and black plums occupy these paintings and pastels, along with an occasional bit of landscape in the background. Through Feb. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **donson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Prints from the past four centuries by Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Matisse, Nolde, and others. Through Feb. 29. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Gustav Klimt's painting "The Battle of Life" (often called "The Golden Knight"), plus drawings by that artist and other works by Schiele, Modersohn-Becker, and Kollwitz. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . **getler-pall-saper,** 50 W. 57th St.: Eight artists (Valerie Jaudon, Eric Fischl, Robert Zakanitch, others) showing a single drawing and print each. Through Feb. 25. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Fifty nineteenth-century prints, including a lithograph by Soulange Teissier done after William Sidney Mount's painting "Coming to the Point," and a number of depictions of the exploits of George Washington. Through Feb. 25. . . . **ross,** 162 W. 56th St.: Paintings by Norris Embry, Walter Anderson, and Henry Botkin, among others. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Opens at noon; closed Saturdays.) . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: New paintings by Sam Cady, early figurative works by Mark Tobey, and drawings by Pierre Klossowski. Through Feb. 27. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bruce Boice—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Gregory Botts—Large paintings, mostly landscapes in chiaroscuro, by an artist who picks titles from such sources as Aristophanes, Jung, and the Iliad. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

David Budd—A dozen new abstract works by a pioneer of monochromatic painting (an all-white work, done in 1955, is simultaneously on view in a back room at this gallery). Through Feb. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Hervé Di Rosa—Wildly imaginative creatures painted on unstretched canvas or modelled in synthetics by this member of the French Figuration Libre movement; his influences include circus posters, and his local peers are the Graffitists. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Leon Golub—Man's inhumanity to man is the labored theme of these large paintings, done on unstretched canvas and showing uniformed goon squads in action and equally scary-looking street mobs. Through Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

George Green / Jerry Williams—Eight large drawings. / Narrative dioramas. Through Feb. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

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Jörg Immendorff—Paintings from the past two years by a German Neo-Expressionist. Through Feb. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jasper Johns—Bathroom details (faucets, a straw hamper) and plaster-cast arms that hang down the front of several works seem to be the new developments in this series of paintings, most of which carry patches of his familiar herringbone pattern. Through Feb. 25. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Diane Karol / Ching-Huang Chung—Collage paintings. / Painted wall reliefs. Through Feb. 25. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Mike Kelley—Declamatory works in which the artist deals, in words and cartoonlike drawings, with matters like the expanding universe, and also invents new and bawdy constellations. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Wall sculptures cut from heavy-duty Corten steel plate, several of them in his characteristic airfoil form. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Christof Kohlhofer—This artist paints directly on photographic enlargements to express his strong views on a wide variety of subjects, mainly political and social injustice. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

Komar & Melamid—Paintings by this team of Russians in which Old Master history subjects have been parlayed into the Socialist Realism style. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Niki Logis / Larry Clark—A large architectural sculpture made of painted steel and assembled with angle irons and other structural necessities. / A series of eighty-three photographs entitled "Teenage Lust." The prints date from 1963-80. Through Feb. 28. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

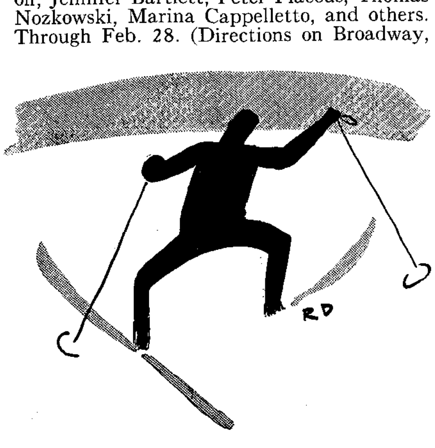
Carlo Maria Mariani—Outsize paintings of full-blown mythological figures, several of which seem to be creating one another with paintbrushes. The artist is an Italian neo-classicist. Through Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Models for museum projects plus related drawings, among other works. Through Feb. 25. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Richard Saba—Abstract paintings. Through March 7. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Terry Winters—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Nature as Image—Eighteen artists exhibiting their treatments of that timeless theme Mother Nature, in a show of paintings and works on paper presented by the Organization of Independent Artists. Gregory Amenoff, Jennifer Bartlett, Peter Flaccus, Thomas Nozkowski, Marina Cappelletto, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Directions on Broadway, at No. 452. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



Totem—A three-gallery show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by more than forty artists whose works, while primarily figurative, incorporate primitive images and symbols. Some of those represented are Georg Baselitz, Jonathan Borofsky, Susan Rothenberg, Susan Laufer, Joseph Nechvatal, and Sandro Chia. Through March 3. (Bonnier, Cowles, and Germans van Eck, all at 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **esman,** 121 Spring St.: Sculptures representing reinterpretations of everyday objects—such as lamps (R. M. Fischer), furniture (Tim Spelios), or automobiles and toys (Chris Macdonald). Through Feb. 25. . . . **ingber,** 460 West Broadway: Abstractions by more than a dozen painters and sculptors, including James Brooks, Joe Stefanelli, Jack Tworkov, and Rosemary Cove. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **thorp,** in an expansive new space one floor above the post office at 103 Prince St.: April Gornik and Ken Kiff are two of the gallery artists included in an inaugural show, which is also the occasion for welcoming new members of the stable (Robert Helm, Porfirio Di Donna, others). . . . ¶ In another room here, drawings and stone sculptures by Edward Finnegan are on view. Through Feb. 25. . . . **toll,** 146 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by Hermine Ford, Ellen Phelan, and Jan Hashey. Through Feb. 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Peter Brown and Garrick Dolberg—New abstract wall sculptures, in wood, by both. Through Feb. 25. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Peter Young / Stephen Ludlum—Colorful pattern paintings. / Recent abstract paintings. Through March 10. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Cartoon '84—Original work by more than fifty artists, among them Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Charles Saxon, and Joseph Mirachi. Through March 16. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **80 washington square east galleries,** New York University: The exhibitors in the eighth annual small-works competition (all entries must be a foot or less in dimension) were selected by Carroll Janis. Through March 2. (Open Tuesday evenings until 7.) . . . **garet,** 204 E. 10th St.: Small works on paper by fourteen artists, among them Alice Neel, Tom Otterness, George Sugarman, and Robert Yarber. Through Feb. 19. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **visual arts museum,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Two abstract paintings each—one large, one small—by six New York artists who stand, presumably, at the halfway points of their careers: Jake Berthot, Jerry Buchanan, Alan Kleiman, Joan Snyder, Joan Thorne, and Jerry Zeniuk. Through Feb. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Bailey—Eighty large-scale prints featuring celebrities from the sixties. Through April 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Francis Frith (1822-98)—Sixty prints of the Middle East, taken on three trips made in the eighteen-eighties. Also, stereographs and books. Through April 20. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays, except Feb. 13, through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Timothy Lamb—Very large prints; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nic Nicosia—A show of trick color photographs called "Near Modern Disasters." Through March 3. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Susan Rankaitis / Robbert Flick—Prints that the gallery describes as "hybrids of painting and

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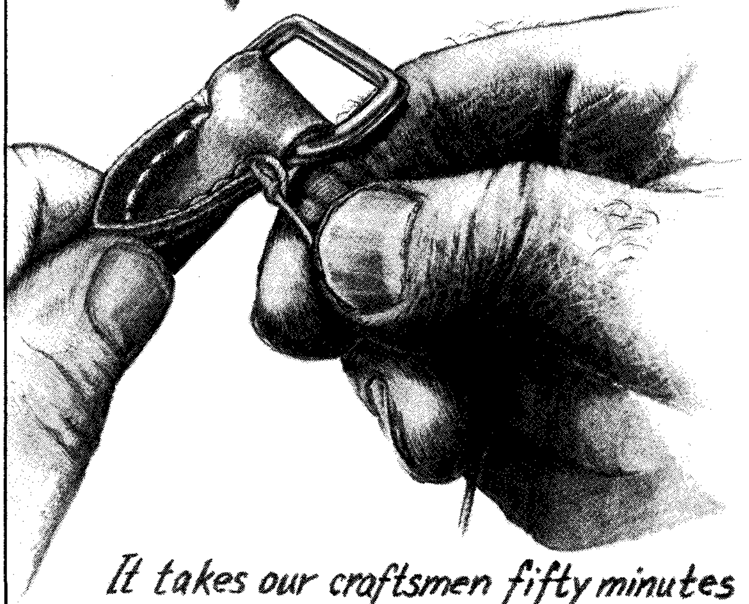

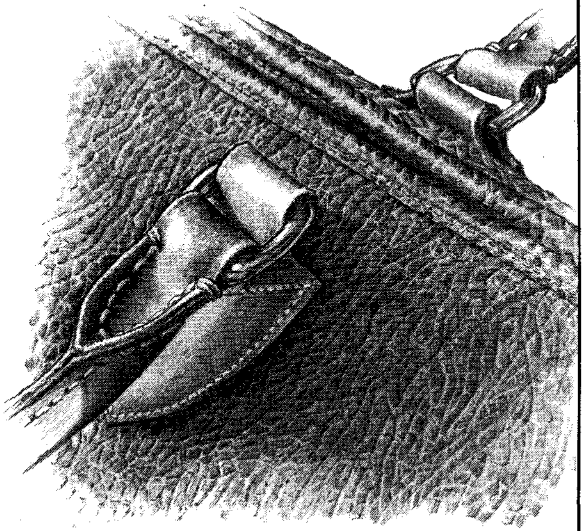

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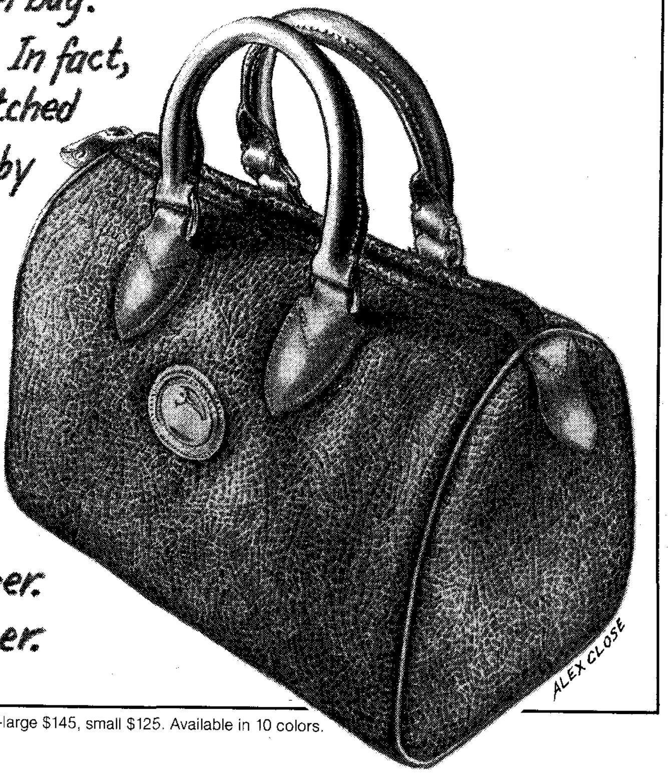

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

photography." They deal, in some way, with symbols of flight (airplanes, the space shuttle). / Landscape and cityscape photographs taken in sequence and mounted on a grid. Through March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Solarizations, Rayographs, and other aspects of his photographic work. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Art Sinsabaugh (1924-83)—Twenty-two landscapes of the Southwest taken in 1980 and 1981 and printed by the photographer, specifically for this show, shortly before his death last September. Through March 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—More than seventy prints, along with memorabilia from the photographer's home and studio. Through March 2. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **camera club**, 37 E. 60th St.: Polaroid prints by seven New York photographers, including Denis Sivack and Eve Sonneman. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Opens at 1, Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **jewish museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union—"Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Moscow. Through Feb. 20. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **ledel**, 168 Mercer St.: Prints of New York City, 1890 to now. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paul Caponigro's photograph of a cloud and a tree nicely illustrates a show of photographs, paintings, and graphics called "Clouds and Trees." Through Feb. 25. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ *A retrospective of paintings* (watercolors, chiefly) by American landscape artist Charles Burchfield. Through March 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," a show of paintings and other works by the artist which is supplemented by works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Sunday, Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning. Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ A recent bequest of nine drawings by sculptor Theodore Roszak (1907-81), plus an outright gift of two more, prompts a small show of sculptures, drawings, and a painting originally seen in the Whitney's second biennial. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

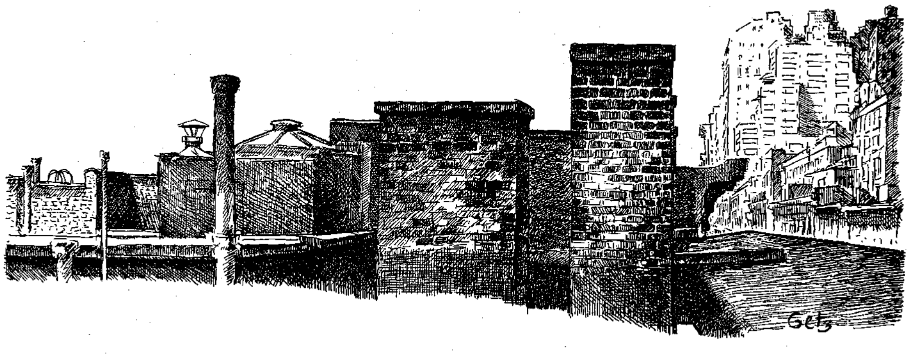
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of more than a hundred gelatin prints by photographer Karl Gernot Kuehn. Through April 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—The bicentennial of the establishment of trade and cultural relations between the United States and China is the occasion for a loan exhibit of Chinese Export porcelains from the Mottahedeh collection. Starts Friday, Feb. 10. A complementary show is currently at the Museum of the City of New York. (The institute is open daily except Monday, Feb. 13. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke, generally small carved figures, which were formerly used by Japanese men to anchor small pouches to their obis and are *now collected as decorative objects.* Through April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Étienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Nearly a hundred examples of Chinese Export porcelains (from miniature teacups to a six-gallon punch bowl), dated 1750-1865 and made specifically for New York customers, among them Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. A similar display will open at the China Institute on Friday, Feb. 10. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)



New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—"Art & Ideology" has more than eighty works by ten artists who address social and political issues in their paintings, photographs, installations, videotapes, and performances. Allan Sekula, Nancy Spero, Jerry Kearns, and Hannah Wilke are included. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An exhibit of paintings and other works by artists affiliated with seventeen of the galleries operating in the East Village. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures by Belgian artist Didier Vermeiren. Both through Saturday, Feb. 18.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Marty St. James and Anne Wilson (performance), Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Mail Art Then and Now," a show of postcards and other such documents by various theorists of this off-the-wall movement. Through March 10.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Christopher Berg and (Blue) Gene Tyranny (music), Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 16-18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Tim Burns, containing slides and film with a soundtrack. Through Feb. 24.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Minimalist Robert Grosvenor is exhibiting eight sculptures (using beams, pipes, railroad ties), which fill the main hall, while one of the other current shows consists of sculptures made from found objects by about two dozen artists, including Carolee Schneemann, TODT, Joe Smith, and Marcos Margall. Through March 18.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, Edward Sooter, and Allan Monk; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Macbeth," with Adelaide Negri, Louis Quilico, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Galina Savova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Samuel Ramey; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Linda Gelinas and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Philip Creech, and Morley Meredith; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. Jeffrey Tate

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will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 13, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Jessye Norman, Tatiana Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Carol Vaness, Gail Robinson, Eva Podleś, and Samuel Ramey; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Galina Savova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Macbeth," with Adelaide Negri, Sherrill Milnes, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Kimberly Graves and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gianna Rolandi, Philip Creech, and Morley Meredith; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. Jeffrey Tate will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 12:30: "Les Troyens," with Jessye Norman, Tatiana Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Carol Vaness, Gail Robinson, Eva Podleś, and Terry Cook; Mario Bernardi.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the 1934 version of Shostakovich's opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" (in English). Staged by Roberto Goldschlager, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Maxim Shostakovich. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 15, and Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays, from 9:30 to 5:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 9-11, at 8: A Haydn-Berg-Brahms program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7:30: A Haydn–Berg–Richard Strauss program, with Philip Smith, trumpet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8; Friday, Feb. 17, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30: A Webern–Mozart–Gustav Holst program, with Radu Lupu, piano, and the New York Choral Artists.

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL:** Friday, Feb. 10, at 8, a varied program, with Erie Mills, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8, a second varied program, with Andras Schiff, piano. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3, an all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Zukerman acting as violin soloist. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, a second all-Beethoven program, with Misha Dichter, piano.

Berlin Chamber Orchestra—Appearing here for the first time. With Heinz Schunk, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Michael Gielen conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin; and Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8, no soloists.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—Vladimir Kin conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting a program that will include the première of Virgil Thomson's "Portrait of Lili," with Bernard Zeller, violin. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

Cincinnati Pops—Erich Kunzel conducting, with Cleo Laine and the John Dankworth Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—A program of music by members of the Bach family. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Woody Herman, clarinet, and Bobby Rosengarden, drums. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grand Bande—A program of English music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Amor Artis Orchestra and the Horace Mann Glee Club—An all-Mozart program, with Catherine Aks, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and John Osterdorf, bass-baritone. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

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St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing, with Catherine Aks, soprano; Mary Ann Hart, *mezzo-soprano*; Mark Bleeke, *tenor*; Richard Anderson, bass; and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bach Aria Group—With Samuel Baron, flute; Sylvia McNair, soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; James Buswell, violin; Timothy Eddy, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of European and American madrigals. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Anne Haenen—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, at 8.)

Aston Magna—A baroque ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord. (Veléz Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Flavio Varani—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Marcus Thompson—Viola, with Barry Synyer and Anthony Newman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—A Mozart-Brahms program, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

Janos Starker and Emmy Verhey—Cello and violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

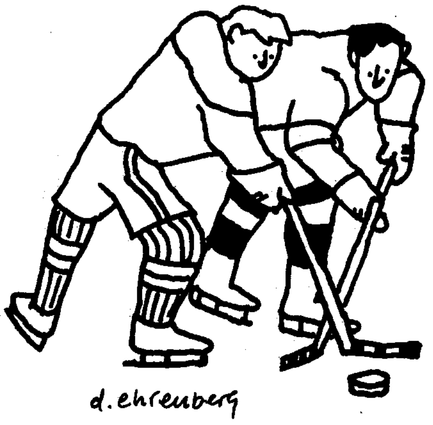
Carlos Prieto—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—With Frederic Hand, lute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Aurora—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Aleck Karis—Piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3. Admission by contribution.)



For the Love of Music—The third in a series of six programs of chamber music, this one performed by John Mack, oboe; David Oei, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; Renée Siebert, flute; Richard Sortomme, violin; and Robert Vernon, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The first in a series of five recitals will be performed by Pomerium Musices. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York Consort of Viols and the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A program of English and Italian Renaissance music. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Kyung-Wha Chung, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Lee Luvisi, piano; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 13-14, at 7:30.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—With Nancy Allen, harp. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Thérèse Dussaut—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Carol Bergey Skarimbas and Martin Katz—Soprano and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Howard van Hyning directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—Spencer Carroll, harpsichord; Benjamin Hudson, violin; Susan Palma, flute; Adriana Contino, cello; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

New York Camerata—With Styra Avins, cello. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

John Harle—Saxophone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The Guarneri Quartet and Walter Trampler, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 14-15, at 8.)

Stephen Hough—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

North / South Consonance—An ensemble performing a program of music by Max Lifchitz, with Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Paul Gallo, basset horn; Judith Otten, soprano; Pilar Urreta, dancer; and Mr. Lifchitz, piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—A program of twentieth-century music, performed by Richard Goode, piano; Richard Lalli, baritone; Laura Flax, clarinet; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

David Soyer and Cynthia Raim—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and musicians in the first in a series of four concerts. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 869-0970.)

Maria Radicheva—Violin. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Thomas Bogdan—Tenor, in a one-hour recital.

(St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Nikita Magaloff—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one featuring Lilian Kallir, piano; Elmar Oliveira, violin; the Concord String Quartet; and the Aspen Soloists. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Marvis Martin, soprano; David Singer, clarinet; Charles Wadsworth, piano; Masuko Ushioda, violin; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a day-long concert of American music, with such participants as Meredith Monk, Oliver Lake, Rhys Chatham, and Barbara Cook. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Saturday, Feb. 18, from noon to 6. For information about free tickets, call 598-7150.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 18, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Sunday, Feb. 12, at noon. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 7:35.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 13-14.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Feb. 11, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Feb. 18, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13. The Bowie, Saturday, Feb. 11.

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 6.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Nicholas Christopher, Michael McFee, and Katha Pollitt reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Calvin Trillin reading from his own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ William Jay Smith and Rita Dove reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Elizabeth Spencer reading from her new novel, "The Salt Line." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7:30.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 10. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 16, at 11: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 2: Contemporary art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 11.

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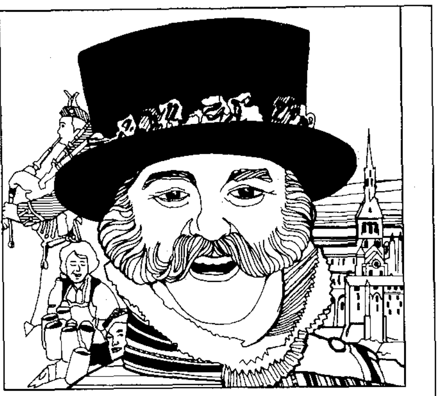

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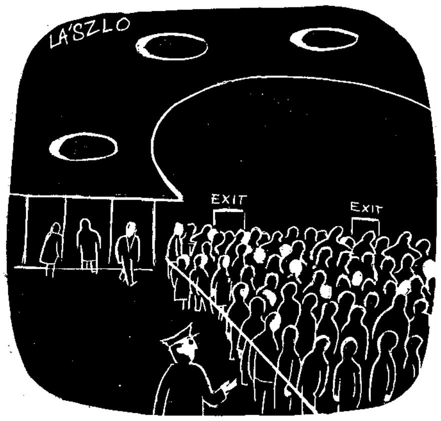
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 16: "Wuthering Heights" (1954; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
From Feb. 17: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Local Hero" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 9: "The Big Chill" (†) and "My Favorite Year" (†).
Feb. 10-16: "The Big Chill" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Feb. 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 16: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Blame It on Rio" (Stanley Donen), with Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 16: "The Riddle of the Sands" (Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale.
From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 9: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
From Feb. 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
From Feb. 17: "Blame It on Rio" (Stanley Donen), with Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†). From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "El Norte" (Gregory Nava; in Spanish). From Feb. 17: "Crackers" (Louis Malle), with Donald Sutherland and Jack Warden.
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "Scarface" (†). From Feb. 10: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 9: "Local Hero" (†).
From Feb. 10: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin. From Feb. 10: "Flashdance" (†) and "Staying Alive" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell. From Feb. 10: "Death Stalker."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†). From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Scrubbers" (1982; directed by Mai Zetterling), with Chrissie Cotterill. From Feb. 15: "Chords of Fame" (Michael Korolenko), with Bill Burnett; and "In Our Hands," filmed at the June 12, 1982, Central Park peace rally.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "The Big Red One" (1980; Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill; and "Verboten" (1960; Samuel Fuller), with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman. Feb. 10-11: "My Little Chickadee" (1940; Edward Cline), with Mae West and W. C. Fields; and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), with Mae West and Cary Grant. Feb. 12-13: "The Lady Vanishes" (†) and "The 39 Steps" (†). Feb. 14: "Edvard Munch" (†). Feb. 15-16: "Lola Montès" (†) and "Le Plaisir" (†). Feb. 17-18: "Chan Is Missing" (1982; Wayne Wang), with Wood May; and "El Super" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "The Loveless" (Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery). From Feb. 10: "Android" (Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin. From Feb. 10: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin. From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard. From Feb. 17: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes. From Feb. 17: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 16: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey. From Feb. 17: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 16: "Vertigo." From Feb. 17: "The Dresser" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Backstage at the Kirov" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 16: "Yentl" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 9: "Educating Rita" (†).
From Feb. 10: "The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 9: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
From Feb. 10: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson. From Feb. 15: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth).
Theatre 3: "Dear Maestro" (Luciano Odorisio; in Italian).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "Love Letters" (Amy Jones), with Jamie Lee Curtis.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Around the World in 80 Days" (1956; Michael Anderson), with David Niven and Cantinflas.
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 3: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 4: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey. From Feb. 10: "Flashdance" (†) and "Staying Alive" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "The Lonely

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin. Feb. 10-16: (matinées only) "The Smurfs and the Magic Flute;" and (evenings only) "Uncommon Valor" (†). From Feb. 17: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "The Right Stuff" (†). From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (directed by Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 9: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Feb. 10: "Sudden Impact" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 16: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Feb. 17: "Blame It on Rio" (Stanley Donen), with Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna.
Theatre 5: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 9: "Slayground" (Terry Bedford), with Peter Coyote and Mel Smith. Feb. 10-16: "Stuck on You!" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil). From Feb. 17: "Star 80" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 16: "Never Cry Wolf" (†). From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (†). From Feb. 17: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield; and "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe. From Feb. 10: "Flashdance" (†) and "Staying Alive" (†).
Theatre 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†).
From Feb. 17: "The Right Stuff" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Feb. 9: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature film from the Disney Studios. From Feb. 10: "The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "Stuck on You!" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil). From Feb. 10: "Death Stalker."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

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R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "Sudden Impact" (†). From Feb. 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"When the Mountains Tremble" (1984; directed by Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: Report from the Front" (1984; Deborah Shaffer and Thomas Sigel).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 9: "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
From Feb. 10: "Burroughs" (1984; Howard Brookner), a documentary.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish). No evening performances on Thursday, Feb. 9.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 9: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
Feb. 10-11: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow.
Feb. 12-14: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983); and "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action film.
Feb. 15-16: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Feb. 17-18: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

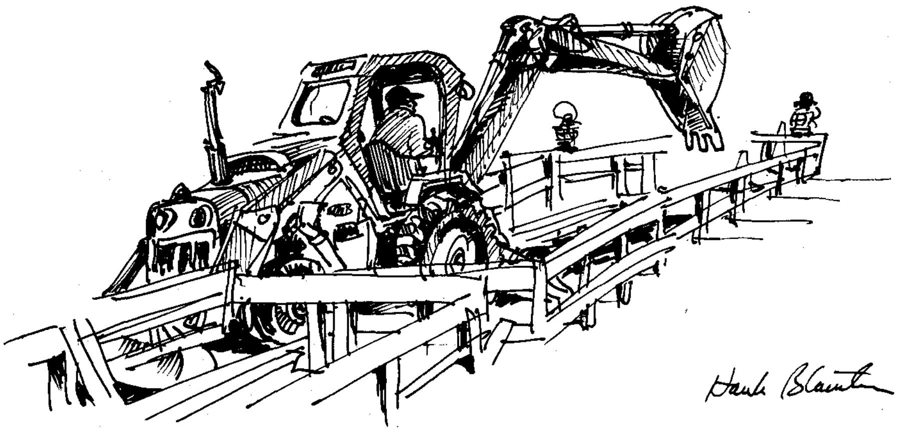
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 9: "Signals Through the Flames" (1984; Sheldon Rochlin and Maxine Harris), a documentary about Julian Beck, Judith Malina, and the Living Theatre.
From Feb. 10: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 8: "Mondo Trasho" (1970; John Waters); "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters); and "The Alternative Miss World."
Feb. 9-11: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson; and "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy.
Feb. 12-13: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Repulsion" (†).
Feb. 14-15: "Shogun Assassin" (1980; Robert Houston), with Tomisaburo Wakayama; and "Revenge of the Ninja" (1983; Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Feb. 16-18: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), "The Big Store" (1941; Charles Reisner), and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), all with the Marx Brothers.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Feb. 9: "The Pawnbroker" (1965; Sidney Lumet), with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Brock Peters; and "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Feb. 10-11: "The Dark Crystal" (1982; Jim Henson and Frank Oz); and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
Feb. 12: "Romeo and Juliet" (1966), performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev; and "Don Quixote" (1973 †).
Feb. 13-14: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).
Feb. 15-16: "The Great Gatsby" (1974 †); and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, [illegible]y Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.
Feb. 17-18: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "The Magnificent Seven" (1960; John Sturges), with Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, and Steve McQueen.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 8: "High Society" (1956; Charles Walters), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Celeste Holm; and "Anchors Aweigh" (1945; George Sidney), with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, and Gene Kelly.
Feb. 9: "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Margaret Leighton, and Michael Redgrave.
Feb. 10: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.
Feb. 11: "Gunga Din" (1939; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.
Feb. 12: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "Peppermint Soda" (1979; Diane Kurys), with Eleonore Klarwein.
Feb. 13: "Sans Soleil" (1982; Chris Marker); and "Description of a Struggle" (1959; Chris Marker).
Feb. 14: "Sans Soleil;" and "Letter from Siberia" (1957; Chris Marker).
Feb. 15: "Red Beard" (†).
Feb. 16: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (†) and "I Vitelloni" (†).
From Feb. 17: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 8: "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942; William A. Seiter), with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou; and "Sun Valley Serenade" (1941; H. Bruce Humber-



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stone), with Sonja Henie, John Payne, and Lynn Bari.

Feb. 9-11: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Feb. 12-13: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (1961; José Quintero), with Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty, and Lotte Lenya; and "Waterloo Bridge" (†).

Feb. 14-15: "That Man from Rio" (†); and "Topkapi" (1964; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff.

Feb. 16: "Nanook of the North" (†) and "Man of Aran" (†).

Feb. 17-18: "China Seas" (†); and "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. *(222-3370)*

Feb. 8: "The Sword" (1963; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Hoodlum Soldiers' Greatest Escape" (1967; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.

Feb. 9: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

Feb. 10-11: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Aida" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren and the voices of Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and others.

Feb. 12: "Right Out of History—The Making of Judy Chicago's Dinner Party" (1980), a documentary; and "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978; Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska), a documentary.

Feb. 13: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Feb. 14: "Native Son" (1951; Pierre Chenal), with Richard Wright and Jean Wallace; and "Malcolm X" (†).

Feb. 15: "Zatoichi and the Doomed Man" (1965; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Bogus Policeman" (1967; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.

Feb. 16: "Pépé le Moko" (†); and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

Feb. 17-18: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 8: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Feb. 9: "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna; and "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau.

Feb. 10-11: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Feb. 12: "Castle in the Desert" (1942; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" (1936; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as the detective.

Feb. 13: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953) and "Mon Oncle" (1958), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Feb. 14: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Feb. 15: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "The Birthday Party" (1968; William Friedkin), with Robert Shaw, Sydney Tafler, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols.

Feb. 16: "Jewel Robbery" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell and Kay Francis; and "One Way Passage" (1932; Tay Garnett), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

Feb. 17-18: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"PM Magazine," a five-channel video and sound installation by Dara Birnbaum. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Miss Birnbaum will be present on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 2. Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I.)

Backstage at the Kirov—We are introduced to the new and gifted young ballerina Altynaï Assylmuratova as she prepares for her début in "Swan Lake." Then we are driven mad by camerawork that prevents us from seeing what she looks like dancing. Present-day and former Kirov stars are glimpsed, but few are named; there seems to be only one prima ballerina, the relatively drab Galina Mezentseva, who is also seen in extensive "Swan Lake" footage and for whom, strangely enough, the camera behaves like a dream. (Guild.)

Basileus Quartet—We may never get to see another movie about a string quartet, and so it's disappointing that this one turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing, anyway. The quartet has toured together for thirty years—the four men have given up everything for their musical careers—when the first violinist (François Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierre Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev. This young man denies himself nothing—he has his pick of the beautiful women of Europe, he drinks, he gambles, he smokes pot—and his music does not suffer. The life in him is, of course, too much of a shock to the three older men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. The writer-director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach (the movie really should be a comedy—it's a bit like "Death in Venice" with three Gustav von Aschenbachs), and the material sags when one of the three (Michel Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddler is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity; the rounded domes of their high foreheads and partly bald heads loom in the richly varnished, wood-panelled rooms. If you're going to give a movie Old Master lighting, these are certainly the actors to soak up the light. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 16.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1958)—The Italian title is "I Soliti Ignoti," the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy is about a group of petty thieves eager to move up in status—to rob a safe in a loan office. The thieves are ambitious, good-natured, and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. This is a shaggy "Rififi." With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and, as the leading safecracker in Italy (now near-senile), whom the small-time thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò—a stylized image of fatigue, sadness, and decadence. From a screenplay by Age and Scarpelli, Cecchi D'Amico, and Monicelli. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent, a little schmo in loud plaids who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, isn't working with post-Freudian comedy here; he has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is Mr. Goodness-and-Poignancy; he's a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is rather unformed. It's dim and larval, like Danny. Allen leaves us in the uncomfortable position of waiting for laugh lines and character developments that aren't there. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. Allen plugs up the holes with gags that still get laughs; he remembers to pull the old Frank Capra, cut-rate Dickens string, and he keeps things moving along. (2/6/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 17.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking China Doll, compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M shipboard melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery, in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone, in his noble-sufferer period, Robert Benchley as a drunk, and Dudley Digges, C. Aubrey Smith, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, and Edward Brophy. Directed by Tay Garnett, from a wisecracking, sexy screenplay by Jules Furthman and James K. McGuinness, based on a novel by Crosbie Garstin. (Regency; Feb. 17-18.)

Don Quixote (1973)—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don, and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 12.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 17.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Festival; through Feb. 9.)

Edvard Munch (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Film Forum; Feb. 14.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Loews Orpheum, Olympia Quad, and Loews State; starting Feb. 10.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 15-16.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fuzzy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his first major film appearance—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Mary Clare, Linden Travers, Googie Withers, and the team of Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford doing a parody of the "jolly-good-show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville, based on the novel "The Wheel Spins," by Ethel Lina White. (A 1979 remake with Elliott Gould, Cybill Shepherd, and Angela Lansbury is good-natured but totally flat; the director, Anthony Page, doesn't seem to have an instinct for the thriller form.) (Film Forum; Feb. 12-13.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (R.K.O. Century Art. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Feb. 9.)

Lola Montès (1955)—This ambitious phantasmagorical treatment of the scandalous life of the nineteenth-century courtesan and dancer is a reflection on the ephemeral nature of fame, beauty, and pleasure. It was the last film completed by Max Ophuls; as he lay dying his producers were shortening and reëditing his version (it was cut from 140 minutes to 110 to 90) in the hope of recouping their investment, which had been large. (The film was shot in CinemaScope and color and was made on an opulent scale.) But even in a restored form it's disappointing—poorly acted and too shallow for its melancholy tone and its rich décor and elaborate structure. Lola

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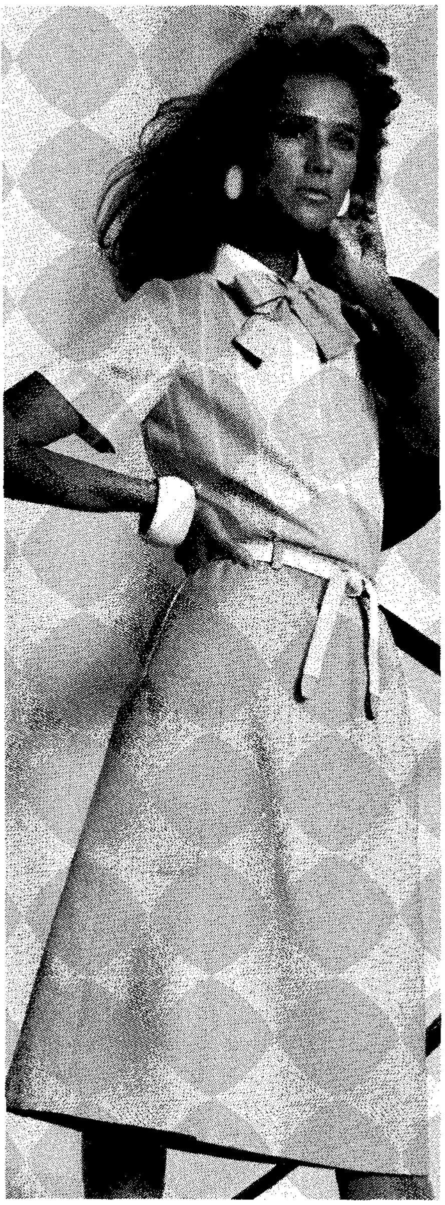

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(Martine Carol), far past her prime, is seen being exhibited and humiliated in a circus in New Orleans; the ringmaster—Peter Ustinov—tells the audience that it will see Lola's life story, and her early conquests and adventures are shown in flashbacks. Regrettably, Martine Carol, who was herself near the end of her life, couldn't manage to look much younger for Lola's radiant early days, and she was too bad a dancer to play even a bad dancer—she was a non-dancer. There is nothing unusual about her Lola—nothing that would explain why men are going mad over her. The center of the movie seems to be missing, and this isn't just the fault of the actress. The swirling, rococo camera movement at the circus is surpassingly elegant (though presumably the circus is meant to be tawdry). The movement suggests that this rather dumpy little woman has had an extraordinary emotional life, yet nothing seems to happen in those flashbacks, which don't gain in depth from our knowing what Lola has come down to. And she loiters so long with the king in Bavaria that one wants to give her carriage a push. What makes this folly so poignant and so painful to watch is that its virtuoso director didn't allow himself any middle ground: the film had to be his greatest masterpiece to be any good at all. According to his script girl, he died knowing he failed. (The film was also one of the worst box-office disasters of its era.) With Anton Wallbrook as King Ludwig I, Oskar Werner, Ivan Desny, and Will Quadflieg as Liszt. Ophuls and three others worked on the shockingly empty script, adapted from a French best-seller by Cécil Saint Laurent. Sets by Jean d'Eaubonne and Willy Schatz; costumes by Georges Annekov; cinematography by Christian Matras; music by Georges Auric. In French. (Film Forum; Feb. 15-16.)

MALCOLM X (1972)—Biographic polemic: speeches, interviews, and so on, including a few too many furlongs of footage of armed whites bashing blacks to suit the generally more thoughtful tone of the film. Taken from Malcolm X's moving book about his life. (Thalia; Feb. 14.)

MAN OF ARAN (1934)—Robert Flaherty gave two years of his life to making this film and left the Aran Islands with a truly exalted work—the greatest film tribute to man's struggle against hostile nature. The Atlantic, which sweeps in all the way from America, lashes the cliffs of Aran with an almost malignant ferocity; it is considered the most horrible sea in the world. Only thirty miles from Galway, civilized people live on islands of rock so bare that they must gather seaweed to plant their potatoes in. Perhaps because of the mixture of extreme courage and extreme simplicity in the lives of these people, who act out incidents based on past occurrences, the film achieves a true epic quality—a celebration of heroic traditions. (Regency; Feb. 16.)

MY FAVORITE YEAR (1982)—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. Ravaged and liquefied as Swann is, he still has his feelers out—he's always aware of the impression he's making; even when Swann is drunk, he's acting a great actor drunk. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit; Benjamin is crazy about actors—not a bad start for a director. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne DeSalvo all have a crack at fresh material. In the tricky role of the youngest of the gag writers, Mark Linn-Baker is button-eyed and skinny—a snookums; it's an inventive performance but borderline ghastly. And Jessica Harper's scenes don't pan out. But over all it's a very funny picture. Also with Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 9.)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (1921)—Robert Flaherty, who began as an explorer and anthropologist, once remarked that in the usual travelogue the filmmaker looks down on and never up to his subject. By looking up, Flaherty created a new genre. He began to record the life of a people with a camera, and then, in editing, to distill the meaning. What Flaherty—a great storyteller—distilled was the heroic beauty in simple everyday experience. Instead of going to a culture with a story, he developed his stories out of what he observed; his films have no human villains, yet they have great drama and a surprising amount of comedy. (Like all great documentarians, he imparts his own spirit to his films.) His feature-length study of the Eskimo Nanook, who lives where nothing grows and who depends on what he can kill, was made in 1920 and 1921. Two years later, while people all over the world were applauding this smiling man in his cold and hostile environment, Flaherty's hero died of starvation. He lives on in this movie in a different way from screen actors of the past: Flaherty closes the distance between Nanook and the audience. Financed by Revillon Frères. Silent. (Regency; Feb. 16.)

NEVER CRY WOLF—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Gramercy, U. A. 85th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad.... ¶ Embassy 1; through Feb. 16.... ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 17.)

THE NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING STARS—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all fatalistic French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, Line Noro, Saturnin Fabre, and Charpin. The script, by Henri Jeanson, is based on a novel by Ashelbé (Henri La Barthe), at one time commissioner of the Paris police. (The American version was remade as a musical, "Casbah," in 1948.) In French. (Thalia; Feb. 16.)

Le Plaisir (1952)—This Max Ophuls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Tellier," is about the temporary closing of a brothel when the madam (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the First Communion of the madam's niece. The cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigner. In French. (Film Forum; Feb. 15-16.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested in such resolute and uncommendable saints. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gérard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors: the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor until he's cut to death. (If you're too scared to look, you still hear the slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renee Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton; cinematography by Gilbert Taylor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 12-13.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Feb. 17.)

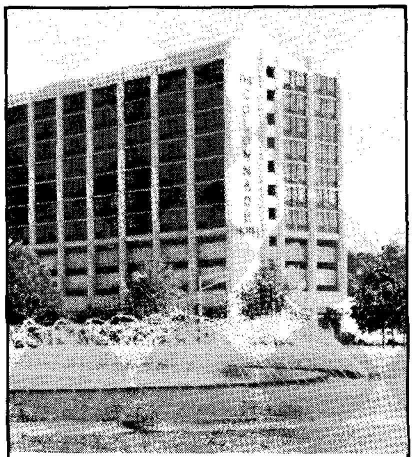
Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (86th St. East, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Feb. 9.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Movieland; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 17.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero from Brooklyn's Bay Ridge, is a weirdly stripped-down-for-action musical. The whole movie seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. Travolta still has his star presence; he holds the screen more strongly than ever—but too flagrantly. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Loews Orpheum, Olympia Quad, and Loews State; starting Feb. 10.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them. The murderer he's on the trail of is



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played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The whole thing is so obvious that it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 10.)

El Super (1979)—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto (Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato), a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Feb. 17-18.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema 3.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 17-18.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Regency; Feb. 14-15.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—At the time, Alfred Hitchcock explained the point of view behind the picture: "I am out to give the public good, healthy, mental shake-ups. Civilization has become so screening and sheltering that we cannot experience sufficient thrills at first hand. Therefore, to prevent our becoming sluggish and jellified, we have to experience them artificially." What fun to make a movie in an era when people still needed a bit of a jolt! Even now, Hitchcock's little jolts are more surprising than most of the shocks engineered to stun modern audiences. This suave, amusing spy melodrama is directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit; it's one of the three or four best things Hitchcock ever did. The lead, Robert Donat, was that rarity among English actors: a performer with both personal warmth and professional skill. The heroine is Madeleine Carroll. Hitchcock paired them off by the mischievous use of a gimmick: a man and a woman who detest each other are handcuffed together; as day wears into night, they fall in love. The movie thus contains an extra—implicit, as it were—element of bathroom-humor suspense. Among Hitchcock's other pleasing perversities was the casting of Godfrey Tearle, who looked astonishingly like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as the chief enemy agent. The film also has one of his rare emotionally felt sequences: the brief, chilling scenes between Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie as a mismated couple joined together by real chains. John Buchan's novel was adapted by Charles Bennett, Ian Hay, and Alma Reville. (Film Forum; Feb. 12-13.)

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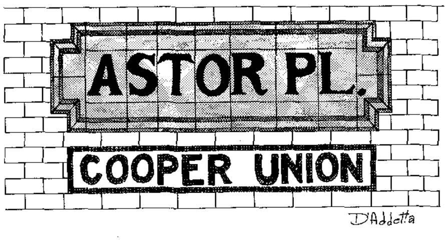
To Be or Not to Be—This remake of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 picture about a Polish theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdom is a mild farce—benign but not really very funny. The roles once played by Jack Benny and Carole Lombard are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft. She's friendly and sexy, and she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. He rushes around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis; he never cuts loose. The tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, and Charles Durning (as a Nazi colonel) keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a boost. Others in the cast include José Ferrer, Jack Riley, Tim Matheson, George Gaynes, and James Haake. Directed by Alan Johnson, who doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam. The semi-new script is by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham. (1/9/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 17.)

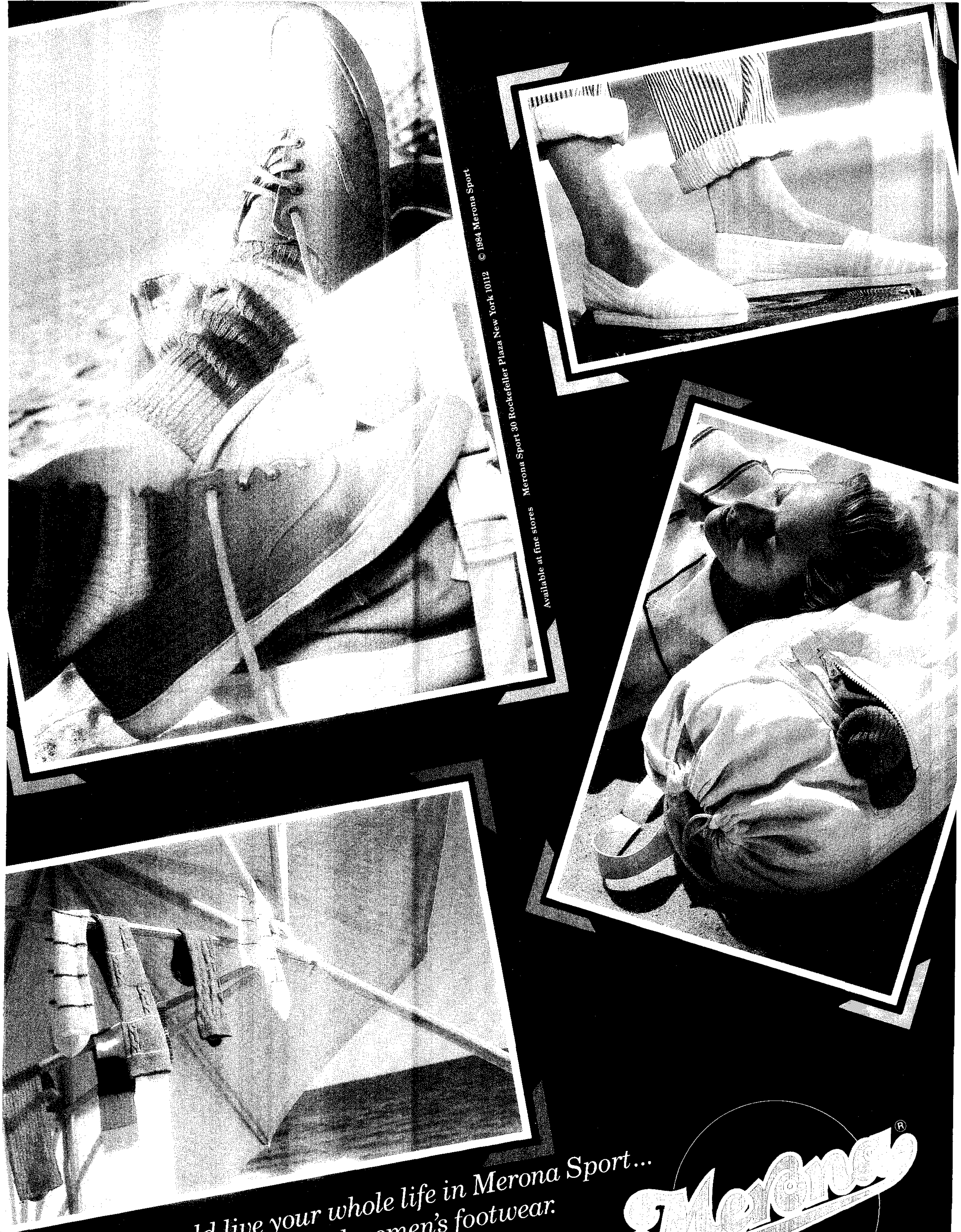
Uncommon Valor—This realistic action fantasy, in which a group of seven former Marines get together for an expedition into Southeast Asia to bring out the missing-in-action men from their Vietnam unit who have been slave laborers for ten years, is right wing and racist, but the director, Ted Kotcheff, keeps the grandiosity in check and the movie is understated and surprisingly enjoyable. It moves on a strong emotional current. As their leader, Gene Hackman treats soldiering in a businesslike way, and he offers a range of held-in, adult emotion that you don't expect to see in an action movie. The cinematography by Steven H. Burum and Ric Waite and the smooth authority of the editing by Mark Melnick also help to undercut the cheap jingoism. With the heavyweight prizefighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, and Fred Ward, Harold Sylvester, Reb Brown, Tim Thomerson, Patrick Swayze, and also Robert Stack, Alice Lau, Debi Parker, Kwan Hi Lim, and Gail Strickland. The script is by Joe Gayton. (1/23/84) (Embassy; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Feb. 10-16, evening performances only.)



Vitelloni (1953; originally released in the United States as "The Young and the Passionate;" an idiomatic translation of the title would be something like "Adolescent Slobs")—Frustrated small-town boys with big ideas, the central characters are sons of indulgent, middle-class families, who cadge off their parents, loaf, and dream of women, riches, and glory. Their energies are wasted in idiotic pursuits; whatever dreams or ideals they have are pathetically childish or rotten. The director, Federico Fellini, observes the farce of their lives without condescension; his tone is satirical, yet warm and accepting—the distinctive Fellini tone, in his first fully confident piece of direction. Americans have argued that the actors are too old for their roles; Europeans reply that this misses the point—that it is not the actors but the characters they portray who are indeed too old for the parasitical lives they lead. (The Italian film historian Mario Gromo described them as "eternal adolescents, even though approaching thirty—and when they reach it, it makes them more slothful.") The group suggests an American wolf pack. There is Fausto the flirt (Franco Fabrizi), who will become another unhappy, middle-class family man; plump, ludicrous Alberto the buffoon (Alberto Sordi, Fellini's "White Sheik" of the previous year, and before that a music-hall actor who first achieved recognition as the dubbed voice of Oliver Hardy); Leopoldo the poet (Leopoldo Trieste), whose naïve artistic illusions wilt when he is propositioned by an ancient homosexual actor; and Moraldo (Franco Interlenghi, who a few years earlier had been one of De Sica's two great child stars in "Shoe-Shine"). Fellini's autobiographical hero, he is the only one who finds the guts to say goodbye to this futile provincial life. There was, as yet, no indication that the road Moraldo took would lead to the corruption of "La Dolce Vita." Screenplay by Fellini and Ennio Flaiano; score by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. With Lucile Watson, Maria Ouspenskaya, C. Aubrey Smith, Steffi Duna, and Virginia Field. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play, by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel. (There was a Universal version in 1931, with Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass—also known as Douglass Montgomery—and an M-G-M version in 1956, called "Gaby" and starring Leslie Caron and John Kerr. By far the best version was the parody done by Carol Burnett and Harvey Korman on TV.) (Regency; Feb. 12-13.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 1; starting Feb. 17.)



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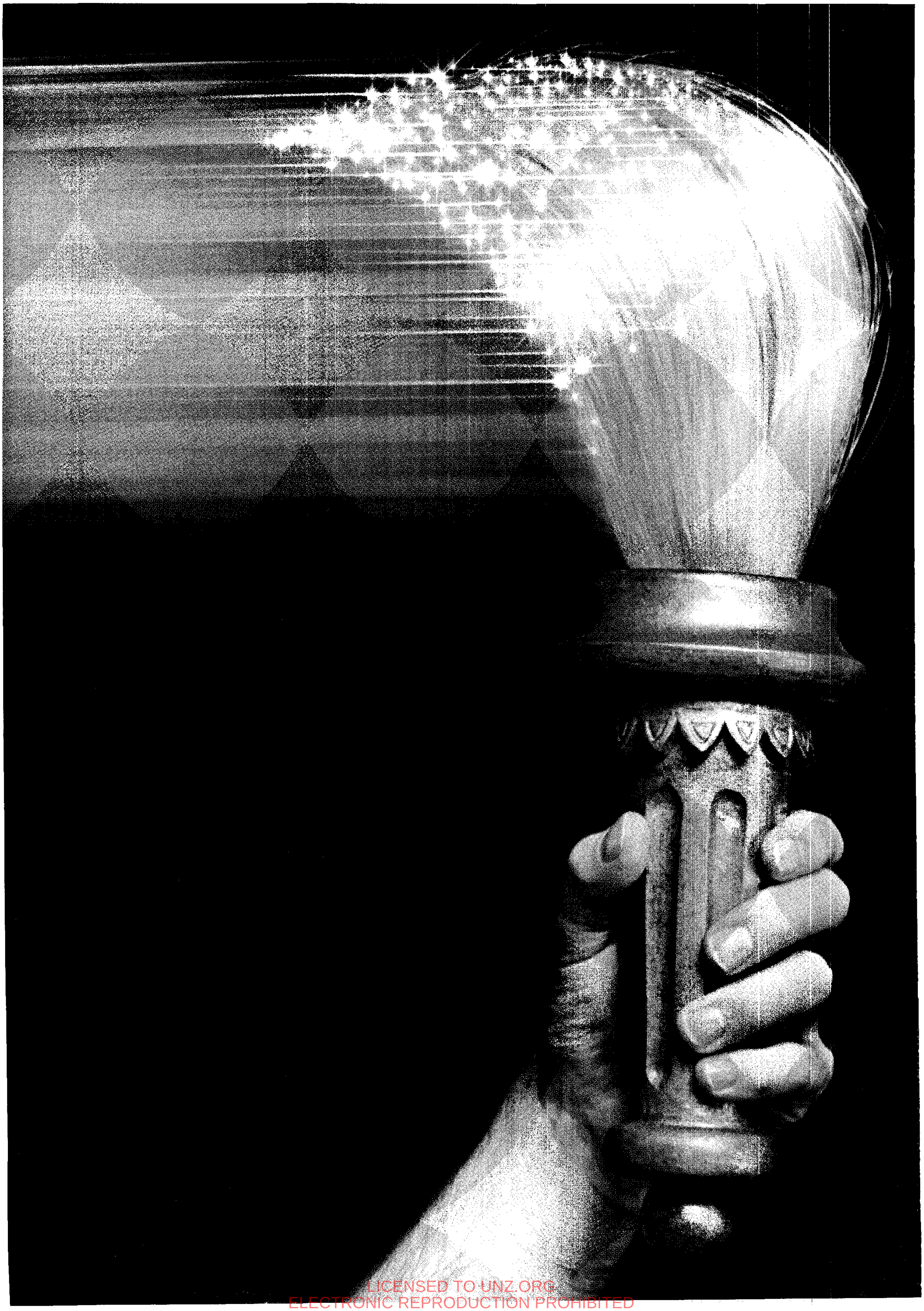

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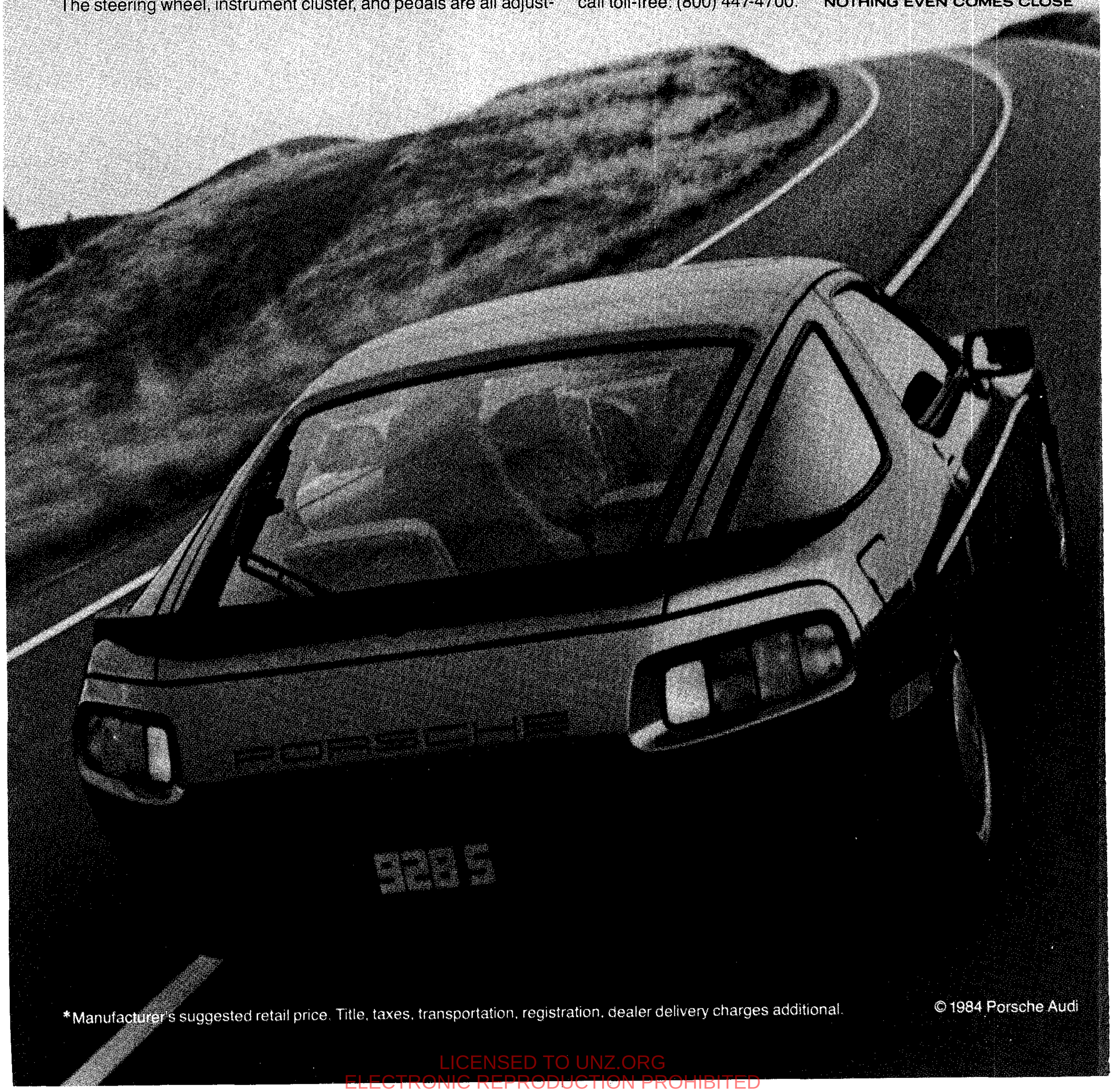

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THE NEW YORKER

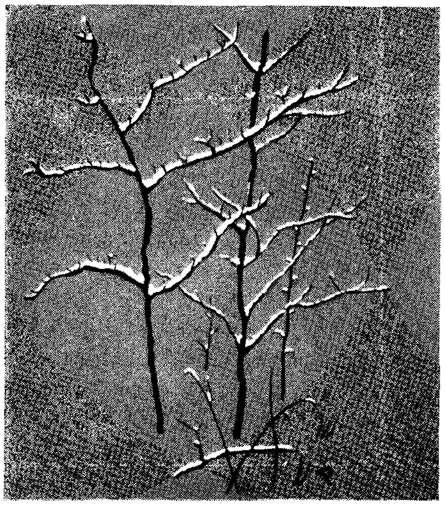
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE wide sea that seems to separate most of us from the derelicts and the dirty street people and the homeless is really about as broad as the Harlem River up at 145th Street, where a good heave will land a rock safely in the Bronx—and this is not to speak of moral and sentimental, every-man-a-brother, children-of-one-God considerations. In purely practical terms, our lives are not nearly so far away as most of us imagine from those of the men with the matted beards who wander through Astor Place, those of the eternally tired women with their Shopwell plastic bags. It is the rare person who could not conceivably be reduced to the same raggedy shape by a combination of plausible circumstances—the loss of a job, the breakup of a marriage, an encounter with alcoholism, a bout of mental illness, a sudden disability. For most of us, misfortunes like these are mere catastrophes; for some people, such events are enough to turn them into the ghosts who wander the city wrapped in blankets, enough to make them think of the Port Authority bus station as home, enough to leave them happy to eat the congealed remains of a dinner that someone else tossed in the trash can. One reason for the different outcomes—maybe the main reason—is that most of us, when we fall, are saved by people who care enough to catch us, and who have the strength.

A young Yale divinity student, Sam Todd, disappeared from a Mulberry Street party on New Year's Eve. In the weeks since, his family and friends have staged a citywide hunt for him. His parents and brothers dropped their work and found an office in a Greenwich Village church, which they filled with city maps and lists of places to look. More than two hundred of his classmates and friends have come to New York and gone out to search. They have had posters made that show three photographs of Todd, and have plastered them on lampposts and mailboxes all over the city, even in the far corners of the far boroughs, but concentrating especially on the shelters for the city's estimated forty thousand homeless and the soup kitchens that serve its numberless hungry—all places they think he might, perhaps suffering from amnesia, have gone. Though there are no firm leads, the effort continues, buoyed by police speculation that if Todd had been murdered his body would by now have surfaced. It is a sad, noble, and in every way inspiring search.

It is also, to many of the down-and-out in this city, a baffling search. One night last month, we ourself happened to be in a small church shelter where ten otherwise homeless men were spending the night. Over a supper of bologna sandwiches, the discussion covered topics like who had cigarettes to spare and (a crucial topic) how cold it would get the next day. Someone noticed a news item in the paper about the Todd case, and the chat turned in his direction. All the men knew about the search; several had been questioned by Todd's friends, and they had helped as best they could. "I gave them about ten spots to look, but then again he might be a lot of places," one man said. As happy as they all were to help—who wouldn't be?—it was clear that something essential about the huge effort eluded them. "I been missing twenty years," said one grizzled man, "and no one come looking for me."



How could that be? Is it perhaps that his mother loved him less the day he was born? That he never had friends who cared what happened to him? Not likely, for the love of parents and the regard of friends are two of the very few things that do not change with income level, or years of schooling, or whether or not you have a job. It is not the love that is missing; it is, first of all, the means to make that love count. Most of the people on skid row in New York or any other city come from backgrounds very different from Sam Todd's. Their parents don't have jobs they can leave, or any resources to throw into the search, or even any understanding that such a thing is possible. If you've spent your life in the clutches of the welfare system, say, or working for three bucks an hour off the books, it is less likely that you will have the gumption to make lists of places to visit, or to print up flyers. It is more likely that you will ask around, and that you will cry at night in bed. And even if you did find your son, your husband, your brother—what then? What could you offer him save the same overcrowded apartment, the same stack of unpaid bills, the same hopelessness that drove him crazy, or to drink, or to despair, in the first place? In fact, the entire idea of searching for a missing person makes little sense in this context. Most of the people on the Bowery did not end up there overnight, like Sam Todd (if, in truth, he is there). Most of them are products of the sad fraction of our society where destitution is a perfectly plausible career. Unemployment among black young people is near fifty per cent; is it so strange, then, that many of them have no place to sleep? If Sam Todd had graduated from divinity school and got a call to some distant pulpit, his parents would not have had to go to his new home to *search* for him; it would have been natural for him to move away. The parents of a child born in huge stretches of this city in these times must similarly regard as natural the chance that their son or daughter will end up homeless and distraught; the calmness with which they must accept that fact defines their place in our society.

Walking past a homeless person, especially when you're on the way home, can make you uneasy. Just the concrete fact that you have something in abundance that that person needs so badly seems to demand some action. One thing to do, of course, is work to create a society that doesn't breed such despair. But that, if history is any guide, may take a little while, and in the meantime there are so many of these sad people—more every day. They are all, in some sense, missing persons, and they can all, each individually, be found—be fed, be clothed, be welcomed into shelter. That they are not in literal truth your brother or son or mother should perhaps make less difference than it usually does.

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A FRIEND writes:

In his speech to the nation declaring his willingness to spend another four years in the White House, President Reagan listed five areas in which "our work is not finished." He told us, "We have more to do in creating jobs, achieving control over government spending, returning more autonomy to the states, keeping peace in a more settled world, and seeing if we can't find room in our schools for God." This last point was the most interesting; it seemed a fascinating twist on an old political custom. Even before there was the bumper sticker (even before there was the bumper), politicians were insisting that God was on their side. Now Reagan seems to be saying that he is on God's side, ready to help Him out where he can. According to most theologies, God can go anywhere He wants. The situation isn't like the one back in the late nineteen-fifties, when white politicians (who surely thought God was on their side) blocked the doors of Southern schoolhouses so children who happened to be black could not get by. Those children had to wait for federal help. But God's not like that, and neither is He like the superintendent making the teacher nervous by sitting at a desk in the back of the room and taking notes. What Reagan presumably meant was that he hoped to see schoolchildren allowed to pray during homeroom. Even aside from the fact that schoolchildren can pray now if they're so moved, Reagan's point seems completely backward, and almost disrespectful. If God did want rows of second graders from New York to New Mexico reciting the Lord's Prayer, He certainly wouldn't have had to leave the classroom because the secular humanists and other latter-day devils prevented such a spectacle. And it's not as if His movements were regulated by the Supreme Court, or the Kremlin, say. Everyone else may need the President's help; everyone else must venerate his office and acknowledge his authority and hope he uses his power wisely. Probably even God hopes he uses his power wisely. But God is not waiting for his invitation to drop in on the schools.

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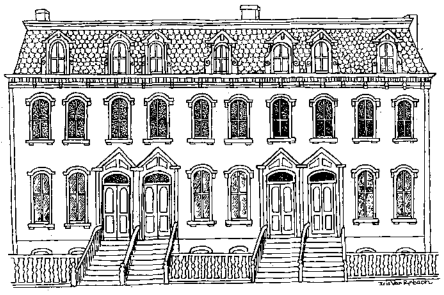
Sentiment

WE were window-shopping along Fifth Avenue the other morning on our way to work. The day had been glum and cold and gray, and then, all of a sudden, it turned pink. Every imaginable shade of pink. Pale pink, warm pink, hot pink, Shocking pink, red pink. Pink hearts. Pink balloons. More hearts. We were in front of the Hallmark Gallery. Valentines, of course.

We walked in. A few bars of a Beethoven symphony greeted us, but the music stopped before we could make out which symphony it was. We heard the sound of spouting and falling water. We bent over the edge of a curving staircase and looked down onto a brightly lit circular fountain on the floor below. The wall to our right, almost fifty feet long, was a giant collage of valentine cards in a riot of primary colors. Facing the wall stood a single row of people bundled in dark overcoats, boots, mufflers, hats. Silent, heads bent, absorbed, reading. We spotted Teddy bears, Miss Piggys, owls, puppies, kittens, Snoopys, Mickey Mouses, and baby chicks. The cards were aligned in horizontal columns, nine high and from eight to twelve thick. Above most of the columns, a title was listed. We started at the back of the room with Aunt. After Aunt came Niece. Niece was followed by Nep.



"What's Nep?" we asked a dour man in a fur cap and a walrus mustache who was buried in Aunts.

"Nep is nephew," he said without looking up.

We walked past Brother, Sister, Son, Grandson, Granddaughter, Daughter, Grandparents, Dad, Mother and Dad, Mother, Husband, Sweetheart (Sweetheart claimed the widest outpouring of sentiment: ten columns instead of the usual two or three), Wife, Baby, Juvenile, Miscellaneous. What was miscellaneous about a valentine? We picked up a lacy Victorian heart and read, "On Your Valentine Birthday." A row and a half of Miscellaneous was given over to cards in Spanish. "*Para mi Esposa con amor*" ("For my wife with love"). "*Para ti, Abuelita*" ("For you, dear Grandmother"). "*Sólo para ti*" ("Just for you"). Next came Our Wish, then Religious. We opened a card at random but found no religion. It began, like so many others, "For someone special." We moved to General, where we noted a cartooned little man with a book under his arm. "Meet me in the fiction section of the library," he said. And, finally, Humorous. We picked two sardines sitting in a tin. "Love you?" asked the caption above the tin. We opened the card. "I sardine-ly do," it said.

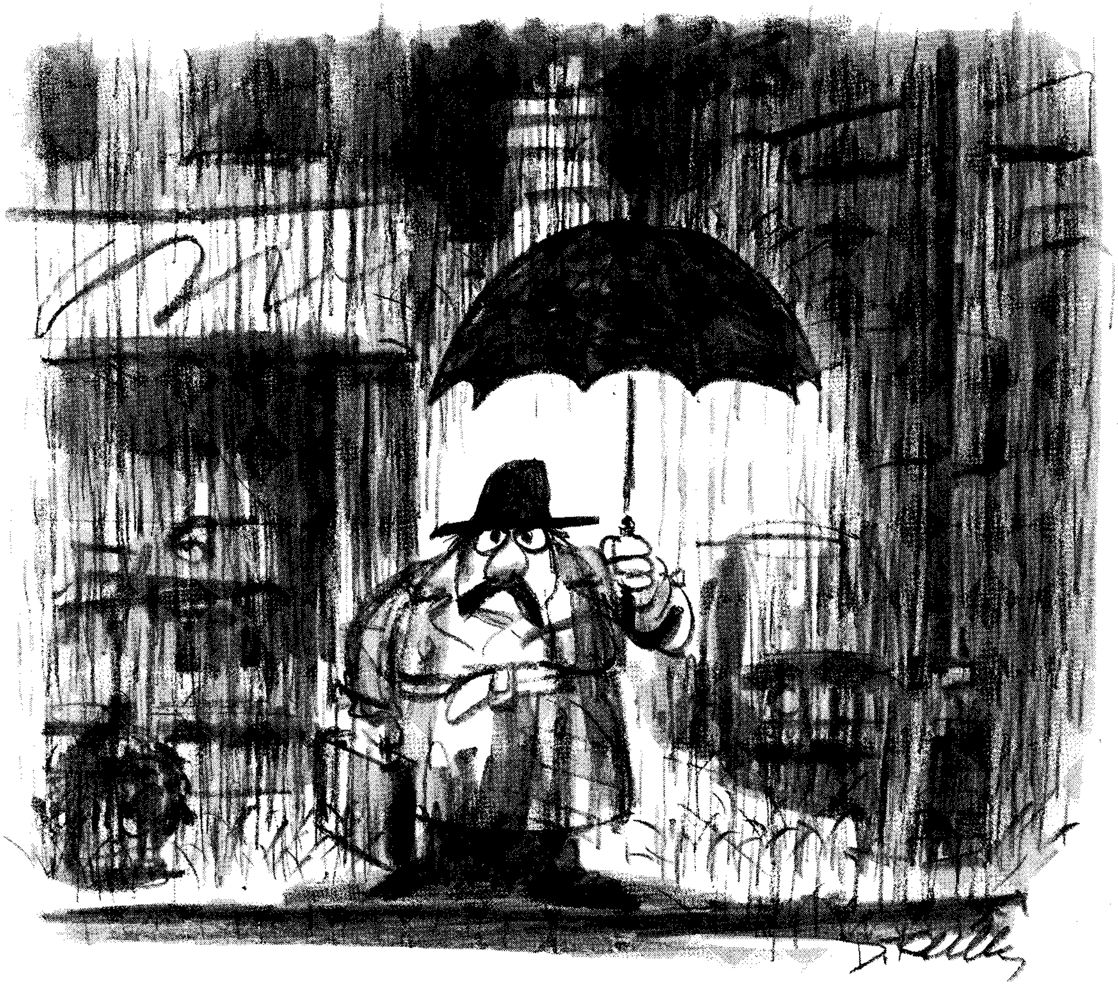
That did it. And we were going to be late for work. There was a long line at the checkout counter. We looked down at the fountain on the floor below. Four silent people were hastily putting up a cordon around it. Had somebody waded in? Fallen in? Nothing seemed to make any sense. Then we brushed past a very young, very skinny Hispanic boy with just a trace of a mustache. He was addressing a salesman with his hands. They were both silent. Then the boy broke into a Spanish litany.

The salesman interrupted him to ask, in despair, "But what sentiment are you *looking* for?"

A bystanding young woman went up to the boy and inquired, in Spanish, if she could be of help.

"*Es para mi abuela por el día de San Valentín*," he said, and smiled.

Suddenly, everything fell back into place. The young woman guided him to Miscellaneous and handed him exactly the card he had been looking for—the one that began "*Para ti, Abuelita.*"



WACKO UNMENTIONED IN "MAYOR"

Restoration

WE have heard from a Manhattan friend who had some medical work done in Boston a few months ago, at Massachusetts General Hospital (he couldn't walk, and they got him walking again), and who went back to Boston recently for a brief checkup and a happy visit:

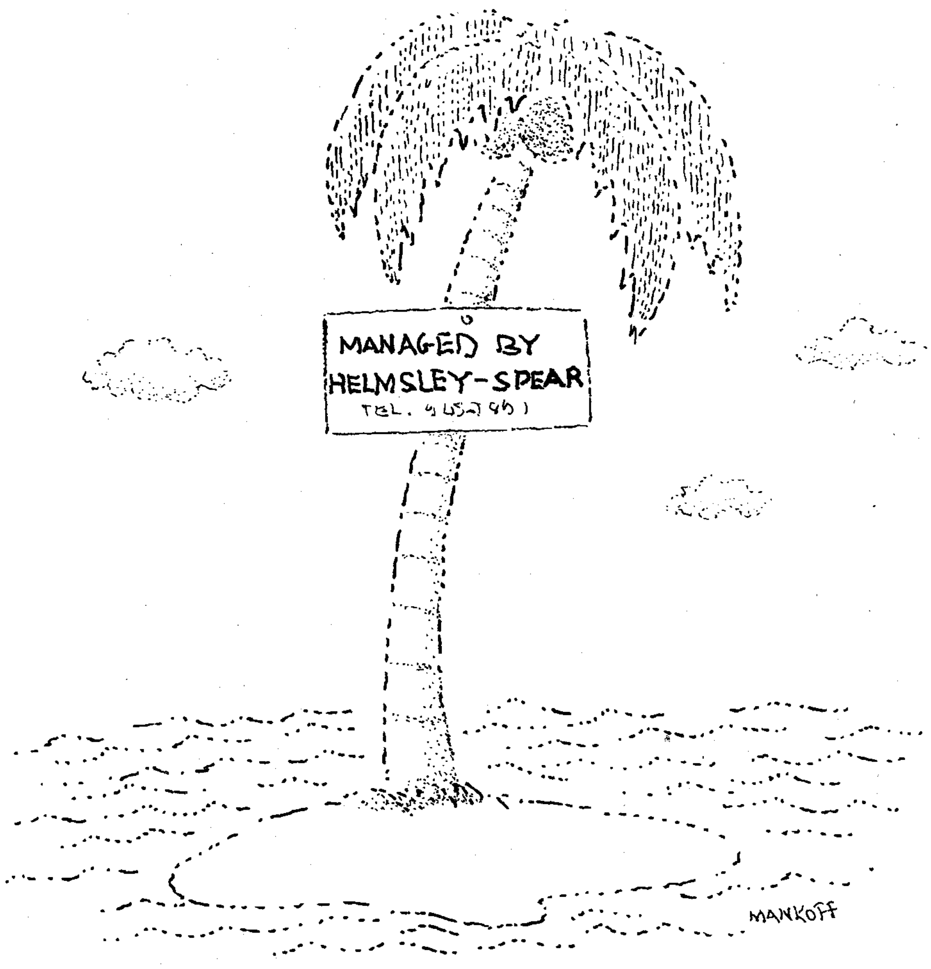
Whenever I feel especially peppy, I go to Boston. Would have a hard time explaining this, but there it is. Boston is the only place I know that uses the words "scrod" and "schrod" interchangeably. They both mean a young cod or haddock. I merely throw this in for local color.

Took the Metroliner from Penn Station. There is something about having one's winter bottom close to the earth, and not having to worry about a socked-in LaGuardia or a socked-in Logan. A purely personal prejudice, this, and not to be taken seriously by upwardly mobile executives. Had to mail letter in Penn Station before departure. Just try to find a mailbox in the hideous, claustrophobic warren that is now Penn Station. *Just try*. Searched everywhere. "Over by the orange juice," said one man. "Behind the newsstand," said another. "There is no mailbox in this station," said a third. Finally, found an obscure slot in a brick abutment adjoining a stairwell in the waiting room. Mailed letter.

Onto train. Lovely, roomy car, with ample legroom. Stewardess offered Continental breakfast, on the house. "Juice, Danish, and coffee, Hon," she said. "Or tea, Hon." Train glided noiselessly from station on the dot of 8 A.M. Sat back and enjoyed view from the Sound side as train hurtled through a snow-covered New England. Expanses of black water, ice, ice-laden trees—a Japanese print, really—flashing past. Stark contrasts of black and white. Industrial intrusion near Route 128, with windowless red warehouses. Into South Station at precise moment of expected arrival: 12:09.

Boston a manageable, proportional city. Extraordinary sense of freedom and restoration at being able to walk again, so I walked. Took long, confident strides to Massachusetts General, where miracle doctors pronounced joy at my recovery. Walked all over the place—along Charles Street, admiring bookstores, pub fronts, food shops. Old-fashioned storefronts that anywhere else would appear to be spurious, but not in Boston. Took the T. This is the subway. So *many* young people, so many beards, so many heavily booted feet, but no graffiti. Seemed everybody a student, including girl violinist sawing away in Park Street Station. Paid brief visit to Harvard Square (Red line) and to the old Yard—quite romantic in the snow. Dropped in at the Fogg—very dusty. Back to Charles Street and on foot to the Common, entering Common from dry land in area (known two centuries ago as Round Marsh) where, on April 18, 1775, eight hundred British troops took off in barges and boats for Cambridge and the beginning of some Real Troubles. Common and adjoining Public Garden a winter delight. No swan boats, of course, or flower beds, but proper sparrows, chickadees, and blue jays.

Sat, bewitched, in room overlooking snow-covered Public Garden. A perfect Glackens, with delicate iron fence, shovelled paths, and Beacon Hill and the rest of city misty-blue behind. Seeing imaginary pictures propelled me to Museum of Fine Arts, and into the good hands of Clementine Brown, director of public information, who said the museum currently extremely busy with myriad restorations. Felt sudden deep kinship with museum. Brown was excited about a male mummy the museum owns, a character about two thousand six hundred years old, from Egypt. Museum has been eager, said Brown, to give mummy a CAT scan at Brigham and Women's Hospital to determine its precise age and cause of death. "We also have a cat's mummy," she said, "and may give it a CAT scan, too." Brown swept me behind scenes, as many of main exhibition halls are being renovated for the next months. Backstage, discovered controlled frenzy in preparation for large exhibit of the works of Jean-François Millet. Also precious, careful detail work on the Asiatic exhibits, generally acknowledged to be finest and widest such collections under one roof anywhere. Joined now by Jan Fontein, director of the museum, and Theodore Stebbins, Jr., curator of American painting. Mr. Fontein, man of great enthusiasms, especially proud of delicate, painstaking cabinetwork being done to house parts of the Asiatic collections. Saw almost too much to recall: Chinese ceramics from 2000 B.C. to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries of present era; kimonos; blue-and-white Islamic vases; colored shards found at various sites in China; roof tiles; shoji sliding doors. Backstage room where shoes had to be removed and where diligent workers were preparing plastic molds in which to place, lovingly, Asiatic specimens. Laboratory for conservation and restoration, under the charge of Alain Goldrach, a perfectionist who, with associates, was cleaning some forty Millets. (Museum has largest single collection of Millets anywhere.) Goldrach also busy separating layer of varnish from the paint of a John Singer Sargent of four beautiful children, "The Daughters of Edward D. Boit." Goldrach keenly aware of problems of restoration: How far does one go? He had, for instance, a placid, glowing Florentine Madonna from the mid-fifteenth century that had arrived at museum with a damaged nose. What to do? They carefully retouched the nose. In decisions about restoration, there is a fine line, and museum does its best to walk the line precisely, always hoping to enhance viewer's appreciation of the paintings without, so to speak, garbling the text. Goldrach explained that Millet was a fussy, nervous, anxious painter, who went over and over his pictures, cropping them, repainting them, being dissatisfied. He was an uncertain man in many things; when giving directions to friends coming to visit him in Barbizon, for instance, had a tendency to repeat the directions many times.

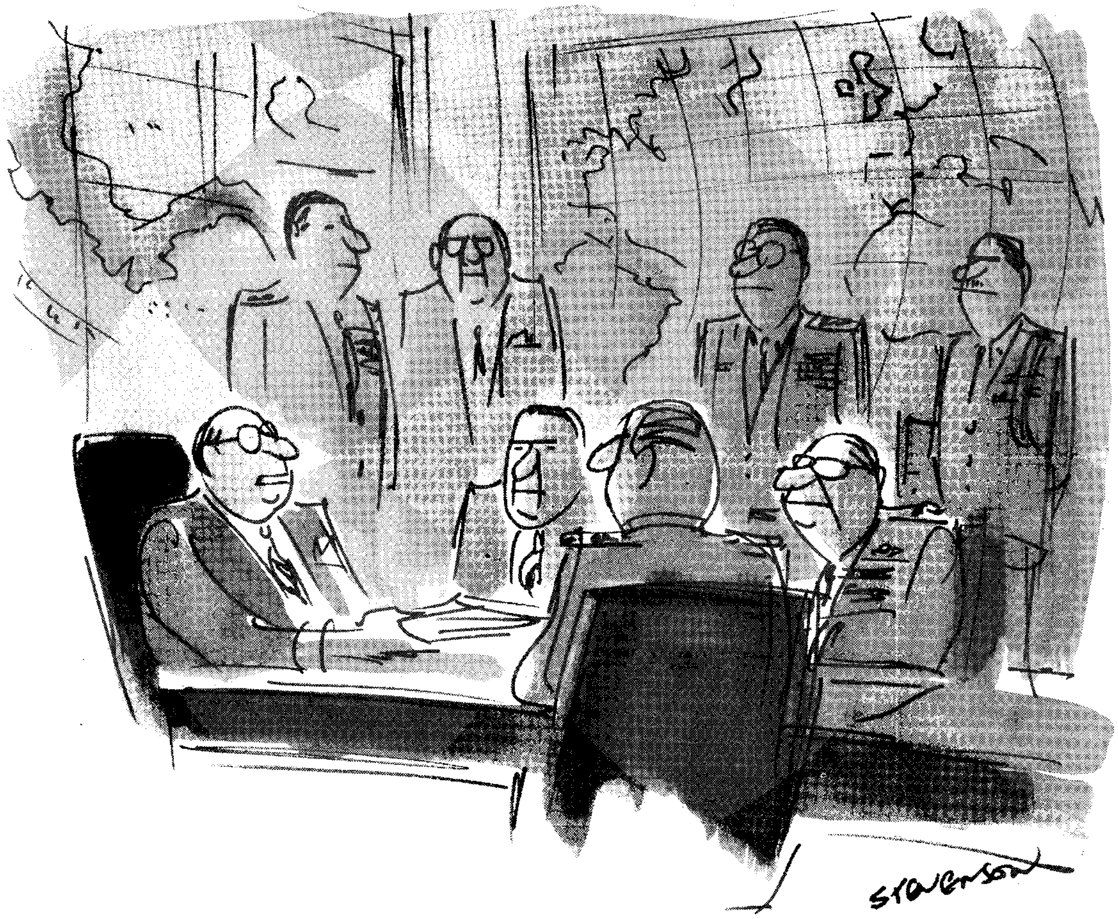


Time for a bite with Mr. Stebbins in museum restaurant. Mr. Stebbins, who is in his forties, wearing brown suit, yellow shirt, green tie. An expert on American art and the author of, among other works, a book on Martin Johnson Heade. Recently organized much-acclaimed exhibition of celebrated American paintings that opened in Boston, went to the Corcoran, and is headed for the Louvre—first exhibition entirely of American paintings at Louvre in fifty years. Stebbins has given good deal of thought to the intensity of revival of interest in American paintings—especially paintings of nineteenth century, including the works of Frederick Church. "I think that the trauma of Vietnam made people go back to the earlier American pictures and take another look," he said. "People had a feeling they were missing something, and a new sensibility developed." Also, looking at some of the beautiful nineteenth-century landscapes made them realize the dreadful ravages inflicted upon the countryside by industrial encroachment.

Walked back toward the Common in the blue-white of the evening. Snow falling now—the city an old print. End of day in Boston.

New Clothes

AS time passes, opportunity narrows. We're never going to have our own rock-and-roll combo—never smash instruments onstage, never be dragged from our limo by screaming groupies, never have the guardians of traditional American values burn our records in bonfires. Slowly, we've made our peace with those sad truths. Late last month, in an effort to quell another fantasy—one that recurs every four years—we drove out on Long Island, to the Marriott Hotel in Uniondale, where the people who *will* be competing in the winter Olympics were picking up the outfits they'll be wearing this week in Sarajevo. Wherever we looked in the hotel lobby—in the Café Lido, and over by the Chardonnays Lounge, and next to the potted ficus trees—we saw wellmuscled, handsome young men and women radiating the sort of happy confidence that comes from knowing you are able to skate faster than other people. The crowd was even thicker on the hotel's third floor, where Levi Strauss, which is the outfitter of this year's winter and summer Olympics, was handing out the duds. As soon as we got off the elevator, we were taken in tow by Nancy Peterson, a company public-relations woman, who used to publicize the Stanford football team. She showed us a rack holding the thirty-two specially designed items—from a fleece-lined sheepskin jacket to red polypropylene long johns—that each athlete will receive. "They are, for the most part, color-coördinated," Nancy said. "The colors—red, white, and royal blue—were sort of chosen in advance for us. This parka here is what they'll wear if they win a medal. The front is blue and red, and when they wave at the crowd there'll be a nice contrast with the underarm area, which is white. All our clothes are designed to photograph well."



"Well, that takes care of that—unless, of course, somebody can suggest an even harder line."

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Nancy introduced us to Mary Ann Buxton, who is in charge of the entire Olympics-outfitting process for Levi Strauss. (The company, before the year is up, will have handed out some seven hundred thousand garments.) She told us it had been difficult to design clothes that looked nice on all the Olympians. "You take a gymnast, a basketball player, and a weight lifter—it is hard to imagine three more different body types," she said. "Also, sometimes there are special problems. Fencers, for instance—they're likely to have one leg that's much more developed and larger than the other, because they're always lunging." Mary Ann, who lives just north of San Francisco, competes in the non-Olympic discipline known as the triathlon, the worst variety of which requires a swim of two and a half miles, immediately followed by a bicycle race covering more than a hundred miles, and then, with no rest, a regulation marathon. "Long Island is O.K.," she told us, "but I went out to run and there was all this crusty ice. And *no hills*."

While we were talking over the triathlon with Mary Ann, up walked Lyle Nelson, who is competing in his third straight Olympics in the biathlon, a somewhat puzzling event that requires him to ski long distances cross-country, shoot at targets with a rifle, and then ski some more. Nelson, who, at thirty-five, is the veteran of the biathlon squad, said he plans to compete at the Calgary, Alberta, Olympics in 1988 and then retire. "I train less and less each year, and I get better and better," he told us, without a trace of boasting in his voice. "I try to train efficiently, and to apply my sports-psychology program really well—my goal-setting, my attitude-control, that sort of thing. If I'm hitting the target with seventy-five per cent of my shots, I can't just say, 'I'm *not* going to blink, I *am* going to hit eighty per cent.' I have to find out why I see myself as a seventy-five-per-cent shooter." Nelson lives in Serene Lakes, California, a town that he said lived up to its name. "It's a great place, just where I-80 crests going into California. I can't think of a better place to live—the snow just *dumps* on us. All winter long, it's shovel, shovel, shovel, so it drives the fainthearted away."

As we were heading back toward the lobby, Nancy offered us an Olympic T-shirt for our own. What we really wanted, of course, was a red wool sweater with blue and white stripes and the Sarajevo emblem, and a blue velour warmup suit with "U.S.A." on the back, and a round-trip ticket to Yugoslavia, and the chance to cross-country ski a little and shoot a little, and win some medals for our country, and wave to our mom on television, and swell with pride during the national anthem, and go to the White House to shake hands with the Reagans, and endorse a certain breakfast food (one we actually liked, and could recommend in good conscience), and hang our medals over the fireplace, and acquire some grandchildren to show them to. But don't get us wrong—we took the T-shirt.

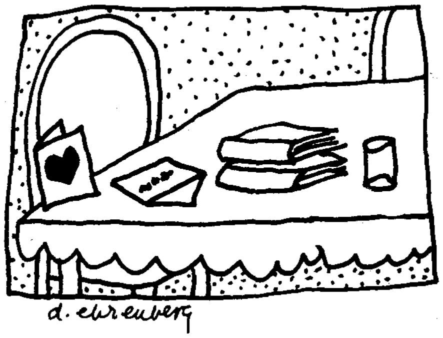
THE LAST MRS. ASPAIR

"OH, my little sweetie pie! How you do do a thing. The way you do—that *hair!*" Sophie Aspair stroked Victoria Feldman's hair, which (thick and tangled) had been pulled over from one side of her head (and the back of her head) to the other side, and a comb stuck in it. It was not hard to do if you did it just right. Victoria, loving her hair, had done it right. Her own hand went up so as to see: *Still all right?* To tell the truth, the stroke given by Mrs. Aspair, although it had lasted a very short time, was not entirely welcome to Victoria, as she didn't like people fussing with her hair once it had been arranged, and she was afraid that she might have shied away a bit during the moment Mrs. Aspair was touching her, and *this* (the thought that she had, perhaps, failed to be charming) might have caused her to fret; except that by the time she had the beginning of the thought, Mrs. Aspair had moved on to another guest.

Victoria followed with her eyes the progress of her hostess around the room. Mrs. Aspair took, at every opportunity, an unexpected turn. It was her special way. In talking, she jumped over words to a word much ahead of the one she might have been expected to utter, then headed off from *that* one in a direction a person would not have thought to predict (unless that person knew her well, that is, which is to say had met her more than once, in which case he did predict it); in walking, she almost *limped*. These small awkwardnesses implied *impatience*—evidence of an active will betrayed by the frailties of age (this is what she said it was) or by the inability of mere movement or mere language to encompass ferocious energy (this is what she meant her friends to think). She was apt to bring the subject up. "Oh, they ought to shoot me! They ought to do me—I shouldn't mind it—like a horse!" was something she had said more than once. And (more than once) she had said gravely, "Do you know, I am a very stupid old woman. I still *run ahead*, you see. I've done it all my life. Dear Sixte used to say, 'Sophie has more energy than she can consume locally,' which was wicked of Sixte, but true—and now you see what my legs are, and my poor mind." Saying this (and she had said it more than once, just this way), she would hang her head a little to one side, and keep it there, out of tiredness, perhaps, or to show sincerity. The hang of the head seemed to say: See, it's not all fun with me. It brought a person closer. Perhaps a person moved closer. A person noticed that when her head was hung to one side Sophie did not stumble or jump in talking or abbreviate her sentences. Room was left, as it is in ordinary discourse, for response. Her friends knew what to say. "My dear, your mind—I wish *I* had your mind" was one appropriate response to be made to Sophie's hanging head. A better one, made by those who knew better how to affect simplicity, was: *quiet*, first. (Beat, beat, beat.) Then: "No one knows what you do, Sophie."

These were special, private moments. They ended in *quiet*. And then Sophie Aspair would bring her head up, and then she was almost certain to say, as she swept something up into her hands—something, anything, perhaps a handbag, perhaps a report given to her by a man in government or at her foundation (for Sophie was very active and did not believe it was modern to sponsor a gathering at which no real business was done)—she was almost certain to say, just at the moment before her composure had been utterly restored, "And of course I miss Sixte dreadfully."

Victoria smiled. Mrs. Aspair faded across the room. Victoria raised her own hand and touched her own hair. *I could live here*, she thought. *I could spend my life standing here.* Her thought was, perhaps, the remnant of prudence. She was descended from prudence. Of her ancestor Samuel Smuyt (New Englander come to New York) it was said that "he did not commit the impropriety of paying large wages," and Gerrit Anthor, compiler of "The Rich Men of New-York," was not surprised to find ". . . the richest man in America" (her ancestor, the first Johannes Aspair) "looking over a ledger book in an office in Prince Street." Prudence descended, and was shaped by events. Victoria Feldman kept watch over her last asset: her friendship with her cousin Sophie Aspair.



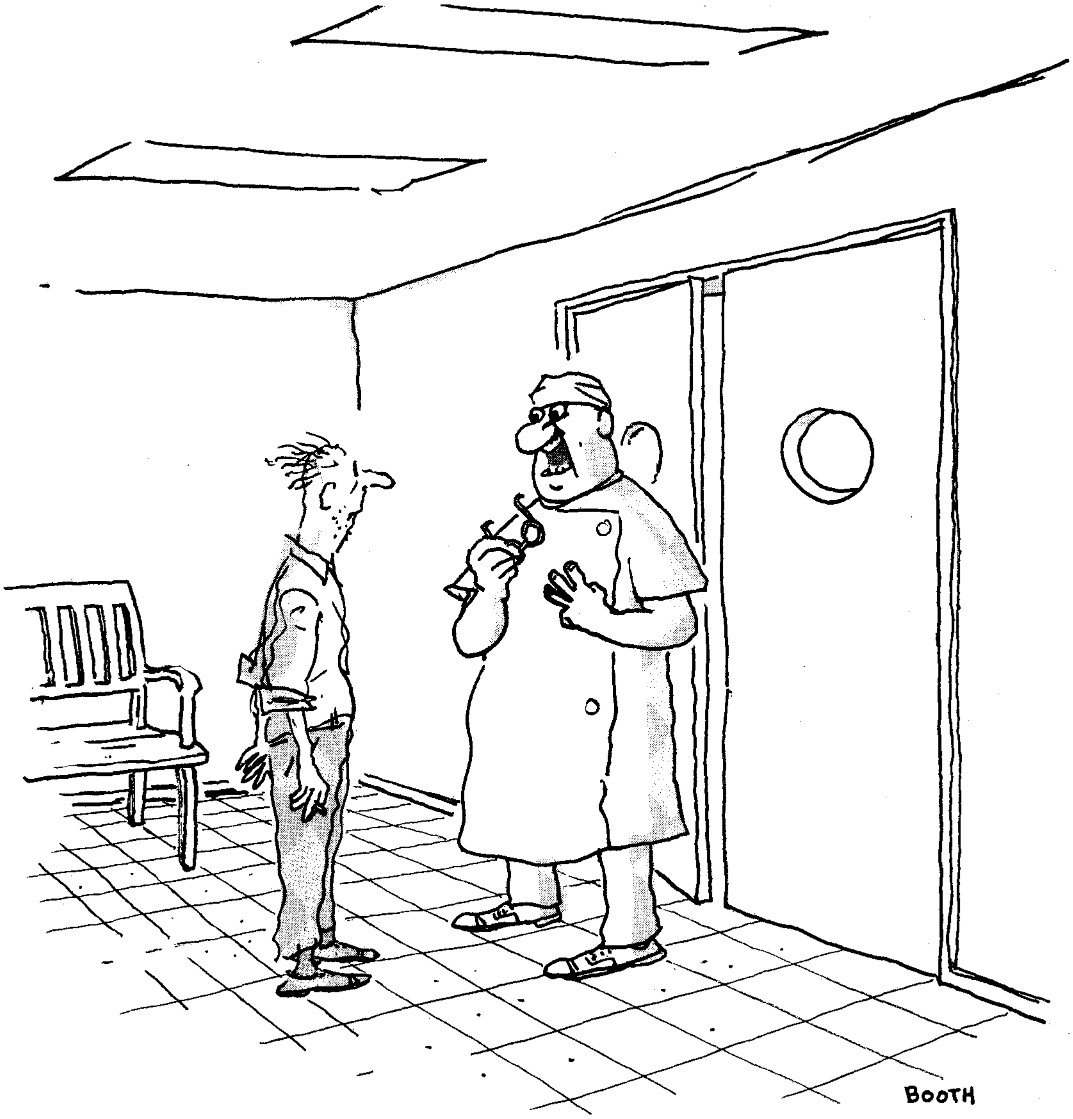
The rooms were almost crowded. They were filling up, and as they filled Sophie became more and more agitated. She ran to the small room where men and women entered. She ran back to the drawing room where men and women came to rest. Above the rising energy of her party, she rose higher still. Certain established men and women, coming into the drawing room, moved slowly, sought a favorite corner in which to stand (for very few people were so secure in their position at Sophie's that they actually would *sit*, so early in the evening), and, all in all, seemed to say, to anyone who took the trouble to look, *We know this house very well.* Sophie, on the other hand, seemed to be discovering it for the first time. Had she just moved in, she could not have been so vague about where things properly were to be. She did not seem to know where she should be *herself*, so that at times it seemed that the party must be breaking up, not forming, and under the burden of some emergency.

It was, in fact, a whim of Sophie's that her dinners should have about them the energy of *the crisis*, and to this end she applied to each event within her evening (and then, again, over these events, to the evening as a whole) a rhythm of: problem, problem, *solution*, so that even so simple a matter as the greeting of guests was inserted into a scheme of *crisis management* (a phrase she knew from men in government) in which the spotting of the guest (*once*, *twice*) was made into the problem and some physical gesture of greeting (kiss, pat, mock blow) into the solution, and this was in harmony with the long rhythm of the evening, in which the frenzy of the greeting period rose to a climax over a dinner so loud with discussion that it began to seem like a panic, until, at last, *solution* was reached in *quiet*, a *hush* that descended (final results announced) as the company abandoned dinner for the drawing room, where *space* and *quiet* were set out, in which an important man found an opportunity to discuss a *real* crisis, for, just as other women bearing the name *Mrs. Aspair* had given dances or had musicians in, Sophie, the last to have the name, the last Mrs. Aspair, invited in men who were not afraid of emergencies.

Sophie was called the last Mrs. Aspair, but of course there were other

Mrs. Aspairs. It was a large family. There were many Aspairs, some bearing the old names—Johannes, James-James, Petrus, Corneil—but the family had lost its sense of proportion. Some branches had bloomed with children and grown poor; others had stayed rich, grown richer, but *narrowed*, until, as in the example of Sophie's dead husband, Sixte, they came to an end in a man who declined to have children at all. "I've had *wives*," Sixte Aspair said.

So he did have. He had three before Sophie, two of them sisters. The two sisters, living still, amused themselves, if that was what it was, by using their names, married and maiden, in a kind of rotation, the pattern of which was theirs alone to know, so that one or the other would turn up, from time to time, as "Mrs. Sixte Aspair," on the list of a charity bazaar or something worse, which was the next thing to fraud, as Sophie thought. But this was nothing next to the inflation of the name caused by Sixte's cousin Jim-Jim, who married and married again, until, Sophie said, she stopped counting. Shopkeepers had learned not to give credit to the name, and it had been many years since Sophie had been polite to any woman presenting herself as "your cousin Mrs. James-James Aspair." Jim-Jim had had just one respectable wife, his first, and this woman, Mrs. Aspair-Feldman-Belsorsky-Post (Beata Aspair), as she was listed in the *Social Register*, lived under Sophie's domination. No one laughed more than this faded woman did when Sophie told a story at the expense of the Mrs. Jim-Jims and the ex-Mrs. Sixtes; no one was more insistent that Sophie was the last Mrs. Aspair worthy of the name.



"Triple whammy."

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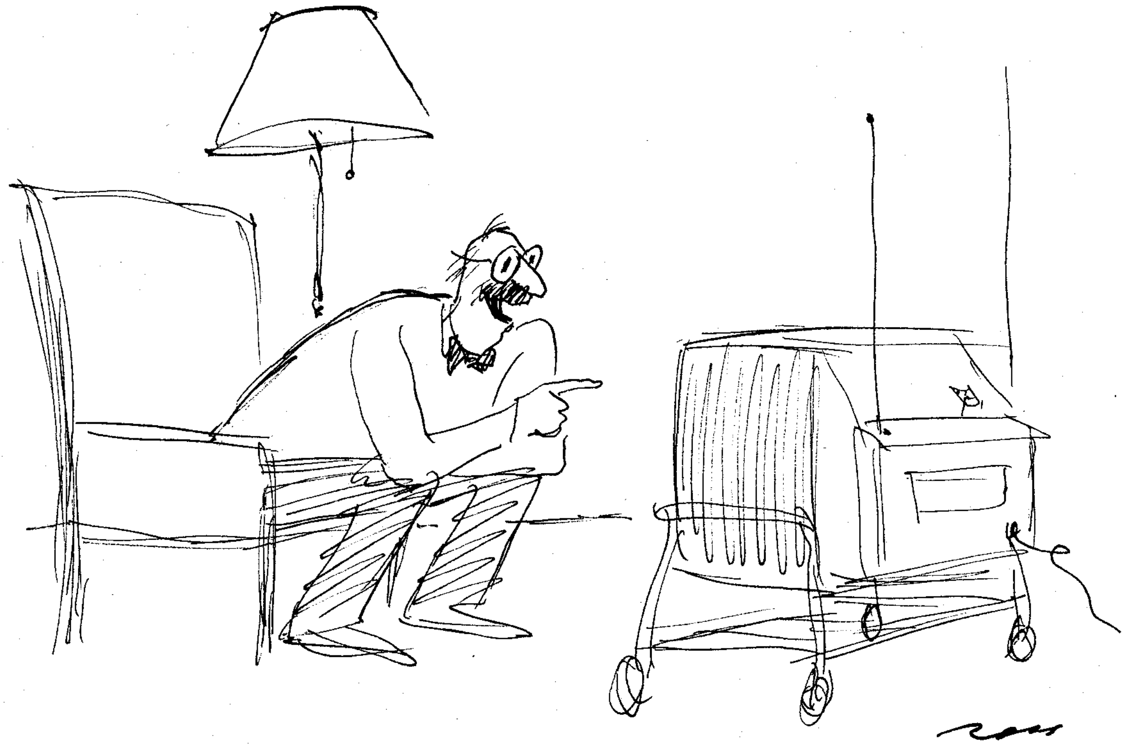
Mrs. Aspair-Feldman-Belsorsky-Post was in the room. Victoria Feldman, her daughter, saw her and avoided her. There were other relatives and connections of Victoria's in the room. Some of them were not attractive. Victoria, looking around, saw a few who were, in a way, repulsive. But Sophie Aspair did not seem to mind, and she had a special way, and perhaps a use, too, for each one. Now, for instance, she came past obese, slack-jawed Van Horne Aspair and *winked*. She winked and then hit him a little blow on the back. Van Aspair grinned, and for a moment one could see into his mouth. Then he said, "Damn you, Sophie, why can't a fellow get a good drink in this house?," and he made a grimace, a kind of pout. His eyebrows came together, his cheeks bulged out, and his mouth, his vast mouth, stretched almost from ear to ear. It was an unusual expression, almost an *accomplishment*, and the spirit in which it was offered was unusual as well. He offered the pout as something to please a crowd (as perhaps it had once, in the nursery) and as something to enforce caste. Perhaps Sophie accepted it in this spirit; certainly she took his rude gesture in stride, saying merely, "No, you can't. Not tonight. Horrible!"

Victoria might have continued to follow Sophie's progress except that a young man almost bumped into her. She watched him. He was dressed in the style of a young man in business: his suit was of the Glenurquhart plaid that young men in business sometimes wear; he was sandy-haired; he wore eyeglasses with a clear plastic frame. He was unremarkable in every way. A stranger in Sophie's rooms would have seen him and thought, Good family, yes; good schools, yes; just the sort of man who would be here, *certainly*. Victoria, who knew her cousin very well, knew at once that he had come without an invitation. He was the sort of person Sophie never did ask. Sophie was like the head of an Islamic sect living in Paris: she accepted the tribute of the Traditional People who had set her up in business, but she declined to know them socially. There were two reasons for this, opposite and balanced. First of all, she liked to *work at* being Mrs. Aspair and found herself ill at ease among people who gave her their allegiance out of respect for her merely existing; secondly, she did not know the ramifications of the group as well as the head of the group should know them (she having entered into it rather late), and she did not like the idea that there should be in her rooms people who knew more than she did about what she was supposed to represent. So she was quite careful about which of her clan she asked—more careful than anyone suspected, except Victoria, who had come to understand that the welcome held out to her (and to her mother, for instance, and Van Aspair) was extended so that she and certain other members of the Family might represent all the Traditional People who were absent. So the young man had not been invited. He might have come with someone who had been invited, except that Sophie did not encourage this, and, in any case, he seemed to be quite alone.

VICTORIA continued to watch the young man. He *touched* things. He picked things up and put them down again, moving, moving. *They will think he is stealing*, Victoria thought. But no one noticed him, because a change had come over the room. It *parted*. A man entered who represented the *work of the moment*. The work of the moment flowed through him. The work of the moment was going on somewhere else (in an office, somewhere underground, on an airplane in mid-flight) and yet this man, its representative, was *here*. Sophie saw him. She respected the work of the moment. She was determined that nothing should interrupt it. And yet she did not mind if the work of the moment halted, stood still in its tracks (changed course, at least) so that her guests might have a look at it. She loved work. She was honest about it. She was honest in general. She was honest about her *love of work* and her *love of family* and her *open mind*. At her parties, representatives of these three estates met as in a parliament, and the opportunities for give and take implicit in the situation were carefully cultivated, which was healthy and democratic, and yet: each guest left in the estate he came in.

The estate of work was in ascendance now. The men who had the power to part the room now were new men who had the knack of seeming old. They came, a little harried, straight from their offices—which were special offices, often, set up to rectify the mistakes made by others. The men who occupied the foreground at Mrs. Aspair's, now, rarely held *elective* office, as they were too good ever to be elected. The space given over to these men encroached on the space that had been (at one time) reserved for men of *open mind* and for those whose presence suggested openness of mind in others, but this was a natural result of the unfolding of events, and Mrs. Aspair, however stern she was in some ways, did not oppose the unfolding of events.

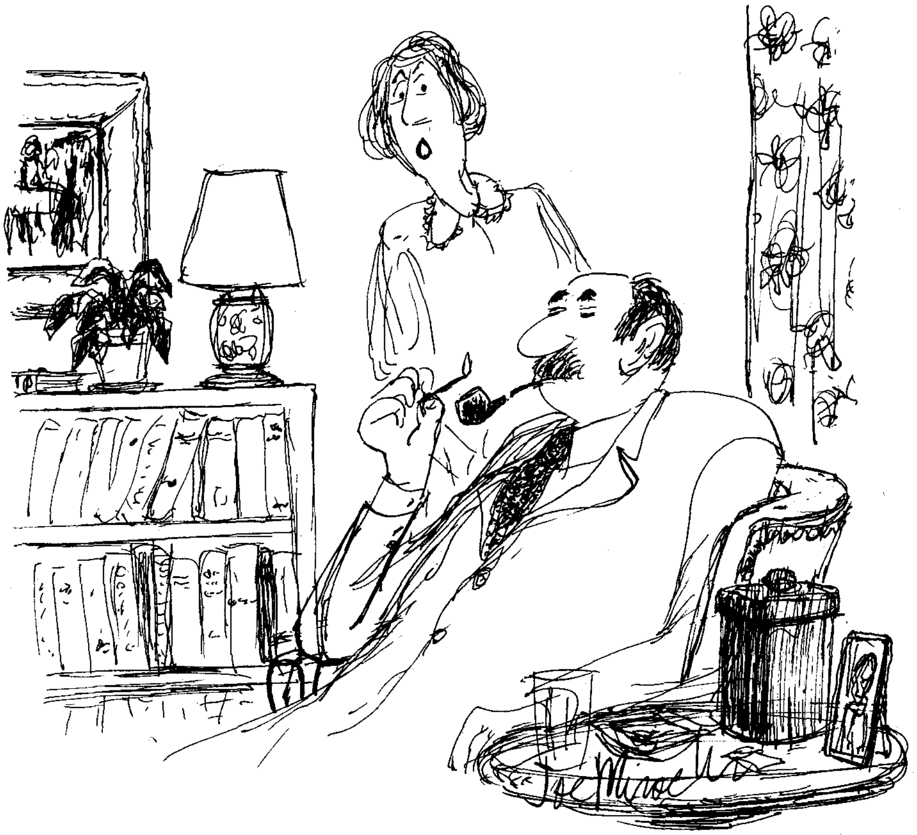
The man who had parted the room was small and thin and dark, and it was obvious that he had not had time to change clothes or shave or prepare in any other way for his evening engagement. This he seemed to bear as a badge of honor rather than an embarrassment, for when Mrs. Aspair came up to him in welcome he was not diffident at all but pressed his unshaven cheek to her cheek. He was seen to whisper something in her ear. Immediately this was done, she jumped back and exclaimed, "Max, you're wicked! Wicked!" She did not say this in a coquettish voice at all but more in a tone that implied that *she* would be a friend whatever foolish people thought. Keeping this tone, and repeating the word "wicked" from moment to moment, sometimes using a shake of the head, she guided the small, dark man through the crowd without taking the slightest notice of anyone, and took him out of the room through a small door, defying anyone not to see how quickly she might, in the proper circumstances, discard all ceremony. In a minute, she came out again, shaking her head still, still uttering a weak "wicked" at intervals. She went back across the room again, head down. Head down, she took a glass from a tray of glasses. Head down, she went to a carved standing chest. Ignoring and circumventing the attractive young men she had hired to circulate through the drawing room taking orders for drinks, she opened the chest and took out a



"I'm Joe Frimet, and I watch every night!"

bottle of whiskey. She poured a large amount of whiskey into the glass. She looked up and addressed everyone and no one. "You see how he looks," she said without her friendly stutter. "He really shouldn't have come at all."

Victoria was suddenly less at ease. The entrance of the man had been very abrupt. It had halted certain slow developments. She stood perfectly still. She felt fear. The thing to do with fear was to wait it out quietly. The *overt* fathered fear in Victoria. She did not like it when the decks were cleared. She did not like the phrase "That's all very well," for instance. When people said "That's all very well, but we must be more realistic now" (and her cousin and benefactress Mrs. Aspair *had* said this), she felt that she had been wrapped up in the "all very well" and killed off. When an overt action suddenly overpowered the small comfortable movements she had begun to establish, she said to herself, always, *What will they do to me*? She thought that now; she stopped and stayed perfectly still; she forgot the young man altogether.



"After the New Hampshire primaries! That's your answer to everything!"

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She did not think about him at dinner. The din was fearsome. She wanted to cover her ears. Sophie's guests, knowing what was expected, vied with one another—louder and louder. Opinions were expressed. Opinions were shouted.

"No, you can't—impossible!" Sophie shouted over the racket, raising the tempo. What was said? It was hard to remember. Each guest spoke from his own past. He reached back to the last opinion he had held successfully and shouted that. Each one thought, When was I not embarrassed? Some people had to go back quite far. Van Aspair took himself back to the high-ceilinged nursery of his parents' house in Brookline. He threw his face up into a pout. He threw his fists down on the table. He sought to terrorize the maids.

AT dinner, food was not quickly renewed. Plates, empty of nourishment, were not replaced. On plates where food had been, small juices congealed: echo of rack of lamb, liquor of peas and asparagus, remnant of butter, and ichor of fish. Bread remained. The atmosphere was heady with ideas, intersected with shouts and screeches of conviction.

The governor of the state, annoyed that the room no longer parted for him, predicted economic collapse. His wife, on the other hand, looked forward to increased profitability. She said, "The numbers are great. All you've got to worry about is *evictions*. Somehow you have to get those oldsters out."

"Creative renovation is the key," a man said.

"If you can get the deadweight out," the governor's wife said. "And I mean *if*."

Victoria's mother, Mrs. Aspair-Feldman-Belsorsky-Post, was a little drunk. As always when she was drunk, she talked about herself. "I was married to two of the richest men in America," she said, looking her dinner partner straight in the eye (but not seeing him). She began at the beginning. "I was born Aspair, and I married Aspair," she said significantly. "Like the Double Duchess."

Her partner made no response.

"The Double Duchess. Didn't you ever hear of the Double Duchess?" She was belligerent, then suddenly she was almost studious. She put the index finger of her right hand to the index finger of her left hand, as though doing a sum. "First she was Sutherland . . ."

"No, Manchester," a woman said from two places away.

"That's right, *Manchester*," Mrs. Post said, relieved to have the right name, but annoyed, too. She looked at her plate. It was full. She didn't eat when she drank. She didn't believe in it. "Anyway, *she's* not the point," Mrs. Post said, a little sad, "*I'm* the point. I was born Aspair. And I married Aspair."

"It's true," the woman two places away said gently. "Mrs. Post has been married to a number of prominent men."

Mrs. Post looked up. "That's right," she said. Then she looked at the woman. Mrs. Post was myopic. She did not wear glasses. She squinted. "Why, it's Nina," she said, almost sweetly.

Nina, writer of the gossip column "Nina Knows," said, "Yes, dear, it's Nina."

THE city of five generations ago encloses a figure passing down Prince Street toward a small house of two stories and a gable. This is Johan-

THE NEAR AND DEAR

I Where You Are

Paris, and all the streets muffled,
the copper glare of windows, the click-click
over the drain grate. I can't be where
you are, the melodeon incessant
in the background, two students
sprawled like cats across the bar.
                    But in New York,
you are saying, and even your old clothes
seem to shine, mother-of-pearl
in the low light, and I am kissing you,
kissing you goodbye.

II Elsewhere

We take up residence elsewhere.
Elsewhere, a packet boat
slow on the Potomac, shade
trees, mosquitoes bridling
in the scuppernong.
What was once a different country
resettles in the arbor—lamplight
pooling on the room's
plaited tail ends, times of day,
daylight clumping in the thorny hedges.

What was once, then, is:
column after column, the homestead
reflects in its own pond, where
house after house surfaces, then
drifts (one burned, one altered
by the sleeping porch, the shed)—
the family fortune, out rowing
in little boats.

The pond is full, tight net of
water lilies in the blade-thin hush.

Time gone, then, in the blade-thin hush.
In this little country of the soul,
another country curls into itself,
the house with its cornices, its
crenellations. And thought takes wing
to clear a wider space—landing,
falling in the garden.

III The Pigeons

Stone lion by the gatehouse, and
all the pigeons preening themselves.
Homing pigeons, you said, or doves,
the morning they flew to the window,
high over the duck pond, over the rosebushes.
Cooing in the ivy, and all the horrible ruckus—
I hated their dark wallow in the rafters.
Squawking barnacles, vertiginous—at noon
the black-clad friars fed their belching crowd,
acres of bread, gobble over the piazza.

IV Fable

A day catching blue marlin
in the warm bay—he told me about her
kiss, the shape of it, how he
could hear the sea in it.
        Clams for supper,
a rotting set of Balzac
on the sleeping porch, girls and soldiers
in old *Life* magazines, their glassy
gray patina. Four thunderstorms
off the Chesapeake, smoke billowing
from a gigantic train—the house
was a cavern of dark and whitewashed rafters,
his sister's doll house took up
    half the room.

V Cor Cordium

Keats' house, and all the paraphernalia
of journeys, midnight returns—two locks
of hair, fastened in a blue glass. It's all
so secretive, the narrow stair to the shrine,
the four versions of his body,
burning near the pine grove. You can go
to the pine grove, think of it,
the family jokes, the masquerades,
the sweetheart dogs and children
tight bundled in the carriage.

Think of it, the ride back—the scene
whizzes by, and you stare down at Florence,
flung like a brocade across the valley.
Imagine, then, the road to the villa
ending, and they open the door and you
break the news.

VI The Near and Dear

Daily. Daily, the clouds lagging
over the marsh come faster, the sky
pushing behind them, and three days running
a compass point of birds, a chevron
marking time of day, then time of year.

Daylight, and far over the harbor
the vista with its flapping sails,
milk cans cluttering up the prow.

But wait, a house full of bells and calls,
a house with room after room
of trees: table, chairs, the bedpost carved
to look like a sapling. Ring after ring,
the bell is calling you to dinner
—to shape your napkin into a bird—
and I am calling you, calling out your name,
love like an aubade of bells,
a solitary ringing from the steeple.

—Cynthia Zarin

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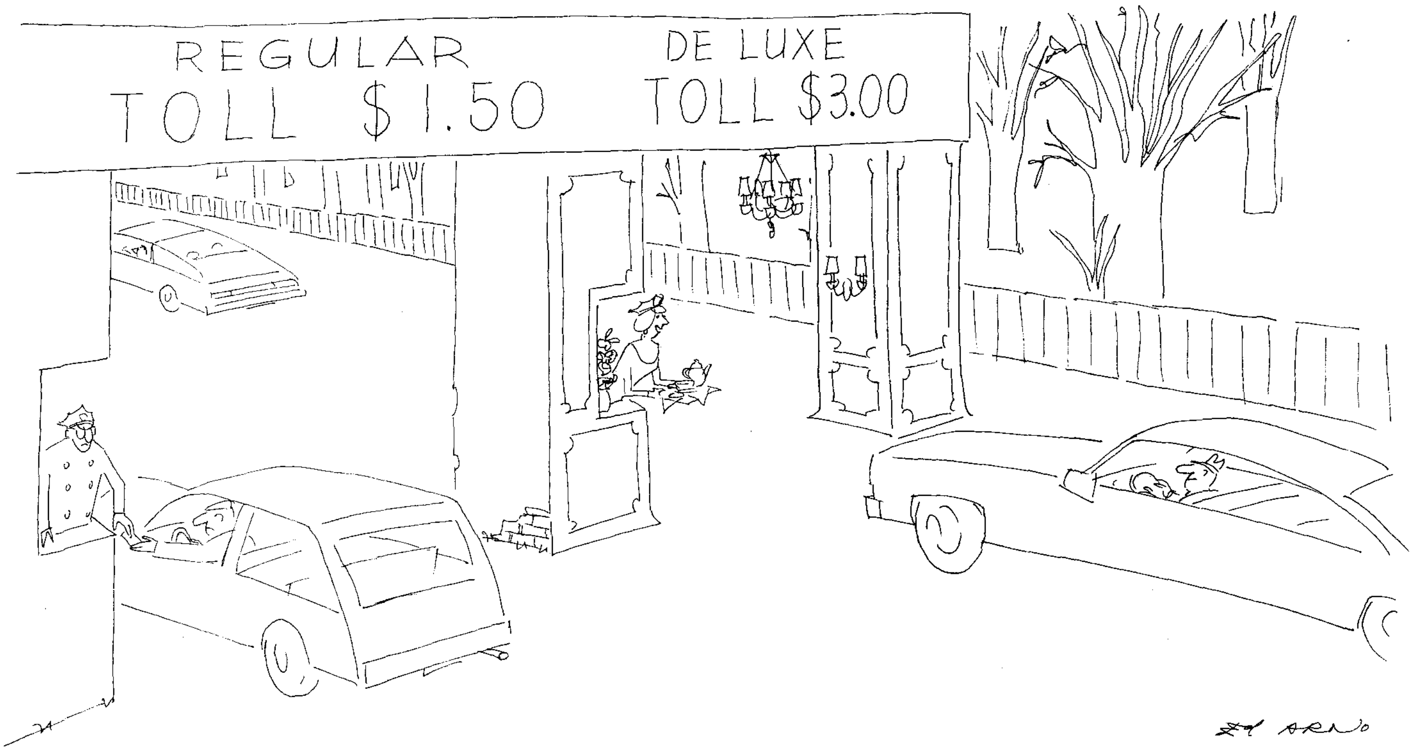
nes Aspair II. The city forms itself around him. In his hands are: maps, contracts, covenants, deeds, and mortgages. He owns a place to live in and a place to work in, and the Ninth Ward, and the land around the reservoir, and the land under a store selling silk, and a hotel where thieves live. This is just a sampling of what he owns. He is heavy. Each fold in his forehead is heavy, like an outcropping of rock; his nose is like granite, and his eyes hang down like lead balls on their way to the ground, halfway along a long fall. He does not smile very much. When he smiles, it is at some *silly* thought. When he smiles, he is likely, then, to laugh. He laughs at: monkeys dressed up; midgets; the broadest humor. He is the father of two sons. He has no sisters. His only brother is a half-wit.



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Come back to the moment of his birth. A thin, sharp man, wearing a high-collared coat and a neckcloth, stands over a bed. This man, Johannes Aspair I, bends over his wife and sees a heavy child. At his side is a child fantastically light and thin. He looks at his two sons. *It was too much to hold together*, he thinks. *I have come apart.*

The heavy son has much to suffer from his father. He enters into the business at a very early age and bends his head over the details of the work with the devotion of an old man, hoping to please his father, but he looks up from the ledger book to see his father displeased. *For what cause*, he wonders at first, until he comes to see that the question itself has its origin in a failure of imagination. Sometimes the heavy son puts his forehead to his brother's forehead, which runs wild with imagination. His brother holds perfectly still for this operation. He is thin, the older brother, and dressed in fine linen. He has a special chair and a special window to sit beside. Later, an enormous house is built for him to live in. One day, the heavy brother puts his forehead to the forehead of his older brother and holds it there for a long time. His hands grab hold of the older brother. When he takes his head away, it occurs to him to look into his brother's face. He sees tears and a glimmer of intelligence.

The heavy brother wins over his father by displaying qualities of resignation and patience. After any failure, he takes up his ledger books again immediately, to demonstrate that he will not grow bitter over his faults or put aside work on account of a bitter thought. He does all his father's work for year after year. His father grows old and light. The father in the end weighs less than any detail that comes under the notice of his son. At last, he dies. Johannes II buries him and puts him away, detail by detail.

By the time the first Johannes died, Johannes II was old himself. His habits were set. He arose in the old house his father had built on Broadway (surrounded now by commercial enterprises; these, too, growing older and less fashionable) and, shortly thereafter, walked to the Aspair office in Prince Street. There he spent the day, bowed over a ledger book. Here anyone could seek him out, although few did. An old schoolmate; a young boy bringing rent money; an anthologist—these came by. To the old schoolmate he said, after a time, "What can I do for you?," thinking of a sum of money, only to find the man rising embarrassedly. He counted out the boy's rent money and entered it into a book. To the anthologist, compiler of a list of "Wealthy Men of the Metropolis," he said, "Would you attend to all this for your room and board?"—which words followed him to his grave and beyond, for they seemed very typical of the rich men of that generation.

The generation changed. Johannes II lived on, and the famous phrase did, too, but *room and board* came to mean something different. Fortunes had grown too large to exist only in ledger books, or too immodest, and the possessors of fortunes gave up the attempt to keep them hidden there. Men lived in marble palaces and contemplated a new dictum, contained in the response of a railroad magnate to a question put to him by a reporter, which was: "The law, the law, what do I care about the law? Ain't I got the power?" Men contemplated the change in attitude among rich men. Some men noted that the *anthologist* had given way to the *reporter.*

Johannes continued as before, walking from the old house on Broadway to his office in Prince Street, acknowledging no change, but he must have been startled now and again, as he entered the details of his business into his ledger books, to see how out of all proportion the figures were that presented themselves to be written down. For without his making any effort (beyond the usual attention to detail), and certainly without any exercise of imagination, his fortune had grown to double and then triple what it had been at his father's death, when very many men had wondered if (absent the *light touch* of his father) it would thrive at all.

He did not change, but his sons were of the new generation, and they were pulled this way and that. Johannes made no effort to help them; that is, important moments opened up and closed without his saying a word. He made no sign to them that he expected them to follow in his old way; nor did he carry himself in any way that implied the *example*. "I will be doing this, this way, until I die" was what he would have said had he said anything at all, which he did not. It was said for him, less politely, by a *reporter*, who seemed to find in his old habits a tinge of *hypocrisy* when compared with the overt display of the newer magnates: "He will die as he has lived, his back sloped over a dry and dusty ledger book, without ever having had, as far as a human being can tell, a moment's real pleasure out of the vast fortune he has extracted from the people of this city."

While Johannes Aspair II worked to build a wall of habit around his unruly fortune, the style elsewhere was to give in to unruliness. Men and women divided up all the recent centuries and all the important countries, too. In the milieu rising up around the sons of Johannes Aspair II, there were artifacts from Loire châteaux and imitations of the châteaux themselves; there were Flemish tapestries and Italian refectory tables and Jacobean leaded glass. Men and women were at home in all time and no time.

In the age of the money revolution in which the sons of Johannes II reached maturity, no modest manners had meaning, except that *theirs* did. This was the striking fact to which the attention of James-James and Heinrich Aspair (the sons of Johannes II) was drawn every day. Men who lived in marble palaces uptown altered their route to catch a look at the dirty stone house fronting on Broadway. Some came by every day. The house was three stories tall. It occupied the northerly half of the city block bounded by Broadway and Mercer Street, Broome Street and Spring Street. The southerly half (also owned by the family, together with the next square block and the next two down to Canal Street) was occupied by another old-fashioned stone house, which was no longer maintained as a private residence, and (back of this house; entered from Mercer Street) a livery stable. Next to the livery stable was the stable of the Aspair house. Between the stable and the house was a flagged courtyard, enclosed by a high wall, in which stood one old oak tree.

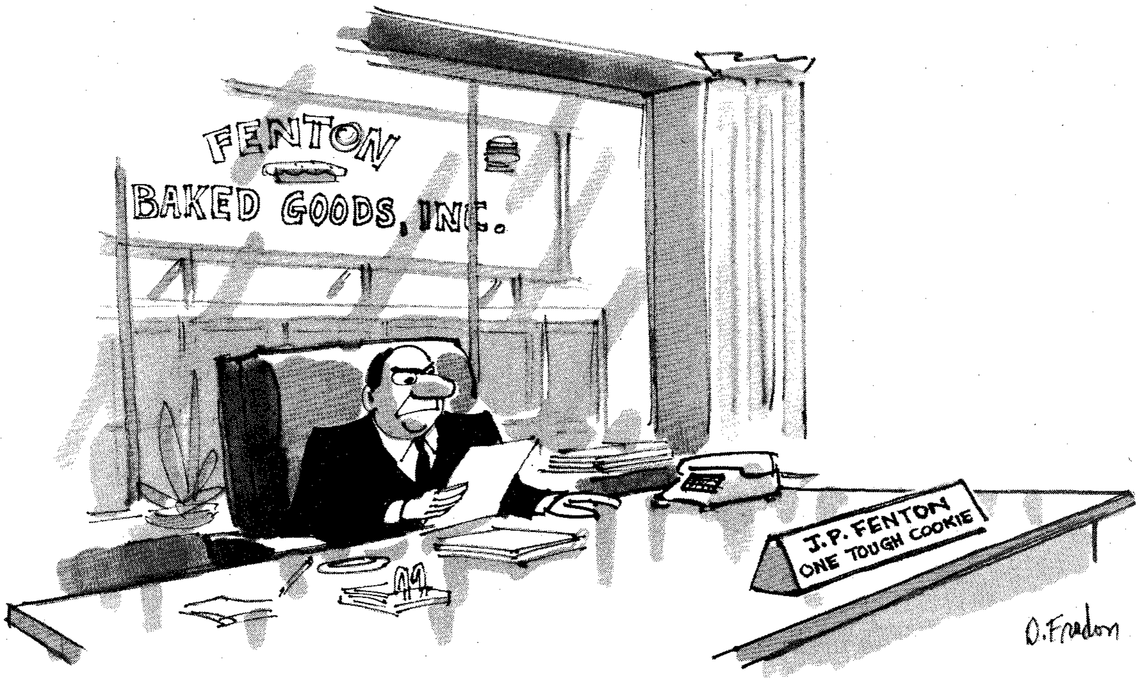
THE Aspair fortune was created anew every day. It was as much a wonder as the oceans and the Great Plains. The receipts of a day made a fortune; the receipts of a week made a large fortune. In a year arose a company of new millionaires who did not appear in public to build on Fifth Avenue and entertain but stayed on with Johannes II in the little office in Prince Street, and walked home with him in the gray evening to Broadway. A regiment of Aspair millionaires kept the old man company. They did not talk to another person. In the morning, they followed him to work. Obedient, they stood quietly around his desk. They might have, any one of them, gone around the world on a steam yacht, for example, but they did not. Compact, dense, and strong, they stood around their maker. Or was he merely their *chronicler*? In any case, they came into existence when he made note of their existence in his ledger book. They walked home with him at evening. The streets were dim and not entirely clean. *The neighborhood is declining*, one of the newest-made millionaires would say. The older ones, who knew the neighborhood from long ago, didn't say a thing.

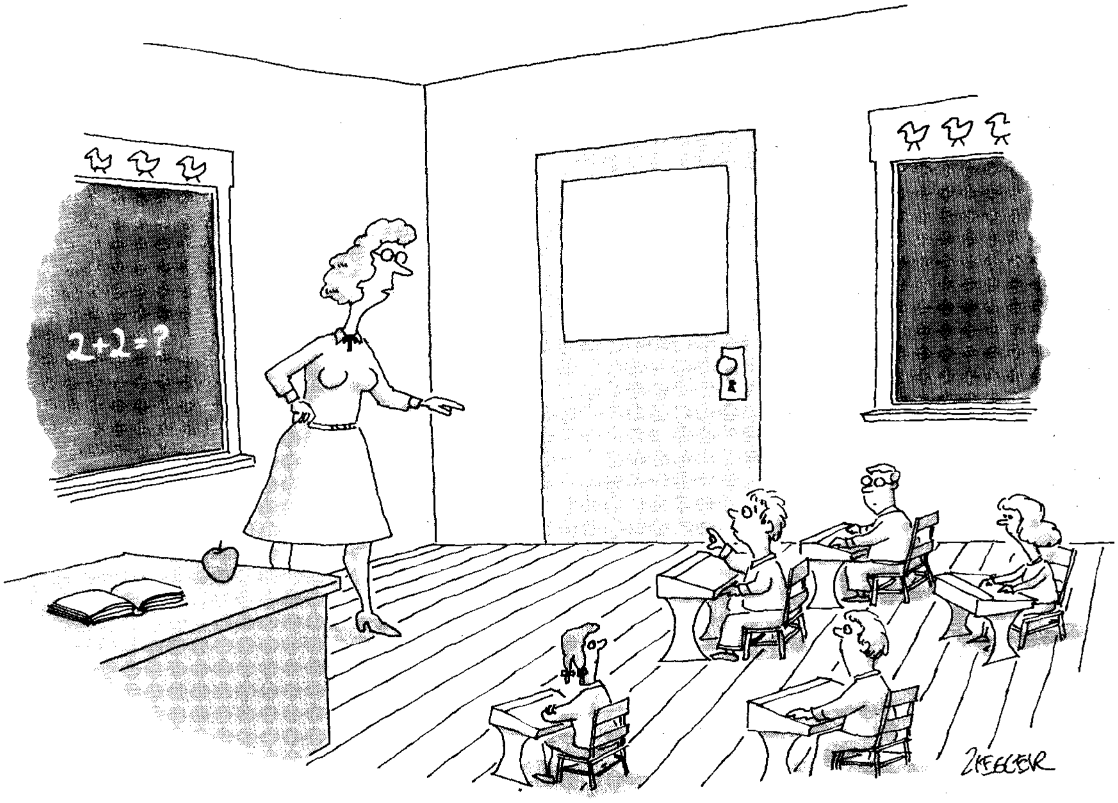
They stood around the table at dinner wishing him good appetite. They stood about his bed while he slept. Some of the older ones curled up in a spot at his feet. From time to time, he took them to see his brother, who was the only other person they cared for. Johannes II no longer pressed his forehead to his brother's. Instead, he sat quietly with him, hour after hour, while all the millionaires watched.

He ignored his sons. He rose earlier and earlier. He got up in the black of night. He went through his dark house. How did he care for his person? Did he eat food? He was alone. He walked in darkness through the streets. He saw forms. He saw the old stones in the street. When it rained, he saw water flow as black as ink around the stones. He watched water flow from gutter spouts into the street. Was this the beginning of imagination?

His wife was old; he was older. His sons were in middle age. What was to be done? His sons waited. Never were sons more eager for the advice of a father. They rose early and dressed. When they heard their father rise, they made a noise. In case he should want to speak.

The house had stood past its time. Thieves moved into the adjacent house and wondered that they should be so close. Old





"I'm sorry, Timmy, but you are wrong. You are terribly, terribly wrong."

men, derelicts, touched the old house for luck. The house suited thieves and derelicts. It was dirty and black; they dared to approach it, dirty and black themselves. It was reckoned a gift by them: in general, what they had to touch was failure. But *here!* They come close. Stone. Black stone. They look within: all the money in America. Curious!

Johannes summoned his sons. To Heinrich, the younger, he said, "Collect books." To James-James II (namesake of his simple brother), he said, "Marry."

He grew to be a creature of imagination. He was in the imagination of every person; every mark entered his head as meaning. He looked at the marks he made with his pen. He saw stones making up the street: stone; stone; stone.

Often he went to see his brother. His brother was dressed like a perfect gentleman. He lived in a beautiful house. He *babbled.* Johannes sat. How he loved his brother. He listened. He could understand something of what his brother was saying.

Heinrich bought books and built a house to keep them in. James-James II married. He chose a Southern woman, or allowed himself to be chosen by her. He was exceedingly shy. He pleaded inwardly that someone should notice that he was ready to marry. Later on, his wife, who was called Ama Stone, said to a member of the press, "I brought the Aspairs into society."

She did bring them into society. Entering the black stone house, she found an old woman and an old man and a shy man of middle age, her husband. No one resisted her. She saw that she must not under any circumstances tell a lie to any member of the family; otherwise, she could do as she pleased. She told them exactly what she was going to do. The old woman, who had never been consulted in anything, merely opened her eyes. The shy man looked at his father. There was a moment. The old man thought, Perhaps my brother would enjoy it. Johannes Aspair II said aloud, "Perhaps my brother would enjoy it." Ama Aspair said, "We will give it in *honor* of your brother."

She made a party for a child. All colors were bright. All lights were dazzling points of light, like stars. There was dancing arranged for. And costumes: the most brilliant; the most extreme. All to please a child.

Elsewhere, she was ruthless. She let the press in on it and encouraged speculation about who would be asked. "It's an old house," she said. "There isn't much room." She meant to establish a point for all time.

So, then, her party had two aspects: a childlike aspect and a ruthless aspect. There was no contradiction. It was a country of wondrous cruel children, all in costume, looking for joy. It was an achievement. It made a point for all time. Those who responded to ruthlessness found it; those who were capable of joy saw it. The ruthless were amazed to be in the neighborhood of joy; the joyous saw a reconciliation with the brutal.

Johannes Aspair sat with his brother in a small sitting room adjoining the big front parlor, which had been cleared for dancing. He sat in perfect happiness. *Why have I denied myself this for so long*, he wondered. His brother babbled cheerfully. Sometimes Johannes could understand what he said, sometimes not. Ama Aspair brought guests forward to be introduced to the two old men. James-James Aspair looked at each one closely. Sometimes he reached out to touch a costume or a person, but only the most handsome person or the most gorgeous costume.

Ama Aspair passed each of her guests forward to the old men. When the last guest had passed out of the little sitting room, she closed the double doors, shutting them all out. She felt a rush of power. This was the center of American life, she felt: herself alone with these two old men, everyone else shut out. She looked at Johannes Aspair and his brother. She wanted *everything* from them, but she had sense enough not to ask for anything. Instead, she gave something. She went up close to James-James Aspair and put her face right in front of his. "I want you to be the first to see," she said. Then she lit herself up. She had an electric light on her forehead. She blinked on and off. James-James Aspair was in rapture. He clapped his hands and opened his eyes wide. In his eyes, Ama Stone Aspair (Mrs. James-James Aspair II) saw: all success.

The party went on. Kings and queens danced with children all night. Young women and men formed a Star Quadrille, and a Hobby Horse Quadrille, and other figures. James-James Aspair II saw a little of his shyness disappear. "I know my father is pleased that you have paid so much attention to my uncle," he said to his wife.

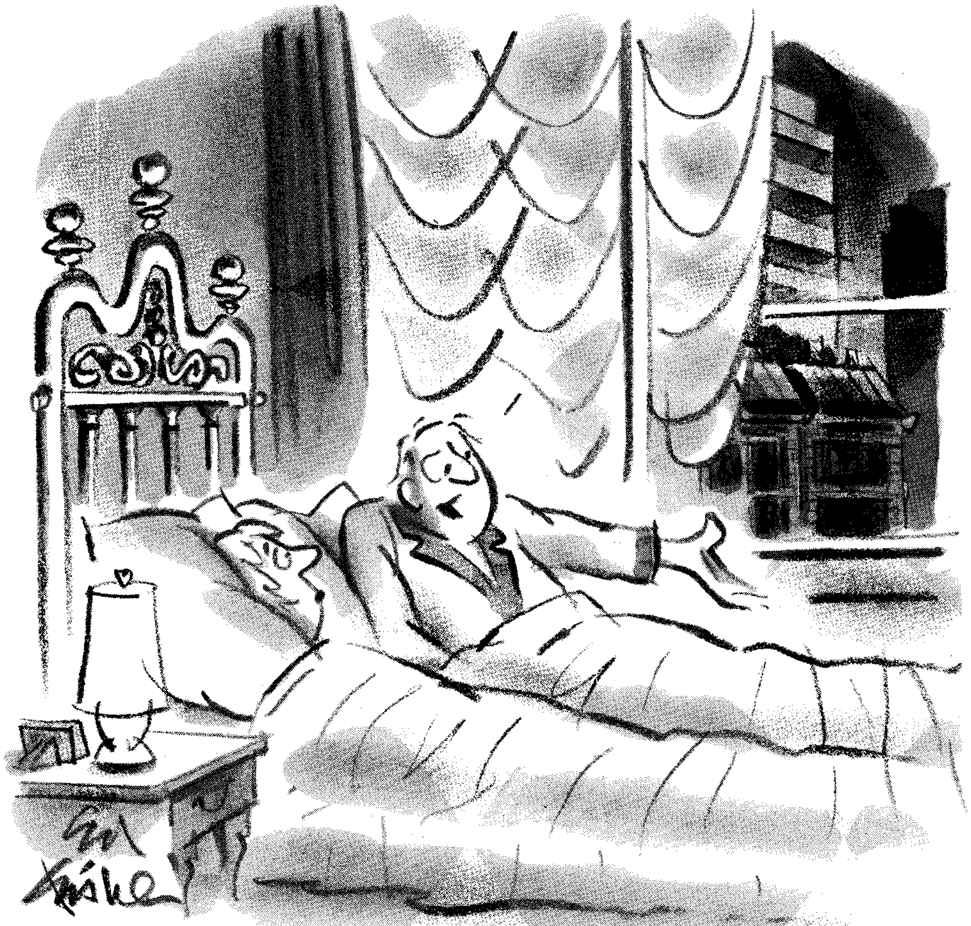
"Your uncle has taught me a great deal about entertaining," his wife answered.

In the sitting room, James-James Aspair took up his brother's hand. *Lightness* passed from him to his brother. What an excess of light he had about him. It flowed out of him into his heavy brother. Johannes Aspair, astonished, felt himself rise into a great level plain full of light, and especially *color.* Full of gratitude, he struggled to make a return, and from himself he sent through his heavy hand into the hand of his brother (as thin as wires) a bit of his own weight. His brother felt this. It was only a small bit of weight, like small pebble, but it felt like an enormous weight. In a moment, James-James spoke (for a moment) with perfect clarity. "I am one hundred years old," he said.

And then: "I am dressed like an angel."

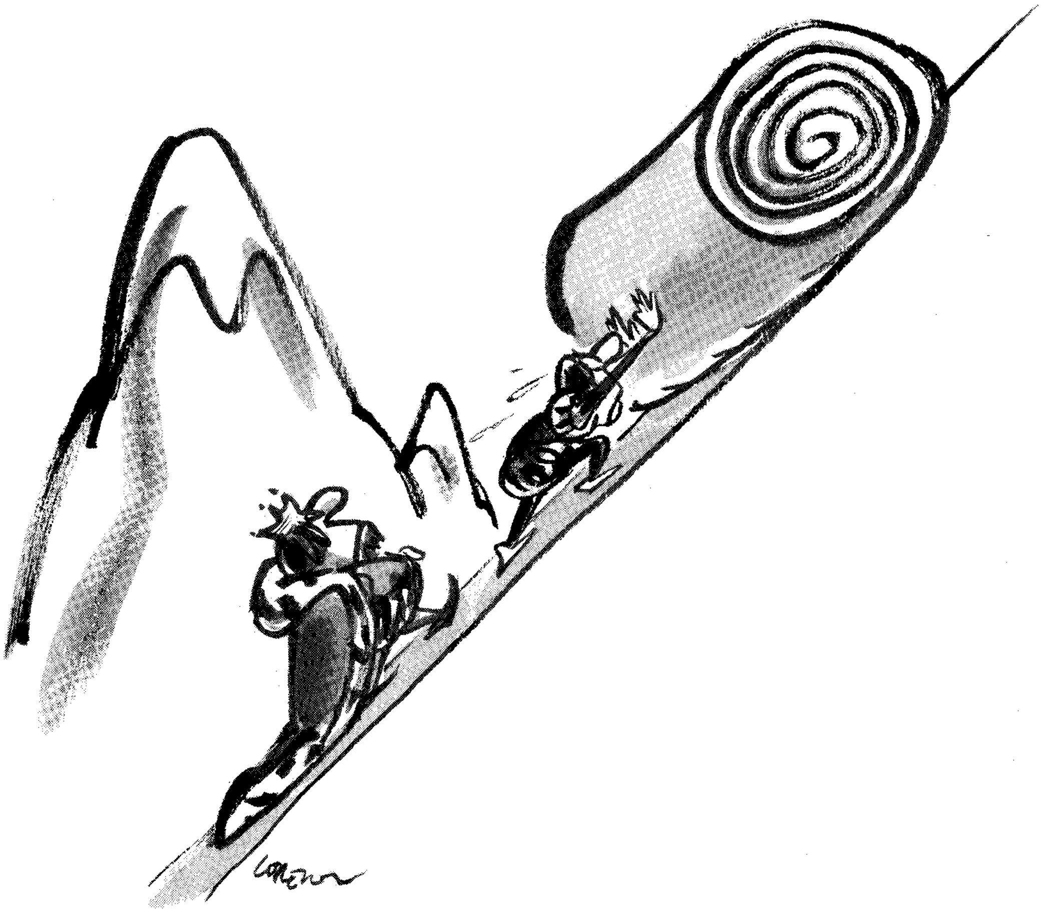
THE family was like a body, at moments; like a flesh man. At other moments, it was a house; for a time, it seemed to be in ledger books.

The ledger books were burned, and then the house. One morning, in his ninety-fifth year, Johannes called the young relative of Ama Stone who served as his companion and nurse and told him to bring to the flagged courtyard between the house and the stable all the ledger books there were in the Prince Street office, except the most current. The young man, a gentle Southerner, was sure the old man intended to destroy them, and delayed. A day passed, and another. On the morning of the third day, the old man appeared in his room. "Where are they?" he asked. The young man, afraid, went immediately to the office and supervised the removal of all the Aspair papers (except those that were current) to the courtyard behind the old house on Broadway. There, the old man sat. Cartons were opened and papers passed to him. He judged them quickly. Some few were saved; all the others went to feed the high fire in front of him. The old man sat so close to the fire that to approach him was to risk extreme heat. Sometimes it seemed that the papers in his hand must catch on fire. Johannes felt the heat as comfort. He went quickly through the papers. All were familiar; most were in his own hand. He sent nearly everything into the fire. It was hard to find a pattern in what was withheld. But there was a pattern. Any book that contained a reference to the affairs of his brother was set aside and saved. So that while all the regular works of the house of Aspair were put into the fire, there remained a complete record of the financial affairs of the one member of the family who never took into his hand so much as one coin. What descended into public knowledge about the work of assembling the Aspair fortune—in the West, in the China Trade, in New York City—survived because it was neighbor to this other story, which was the story, told in figures, of the ways in which Johannes looked after his older brother.



"I can't sleep. But neither can the city sleep. Nor can justice, health care, round-the-clock banking . . ."

Shortly thereafter, the family abandoned the house, and the house burned. Old men watched from their windows at the hotel next door. The old house adjacent to the Aspair house was now a hotel, with a sign: "Hotel Sun." Derelict men watched silently as the Aspair house burned. The heat of the fire within the house cracked the mortar between the stones. What remained was the flesh body of the family. This body the founder saw cut in half: into light and heavy parts. Subsequent divisions broke the body into so many pieces that it was no longer possible to conceive of it as a whole. One man got a smile, or a few old lots, or he inherited a shadowy need to walk alone in the early morning. The men suffered most. To live as James-James or Johannes or Petrus or Corneil or Heinrich or Sixte Aspair was to live in doubt. Each man had his sliver, yet was required to act as though he were whole, or *a* whole; while, all the time, the whole slipped away. Their wives were more at ease: to be *Mrs. Aspair* was the same thing as having a job.



There was a fourth generation, and then a fifth. Sixte Aspair, Sophie's husband, had been of the fifth generation. Biki Post was of the sixth. Biki Post listened now as Nina, proprietor of the "Nina Knows" column, explained how Beata Aspair-Feldman-Belsorsky-Post fit into the history of her times.

"Mrs. Post was a glamour débutante," Nina said. "She did endorsements for Jural cigarettes and Horvey's face cream, just the way movie stars did. She was married to James-James Aspair in the wedding of the year, in 1936. She had a heartbreaking divorce, which was all over the front pages when she accused Jim-Jim of having intimate relations with Franny de la Pereault on the Twentieth Century Limited."

"That tramp," Mrs. Post said with feeling. She began to pick at her food.

"She won a Nevada decree and married on the rebound."

"Feldman was my fling," Mrs. Post said, looking with interest at a piece of lamb.

"It didn't work out, of course, and two years later Mrs. Post sought a separation, and then a divorce, charging mental cruelty."

"He wasn't cruel, actually," Mrs. Post said. "Just crazy."

Nina cut the story short. "Later, Mrs. Post married a Russian prince, and after that a sportsman."

"*That* pig," Mrs. Post said.

DINNER ended. Women reached for their little bags. Had hair held up? Had violent talk dispersed the color on lips and cheeks? Women stole a glance: Reflection? Mirror? Women moved toward mirrors. Around a small room where many mirrors were spread out—where mirror unfolded on mirror; where every aspect could be seen; where opportunities were fresh, and examination promised improvement—around this small room, guarded by a small French-seeming chair, there formed a line. Seeing it—the line—Victoria thought, *No, no*, and then, *Must have a little hit*, meaning cocaine. She looked about her. Men and women had moved into the drawing room. Everyone? Two men lingered at a table, their talk too good to admit of interruption. Victoria lingered with them, standing. If the room were to empty, even for a moment—well, her movements could be very quick. The room did not empty. Talk continued.

"He offended the wrong lady."
"Where the bodies are buried."
"Media pressure."

Victoria lingered. *Must have a little hit*, she thought. The talkers did not leave. Maids entered. With grim efficiency, they took away dishes, linen, silverware, revealing naked tables. These (except for the one at which the talkers were seated) they folded up. Caterer's stuff. They took the chairs and stacked them. *Stacked them?* Yes. *What were these chairs like?* They were small, collapsible, with little red velvetlike bottoms. *Had they been rented?* No. Sophie, remembering advice from a more simple time in her life, thought, Why rent when you can buy? Having located a caterer's supply establishment, she bought them. *Were there no good chairs passing down from generation to generation within the Aspair family?* Not in this branch. Sixte Aspair once had a set of "modern" chairs at his house in New York, but Sophie didn't like them and they were discarded. He had, also, an enormous set of rather ugly French-seeming chairs, come to him from his mother, which he kept at his house in Rhode Island. One of these had been kept by Sophie and was sitting now near the waiting women. The others (together with the rest of the contents of the Rhode Island house) had been sold at auction, where they fetched a very low price. *Did Mrs. Aspair not know a good chair from a bad chair?* She did know. Good chairs were pointed out to her—and she bought them. They passed directly from the seller to a museum, however, without stopping at her house.

Victoria thought, *Will they notice?*

The two men were deep in discussion. They had not looked her way. Her movements could be very quick. Still, she thought, *Better not.* She moved. Her long legs took her through the room, past the men in discussion. Through a door, she found herself in a hallway. Here? *Better not*, she thought. She went to the left. Here was another door. Passing through it, she came to a small room adjacent to the drawing room—the library. To the left was the drawing room, where men and women grew quiet now. To the right—a door to Sophie's bedroom. Quickly, Victoria entered here and found: Sophie, shoe off, leg tucked under her, sitting on a small love seat, head over, listening to Max (seated on small footstool, head forward, intent). Victoria did not miss a beat. She said, "Darling, darling, please forgive—there's a ghastly *line* at the one outside and . . ." With the confidence of a sweet child, she rushed to Sophie, gave her a little kiss on the forehead, and went past her to the bathroom, shutting door, reaching in bag, taking package, opening, scooping, sniffing. Victoria thought (stuff all put back in bag), *Now I shall be very bright.*

Sophie looked up as Victoria passed through the room again. Victoria did not speak. Victoria, head down, walked straight ahead as if to say: too polite to interrupt. Sophie thought, Didn't take her very long. Then she thought, No more lipstick on her now than when she went in. Thinking this, she lost the thread of what she was hearing.

Max said, "The only solution that makes sense at all is *incapacitation.*"

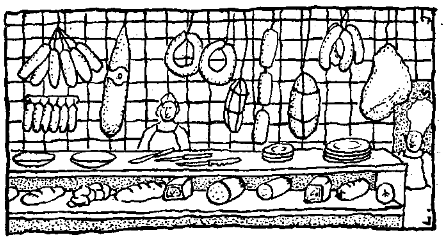
Sophie lost the thread but heard the word. Her mind sought to spin the thread out of the word ("Oh, my mind . . . my poor mind"), but she could not immediately do it. She knew that she and Max were talking about Negroes. She had spent much of the last twenty years talking about Negroes. *Incapacitation.* Suddenly she remembered. Words came back to her: *deprived; institutionalized racism; multi-service approach.* She picked up the thread.

"Of course they're incapacitated. Because of institutionalized racism."

Max made no response. Looked. Sophie went on.

"Which is why we must have a multi-service approach."

Max looked. Sophie saw: wrong thread. ("Oh, my poor mind!") Not multi-service approach. Some other approach. Which approach? She spent a moment in confusion—a terrible balance of the moments she spent in the counterfeit of confusion. Retreating, she found: Mrs. Aspair, last voice of New York. "But it's very rude of me to keep you all to myself, and now we really must join the others," she said. Passing into the drawing room, she thought, *Damn Victoria anyway.*



Entering the drawing room, Victoria, bright, saw the young man. He stood against the wall, facing what must be, inevitably, the seat Max would take. This was a small barrel-backed chair (covered in light-blue velvet), which stood by itself away from the wall opposite the young man and angled to face much of the room. The young man looked secure in his position. He looked the way the fan does who knows the best cheap seat. *He's been here before,* Victoria thought.

Max came in. He stood by the chair. He seemed to say: We are the last group (no one had left). He seemed to say: We are a very small group (the

THE SAWDUST LOGS

When wood went up and the price of fire soared
Sky-high, we bought some sawdust logs.
In a waxed box, lumpen, they lay,
Poor waxen stumps, perfectly round,
Lifeless and cool, with a nostalgic sawdust smell.
Lover of oak and almond and eucalyptus,
I felt a little ashamed. Another substitute.
Well, why shouldn't sawdust have its day.

They do exactly as they say,
Separate into slices, inch-thick wheels,
Or hang together like a magnum lobster,
Blackening but not reddening in the fire,
Pale fire, voiceless, colorless
Except for a gaseous yellow ghost,
Odorless, wintry, hardly conducive
To salamandrine dream or spicy phoenix.
One tends not to look at it at all.
The eye would rather settle on TV.

Where are the gunshots, the fire fountains?

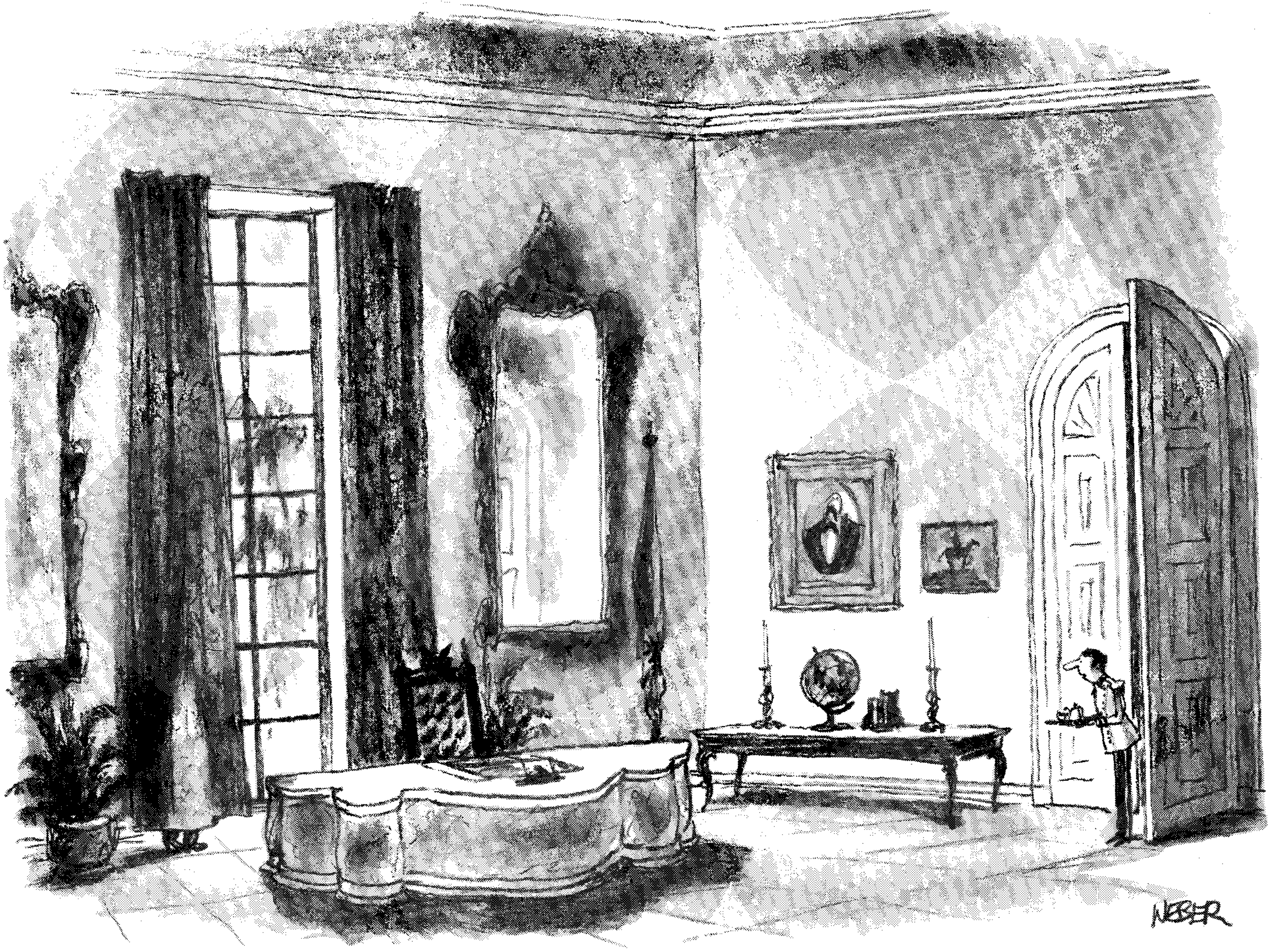
An honest fake electric fire with a shadow fan
Would be better than this.
Or a lifelike log of steel with neat gas flowers,
Which you go up to and can't believe exists.

At least they're not those other Sterno logs,
Poison green, Technicolor blue, that advertise their B.T.U.s.
Making you think of gas masks,
Château-Thierry, Newark, New Jersey.
This at least is what it is, poor ghost.

And in the morning, ash of the sawdust logs
Lies hardly visible, dust mice, cigarette ash,
With a welfare smell,
Or, perhaps, like crematorium ash,
Too mortal and too fine,
All but a trace, joyless, eternal,
Consumed, consumed, consumed.

—Karl Shapiro

• •



"This isn't a coup, Generalissimo. This is your tea."

• •

group was very large). He seemed to say: We know one another well (very few people knew more than a few others well). He seemed to say (and this was the conceit upon which all the others rested): *We are the heirs.*

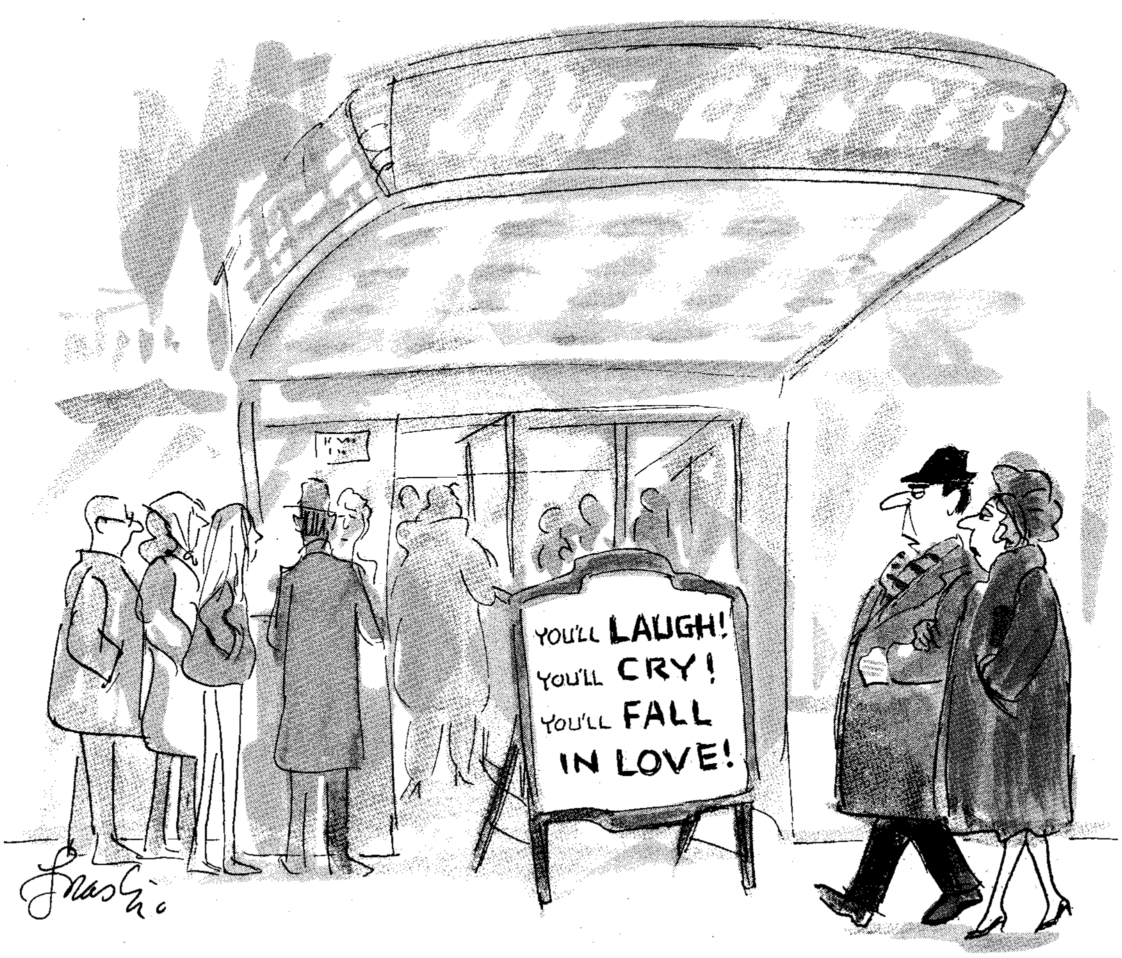
Were they the heirs? Possibly not. But there was an *inheritance*, certainly. The Columbia River, teeming with fish, for one thing. Also: a scheme to water stock. Also *title*, free and clear, to: No. 78 Pearl Street; No. 330 Broadway; the Cozfen Farm (encompassing the land from Sixth Avenue to the river, Houston Street to Twentieth Street inclusive, corresponding almost exactly to the area later called the Ninth Ward, with the southern part of the Eighteenth Ward thrown in); Spuyterkill, a modest house on the Hudson River just above Tarrytown (now supervised by the National Conservators' Council—open to the public); Land View, a larger place on Bellevue Avenue, Newport, Rhode Island (now home to Carmelite Sisters, eager to leave); No. 220 Fifth Avenue (torn down); No. 880 Fifth Avenue (national headquarters of the National Suicide Prevention Bureau); and much more. There was an inheritance in the arts. There was a charming portrait of Mrs. James-James III by Boldini; an appealing family grouping (artist unknown) of Johannes II, his wife, and his children, in the old Broadway house (burned, then demolished); a more formal presentation of the James-James II family in the ballroom of their house at 220 Fifth Avenue (torn down); and an unusual primitive (most rare and valuable) of the founder, Johannes I, with a hookah, chicken, and ducks.

As for literature, one had a choice of ledgers, mortgage books, deeds, covenants, wills, lawsuit papers, press clippings, marriage contracts, decrees of divorce, headlines, reports, files, red books, purple books, and fine morocco bindings.

Special note might be made of an entry in "The Rich Men of New-York;" viz.:

ASPAIR, JOHANNES

Johannes Aspair is classed by those who know him best as not only the richest man living in America but among the greatest. It is a canard that we must seek today for the spirit of energy which in older days found its characteristic expression in the work of the soldier and the evangelizing missionary not on the battlefield or in the cloister but in the counting house, where commercial endeavors unexampled in the history of the world are at this moment greeted in our metropolis with a calm acceptance which is the more remarkable as the endeavors realized are large. This *acceptance* must not be confused with the *languors* or *passivities* encountered among other races; it is, rather, an expression of the *confidence* which has slowly and


YOU'LL LAUGH!
YOU'LL CRY!
YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE!

"*Not this one. I hate public displays of emotion.*"

• •

justly formed over work which seeks to yoke and harness the turbulent confluences of our new continent, and this *confidence* is but the natural result of an *understanding* which has dawned on certain men of our day, of how large the future of the country must be and how overflowing must be the stream of wealth issuing from it. Among these men of *understanding* who have seen and understood the power of the stream and who have, in quiet, made their decision to ride it, and, yes, even to master it, Johannes Aspair stands supreme. Born into poverty in his native Scotland, he saw in his youth the constrictions of a life bounded around by material want, and his first ambition, as legend has it, was formed before he could read, and that was: *to be as rich as Squire Ferdon.* The extent today of the fortune of the good family of Ferdon is unknown to us, but we must hazard the guess that Johannes Aspair has realized his ambition, for his fortune is estimated to have reached thirty million dollars, an incalculable sum—the largest accumulation of wealth on this continent, rivalled throughout the world, in all probability, only by the properties held by the crowned heads, a few grandees and magnates, and two or three of England's richest dukes. And consider: the aristocratic fortunes just mentioned, accumulated over a lengthy time—centuries, in most examples—represent what? Nothing but the multiplied misery of entire peoples, for they have been put together through coercion, through the subjugation of rural places and the *robbery* of the wealth of the town. And to what end? So that good land may lie unproductive through old-fashioned management (which none may dare change lest *change,* the ancient enemy of privilege, infect the very structure of privilege itself), so that a *great deadweight* may lie on all the natural faculties of men. How different a picture is presented by Mr. Aspair, working unfettered in a new land. His own manner is simple. His house on Broadway is ample but unpretentious. He keeps a carriage, it is true, but for the pleasure and healthful qualities a ride in the open will bring to his wife and sons. He himself prefers to walk, and his small, trim figure is well known to those who frequent the district between his house on Broadway and his office at the corner of Prince and Mercer Streets. Those who know the habits of dukes and princes would be surprised, perhaps, to find the richest man in America looking over a ledger book in an office in Prince Street, but his fellow-citizens are not astonished at this sight (which may be seen six days out of seven), and know that, far from seeking to impose the *great deadweight* of privilege upon his fellow-men, Mr. Aspair has ever sought to *uplift* them, subscribing to many charitable efforts to that end. And in what lies his wealth? Not in castles and tenantries (which, however high a value they may be estimated to have, may have in fact no value at all if no *buyer* can be found for them) but in metropolitan real estate, which every day increases in value, and in ready money. . . .

There *were* heirs in the room. They had their thoughts.

Do I have money for a taxi, Victoria Feldman wondered, brightness fading.

The inheritance was all around: the marriages of Mrs. Post, the great pout of Van Aspair. Victoria saw it all.

Max sat in the chair reserved for him. Sophie sat nearby. He began to talk. He talked about Negroes and crime and something he called "the narrowing of progress." This was a phrase he had invented. He had been pleased, recently, to see it used in one or two serious journals.

For example (he said), when the country moved from horses to mechanized transport it was possible to promise that everyone who had had benefit from a horse would have a *greater* benefit from the specific form of mechanized transport which would be allotted to him—a car or a truck—and an *indirect* benefit, greater still, from the increase in over-all wealth made possible by the switch.

(*Pause*)

For instance, let us take, as a not very typical example, our hostess, Sophie.

(*A little amused laughter*)

In the older circumstance I described, I would be able to promise, let us say, that if Mrs. Aspair agreed to give me . . .

(*Violation of personal space: Max touched Sophie's neck*)

that handsome necklace—rubies, is it?

(*No answer*)

Let's say rubies. That I would agree

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HE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-19

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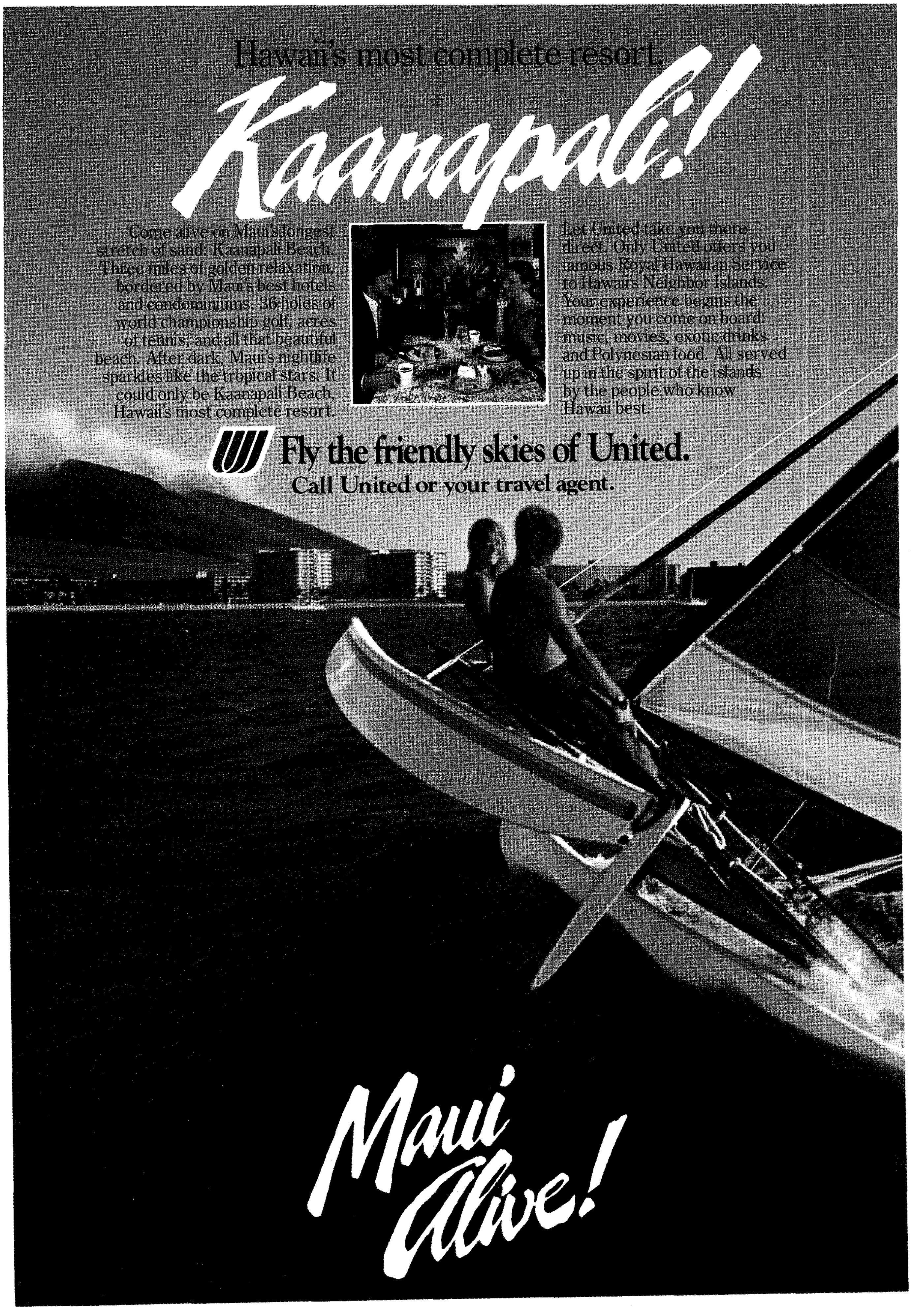
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to give her back *right here and now* an even better necklace of rubies and diamonds, *plus* . . .

(*Holds up finger*)

I would promise to put a sum of money in the bank in her name sufficient to insure the education of her children.

(*Pause*)

This has changed now.

(*Pause*)

What has changed is the *right here and now*. As *progress narrows*, I am still able to promise that if you give up certain things I will be able to give you back something of greater value, but I don't have any way of making a *direct* exchange. I can guarantee that the *indirect* benefit—the increase in over-all wealth—will be sufficient to insure a happy circumstance; i.e., progress. But the direct benefit—i.e., a ruby-and-diamond necklace for Sophie—has disappeared.

(*Giggles*)

But, of course, I'm not talking about necklaces. What I'm talking about is employment. Jobs. As *progress narrows*, we are going to find ourselves in a position where we are going to have to say: You give me your horse (your job), but you are not going to get a specific allotment of mechanized transport back. What you are going to get back is a piece of the increased over-all wealth made possible by the switch we are making, which is, in this case, to various technological systems which are not labor-intensive.

(*Pause*)

This is what I have been discussing with that genial man the President of the United States.

(*Smiles*)

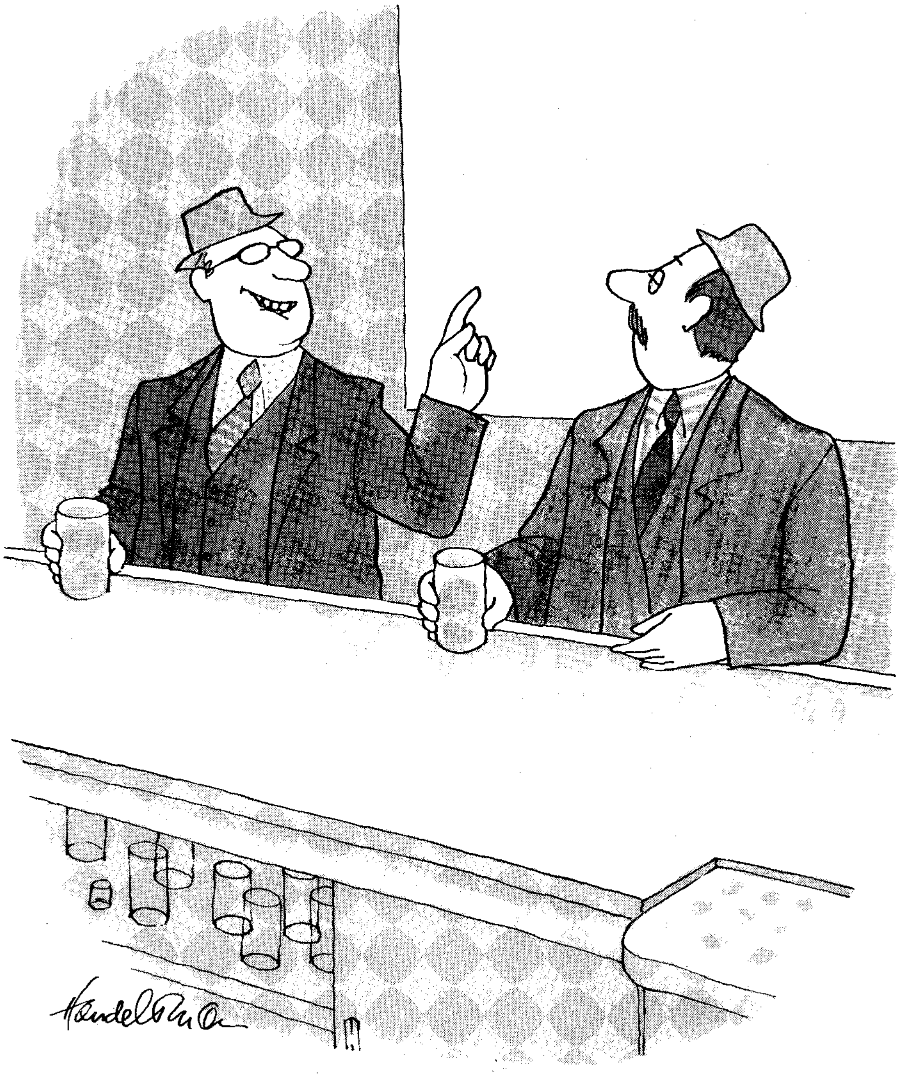
Max paused. He shifted his feet. Other people released themselves from the positions they were in. Sophie sighed. This had gone on longer than was really comfortable. Where were the Negroes in this? She felt—what she rarely felt—an ebbing of *verve*. She moved in her chair. Max went on. She did not concentrate. *I liked the multi-service approach*, she thought dreamily. What was wrong with it? Her mind wandered to afternoons spent in Harlem, opening cafeterias. No, they were not cafeterias; they offered things on the cafeteria system: jobs, counselling, artistic training. Jobs. Weren't people going to have *jobs* anymore? Did Max say that? She was ill at ease. And that business of touching my neck, she thought; wasn't that a little pushy, after all; and what did he mean about giving me money to educate my children? She looked across the room. Victoria was standing next to a good-looking young man. *Don't the young people look sweet together*, she thought. But of course they won't have children. No one has children. *I* don't have children. *What did he mean about giving me money to send my children to college?*

Max went on. He talked about crime and surplus people. He proposed a system of deferred *sustained maintenance* for well-meaning surplus people. For others, he said with regret, he could only propose (and here was a point on which he and the President were in agreement) a system of *incapacitation*.

Incapacitation. Sophie looked up. Had she been dozing? She never dozed. She was very severe about people dozing. Still, she didn't remember exactly what had gone before—just looking at Victoria and drifting off, and then this new word "incapacitation" again. She returned to herself. Spuyterkill (National Conservators' Council—open to the public) stiffened her backbone. No. 220 Fifth Avenue (torn down) gave her voice. "Max," she said sternly. "Naturally, some of us know all about *incapacitation* and exactly what it is, but others, I feel, do not. Definition, please," and she leaned forward, attentive (she was determined not to doze) and a little disapproving.

"It's very simple, Sophie, as you know," Max said. "It involves identifying those criminals who are utterly committed to a criminal life style and keeping them in prison, which is to say away from the rest of us, for life."

"Or until they are rehabilitated,"



"I may be crazy, Leo, but I'm not stupid. Or the other way round."

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Sophie said securely, adding a footnote.

"I'm afraid that's a little naïve, Sophie," Max said.

Sophie looked at him. There was a pause. *In my own house,* she thought.

"I believe in rehabilitation," she said. She did. She believed in it in the way she believed in certain stores for linen. She was sure she believed in it. And in her heart she was sure that she was going to be told now that it was going out of business. It did happen. Things went out of business. The inheritance went to different corners of the room. No. 220 Fifth Avenue (torn down) curled into the smoke of the cigarette in the hand of Biki Post. Spuyterkill (National Conservators' Council—open to the public) disappeared behind Victoria Feldman. *I wonder if anything is wrong with her,* Sophie thought, looking at Victoria.

Then the young man next to Victoria spoke. "How can you divorce wealth from work?" he asked.

Max said, "It has already happened, I'm afraid, but it has not yet been accepted."

"But work, striving, is the process we are meant to be in; wealth is only the overt reward that keeps people in the process."

Max smiled. "So that it would be better to ask people to work without promising them any reward than to give them a reward promising them no work?" he asked, engagingly, knowing the power of rewards.

"Exactly," the young man said. "Work is instruction and allows for the formation of natural authority."

"Oh, yes?" Max asked. The idea was new.

"If a pipe leaks and a man says *Hand me that tool,* and another man hands it to him and the leak is then fixed, the fixer assumes, in the course of his action, a natural authority over the event, and both men learn from the event and are drawn close within the event."

"What if the second man resents the first man for knowing how to fix the leak?"

"He will not—not if he wants the leak fixed."

"What if the first man lords it over the second man as he shows his superior skill?"

"He will not, if he is concentrating on his work."

"And you will be able to persuade your two friends to work without prospect of wealth?"

"To work without *thinking about* wealth; yes, they will be willing to do that."

Sophie was distressed. Here, at last, was real talk, and yet she was not happy. She had begun to focus on the question of rehabilitation versus incapacitation when, rather rudely, she thought, her attention had been taken somewhere else. Real talk, she felt, would not carom around like this. Perhaps this wasn't real talk. Perhaps she should *stop it.*

The young man talked on and on. Max, she noticed, seemed unable to stop him. Max said yes but the two fellows fixing the leak lived in a microcosm, and the young man said that that's where all people did live—in a microcosm. Max said (easy laugh) that the young man seemed to be a *metaphysician,* not an economist, and the young man said *exactly,* as though now they were in agreement and could begin the real talk.

Real talk. Sophie was besieged with choices. She hated choices. Above all in life, she liked simplicity. She wanted to know when to get into the multi-service concept and when to get out. She had just begun to work on that difficult issue when she was asked to make other decisions, more difficult still, about work and wealth, the macrocosm and the microcosm. *Too much,* Sophie thought, but she felt unable to act, for around her, enclosing these other questions like a fog, was the crucial question to which she had as yet no answer: *Was this real talk or not?*

People were uneasy, waiting for a decision. Van Aspair, who had been to good schools in England, felt that soon he would be called on to say something. Metaphysics, he thought. The Cave. *But what was in it?*

Nina thought, *That boy has crashed.*

Victoria thought, *I wonder if he has noticed me.*

Sophie looked and looked. She searched the room for clues. The young man talked on and on. The room had parted, in a way. Max had retreated. Max spoke only from time to time, offering small modifications. The young man took to asking him for a response, leaving openings, urging him along. He spoke at length of Corporate Fascism and asked Max if he didn't agree that in a situation in which work and wealth were divorced, and wealth was entirely an indirect benefit, meted out by a central authority, Fascism would be the end result, or

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The boys try a new place in their Peugeot

They have driven almost two hours to get to this place, a lake with an old Indian name that means "Fish jump out."

It was still dark when the man woke the boy and they both tiptoed around the house, the floorboards cold under their feet, getting ready. Getting ready consisted of climbing into some clothes and taking the sandwiches out of the refrigerator. The man did not make the boy wash his face or brush his teeth, which made the day seem even more special.

They do not bring the boy's sister this time. She is only four and makes a lot of noise and thinks fish stink. It is just the two of them, the big one and the little one. "The boys," as the mother calls them.

"Do you think it's true?" the boy asks.

"Is what true?"

"Fish jump out."

The man nods. "You'll see."

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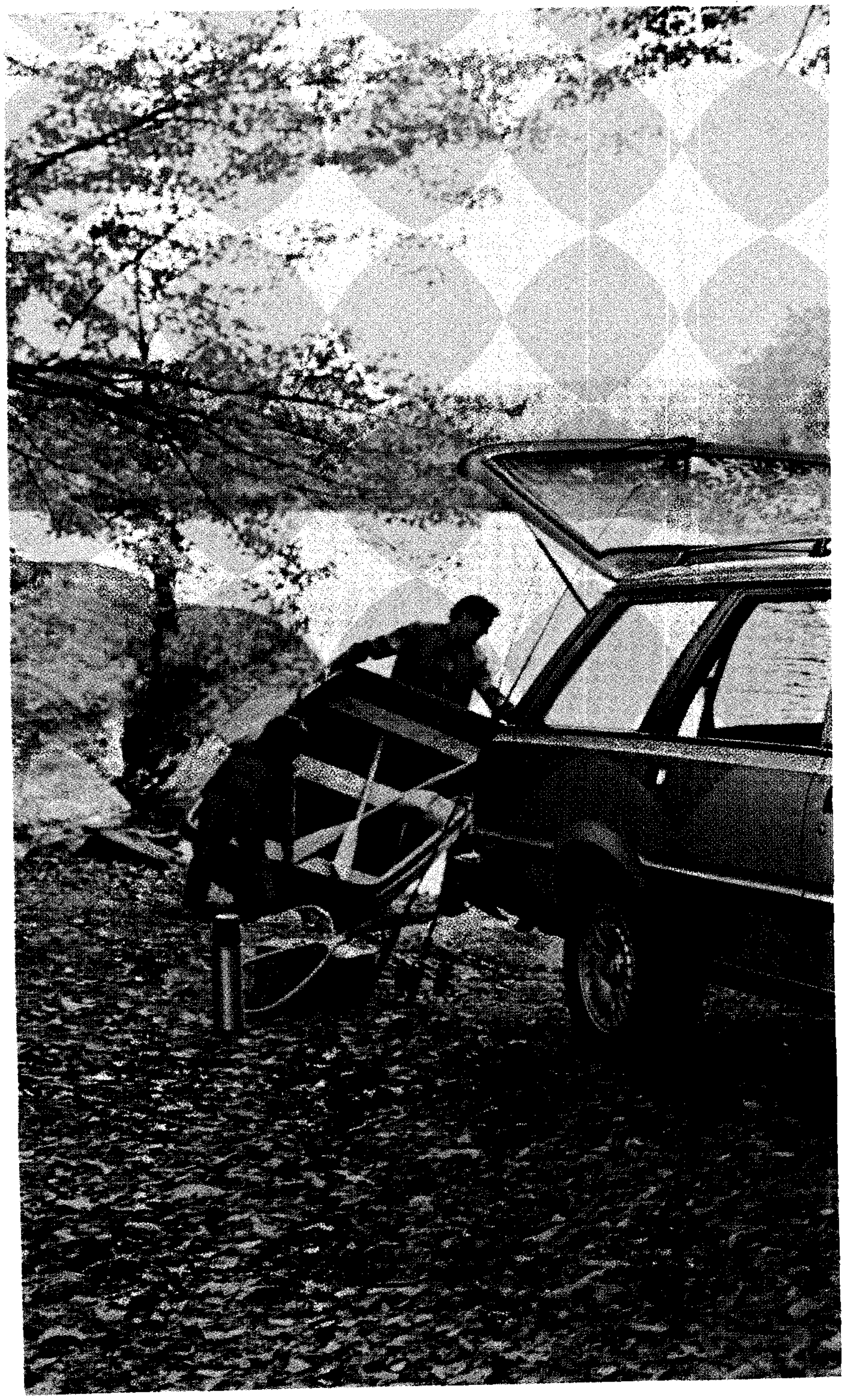

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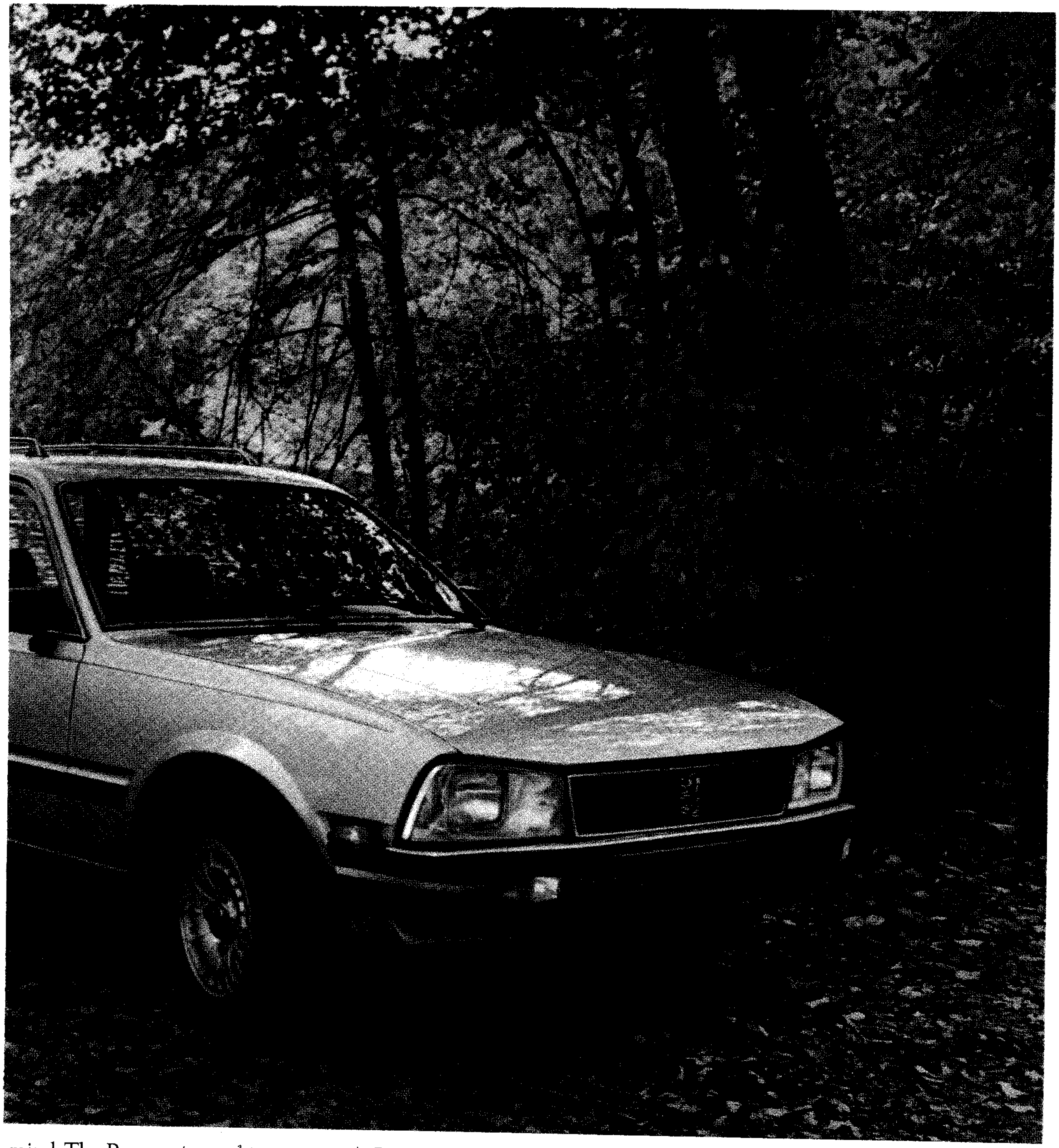

mind. The Peugeot is one big wagon that is designed *not* to wag its tail clumsily from side to side on the highway. It handles *exactly* like a sedan.

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PEUGEOT

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even, in fact, the proper name for the thing at the beginning? Max said only that "Fascism" was a tricky word and that many people used it incorrectly.

Then the voice of the Aspairs was heard. It enclosed the fish and the furs of the Columbia River; enclosed the vast rents derived from the speculative housing erected upon the Cozfen Farm; enclosed the Prophets' Dances (the most exclusive of subscription dances) and the famous Electric Light Ball given by Mrs. James-James II, at which the sheep were finally demarked from the goats. It enclosed the Carmelite Sisters and the National Suicide Prevention Bureau; it enclosed the barnacles on the sweet young body of Johannes Aspair IV and the corrupt flesh of the demented Cuyler Aspair (never mentioned) and the almost beatific gaze of the saintly Alice-Marie Aspair, who had found her work among the poor and among *poets* and *artists*. The voice of the Richest Man in America was clearly heard. At home, rising from history and from the authority of history, the voice swept through the rooms of the last Mrs. Aspair. But it wasn't Sophie talking, it was Biki Post. "I don't see what was so bad about Mussolini. He was always damned nice to me," she said.

The room changed. What had parted met again. Sophie rose up into certainty. If Biki Post was in it, it wasn't real talk after all. Van Aspair settled into his chair. The young man stood crushed. And all this time, Sophie saw, another process had been at work right under her nose. During the confusion, even as her rooms had been swathed in fog (leaving her for the first time in years within an atmosphere of *doubt*), another process, benign, reliable, and *her own*, had been at work. Sophie thought, Within this deferred sustained maintenance, why not *a multi-service approach?* She looked up. Her room made sense. All but—*who was he?*

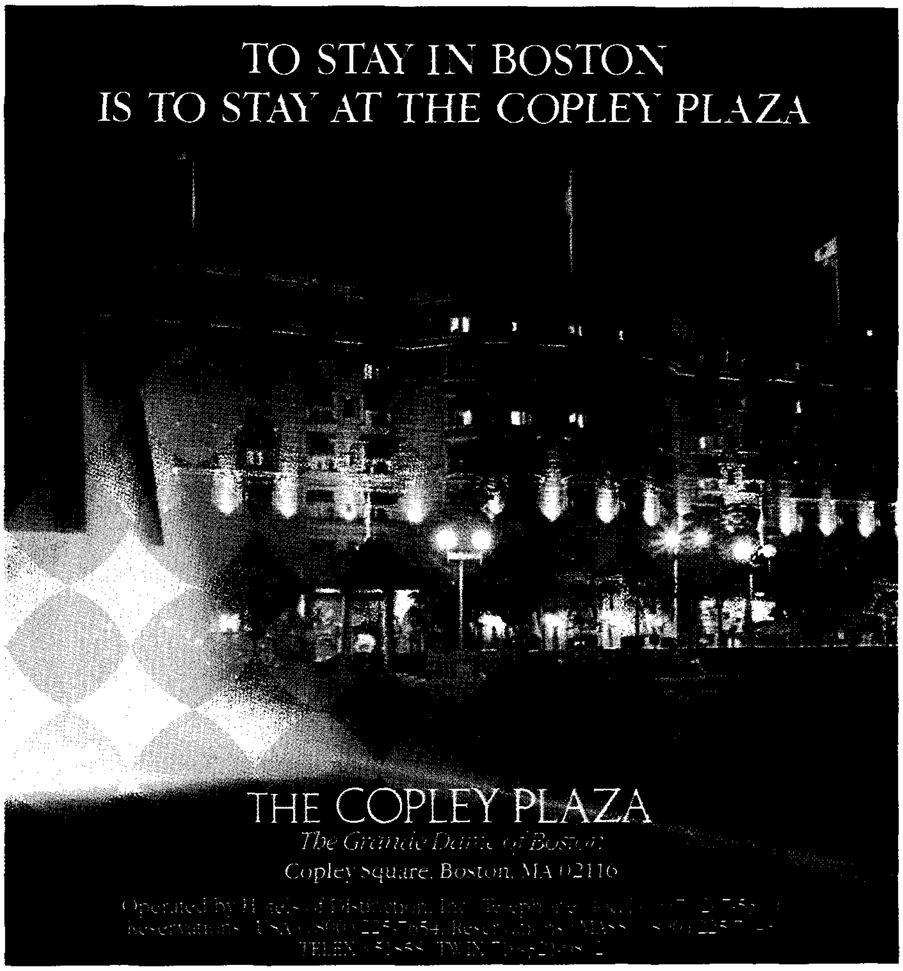
"I wonder if you could tell me," she said, sweet as pie, "exactly who you are."

The young man blushed.

Van Aspair thought, *I* don't know him.

Nina thought, *Oh dear.*

Victoria said, "Sorry, darling, not to tell. He's Timothy Furlong, friend of mine. Came to pick me up." There was an uncertain quiet. Victoria looked for, found, and then spent her last bit of assurance. It was pieced out of some days she had spent with her father; happy times playing all-



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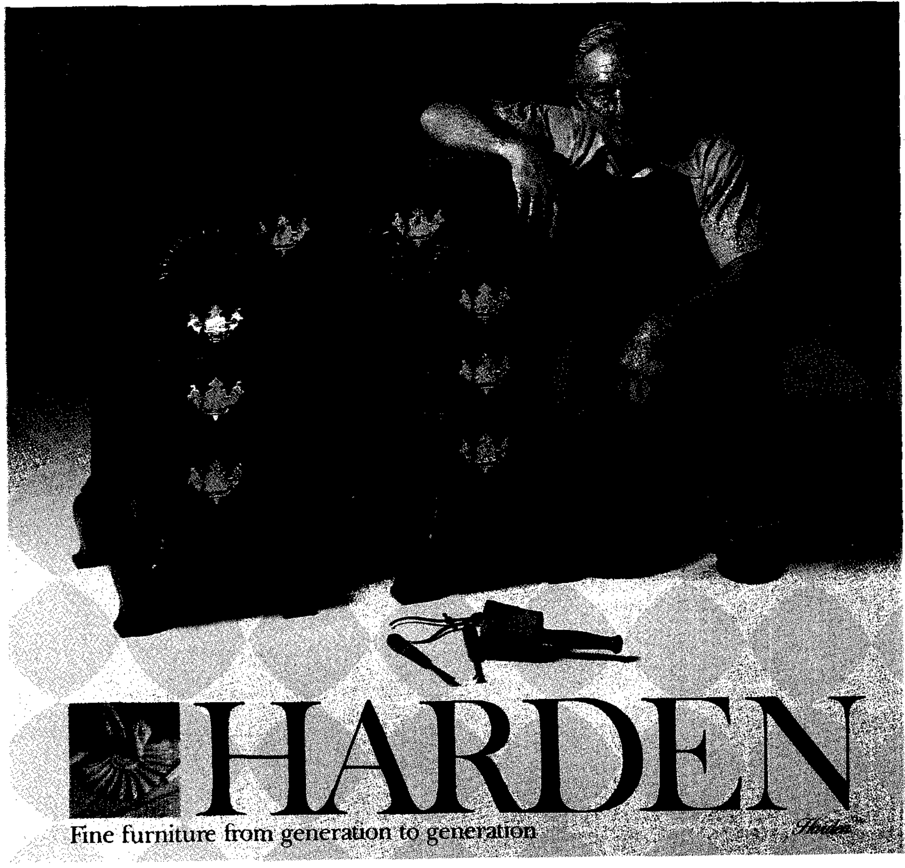

girl sports at St. Cecilia's School in Josephtown, Maryland; and good things she remembered that had happened at parties. "We're going dancing," Victoria said.

There was quiet. Sophie thought, *That girl is in some sort of trouble.* Then she thought, *They're not going dancing.* Then she thought, *All of you go home.*

The party dispersed.

SOPHIE, alone in her rooms with Max, felt a new assurance. Max, newly grateful, curled at her feet. There was no distance between them. He understood exactly: *multi-service within the context of deferred sustained maintenance.* She understood exactly: certain old friends would fall away. Stronger, tougher people would take their places. Sophie spoke her mind. "You know, Max," she said, "I have always seen myself as occupying a role set apart from politics. I see now that I have been mistaken. I've been—going, going—foolish. A woman, *foolish!*"

Max, seated at her feet, allowed his head to drift over to her lap.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

◆

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One flick of the wrist
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comes sneaping around your ankles
like the worthless, expensive
pet of a sycophant.
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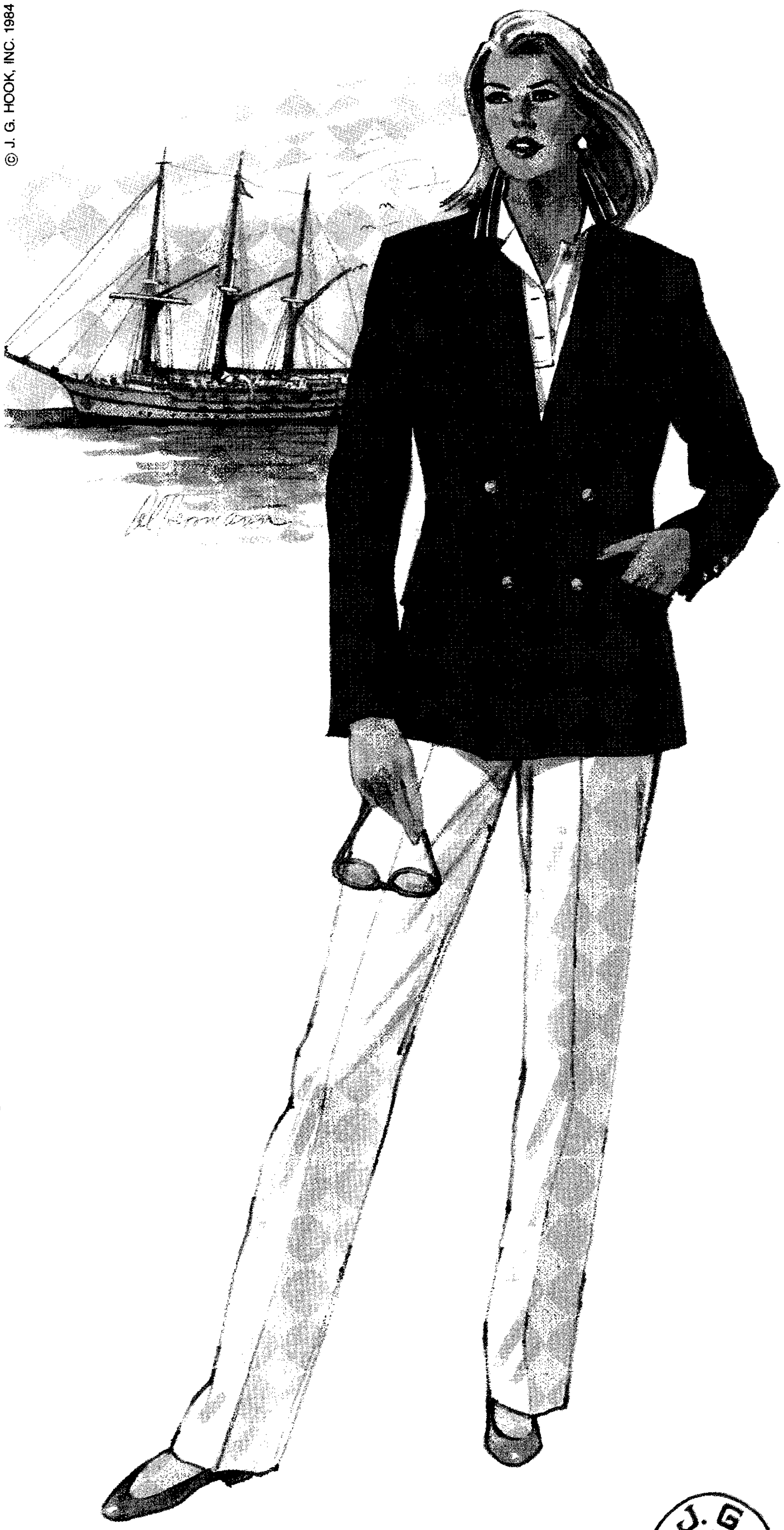
when you come in the kitchen door—
warmth tinged with coffee,
bay leaf, cloves, and stick cinnamon—
that drifts from the pot and meets you
face to face, you have to kneel
in blue, knuckle-popping cold
as in the oldest liturgy,
stiff-shouldered and shaggy
as any man any dawn, and petition
the four-legged iron belly of
the stove against the meniscus
of frost on every window. It takes
junk mail under sleeves of bark
and those shingle-thick
parings the axe sliced away
from knots tough as trolls' knees
to summon heat that tells February,
"Move it! Quit dragging your heels!,"
and brings the hideaway milkweed bug
in his orange racing stripes
out of his log, to muse at
your windows and make you wonder
who else is out there
sleeping in your woodpile.

—BRENDAN GALVIN



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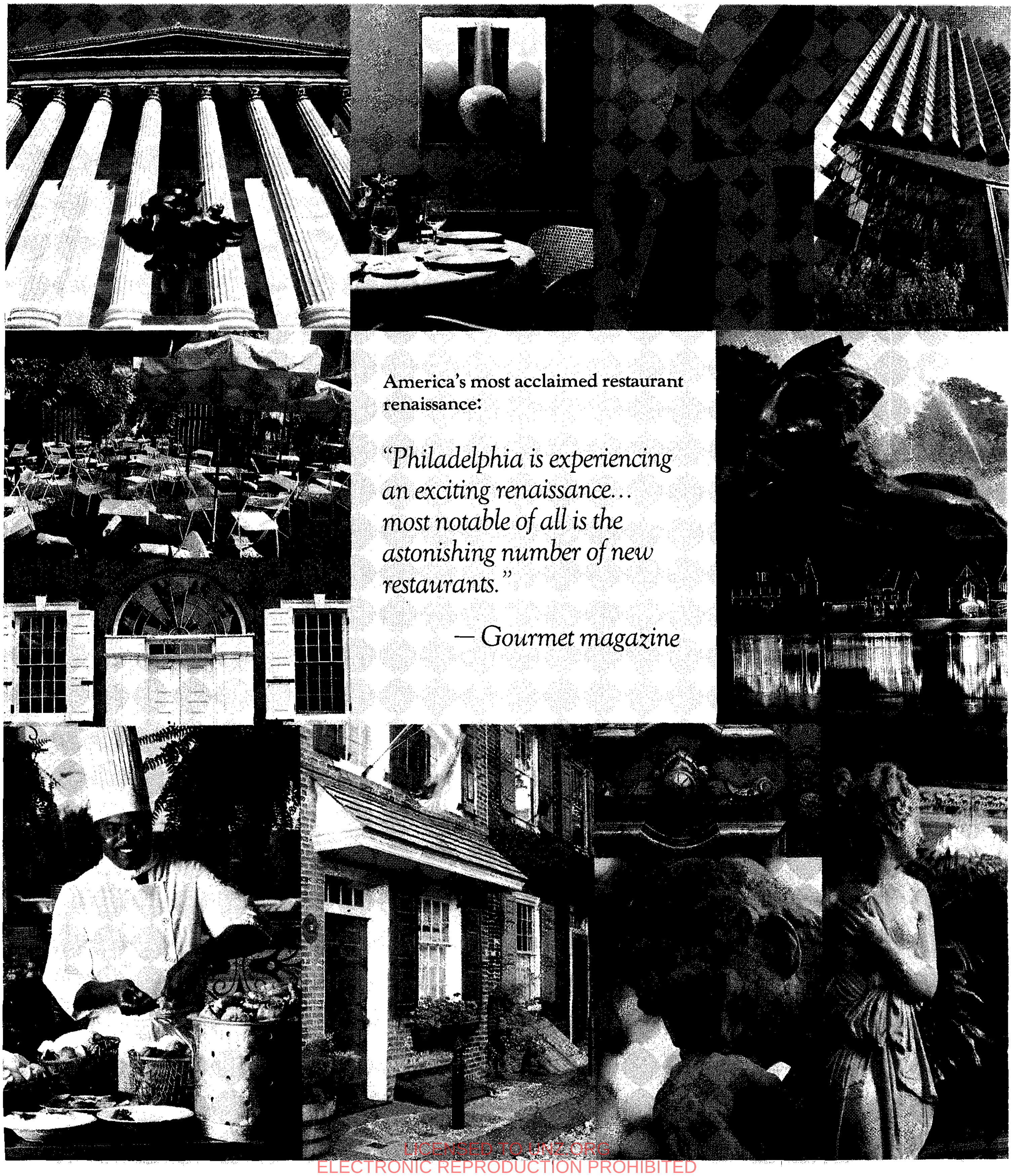

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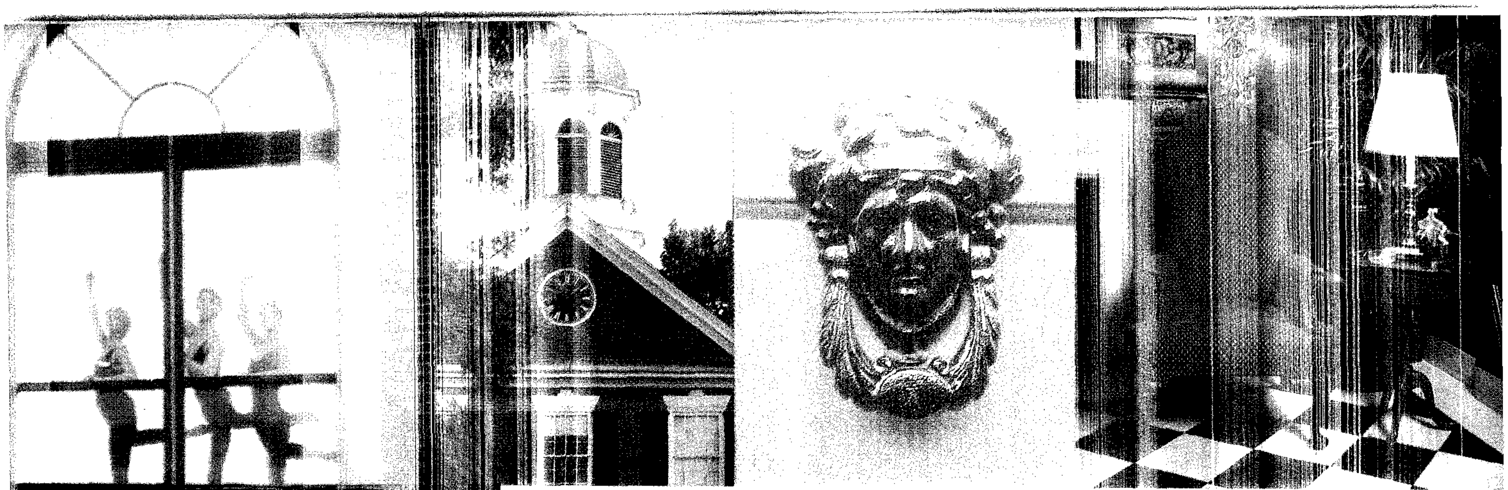

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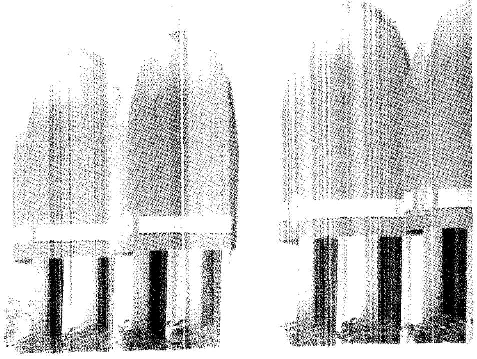

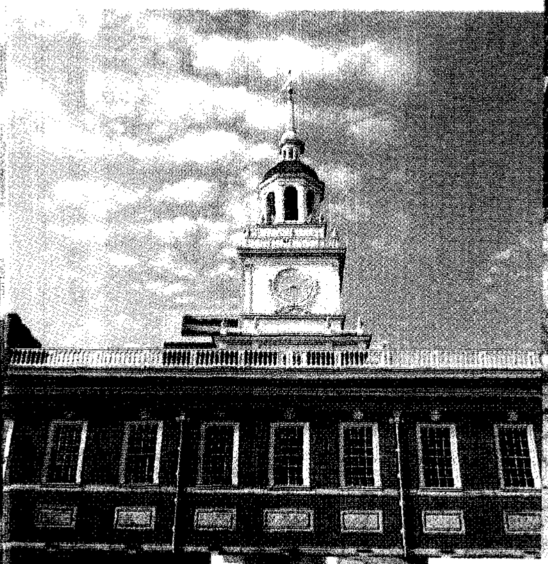

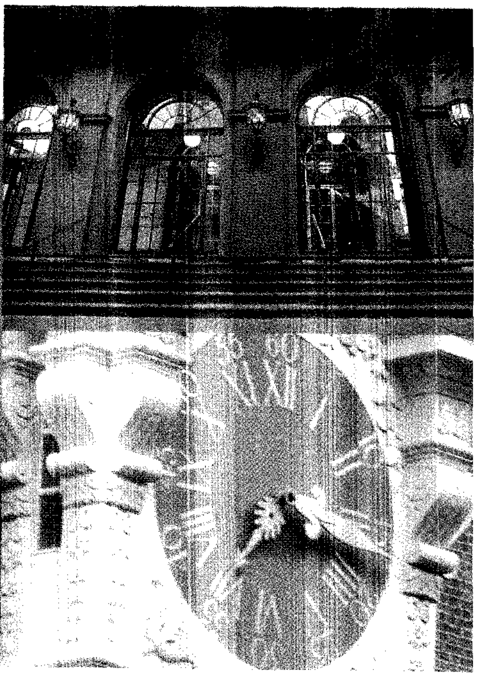

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Mothers stand despondently waiting,
Hugging their children and searching the sky,
Looking for the latest inventions of professors.
Engineers sit hunched over their drawings:
One figure wrong, and the enemy's cities remain undestroyed.
—"*1940*," *by Bertolt Brecht.*

Paradoxes of the Arms Race

"WE base our recommendation on our belief that the extreme dangers to mankind inherent in the proposal wholly outweigh any military advantage that could come from this development. Let it be clearly realized that this is a super weapon; it is in a totally different category from an atomic bomb. The reason for developing such super bombs would be to have the capacity to devastate a vast area with a single bomb. Its use would involve a decision to slaughter a vast number of civilians. We are alarmed as to the possible global effects of the radioactivity generated by the explosion of a few super bombs of conceivable magnitude. If super bombs will work at all, there is no inherent limit in the destructive power that may be attained with them. Therefore, a super bomb might become a weapon of genocide. The existence of such a weapon in our armory would have far-reaching effects on world opinion: reasonable people the world over would realize that the existence of a weapon of this type whose power of destruction is essentially unlimited represents a threat to the future of the human race which is intolerable. . . . In determining not to proceed to develop the super bomb, we see a unique opportunity of providing by example some limitations on the totality of war and thus of limiting the fear and arousing the hopes of mankind."

These words were written by James Conant, the president of Harvard University and a member of the General Advisory Committee to the United States Atomic Energy Commission, on October 30, 1949. They were signed by Conant and five of the seven other members of the committee, including Robert Oppenheimer. They were attached as an annex to the formal report of the committee, which recommended unanimously against proceeding with a high-priority program to develop hydrogen bombs. The formal report dealt with narrower, technical issues. The annex allowed the six men who signed it to express the broader moral grounds for their opposition. Two committee members, Enrico Fermi and Isidor Rabi, wrote an annex of their own, which says almost the same thing in even stronger words: "The fact that no limits exist to the destructiveness of this weapon makes its very existence and the knowledge of its construction a danger to humanity as a whole. It is necessarily an evil thing considered in any light. For these reasons we believe it important for the President of the United States to tell the American public, and the world, that we think it wrong on fundamental ethical principles to initiate a program of development of such a weapon. . . ."

The text of the General Advisory Committee report, with its majority and minority annexes, remained secret until 1974, but the general drift of its argument became publicly known in 1950, after President Truman announced that work on the development of a hydrogen bomb would be continued. In the public statements and the secret debates of the early nineteen-fifties, the phrase "unlimited destructive power" constantly recurs. The peculiar horror of the hydrogen bomb was seen to be the fact that its cost would be almost independent of its size. Once you had built a workable bomb, you could increase its destructive power without limit by adding deuterium fuel that would cost about sixty cents a kiloton at 1950 prices. The cost of adding the equivalent of another Hiroshima to the destructive power of a hydrogen bomb would be only about ten dollars.

The nightmare that caused Conant and Oppenheimer to oppose the hydrogen bomb so passionately was an arms race driven by the forces of economics and deliverability toward monstrously large bombs. They expected that each bomb would require a heavy investment of scarce and expensive tritium to ignite it, so that no country could afford many such bombs. Economics would then dictate that each bomb be fuelled with a huge quantity of cheap deuterium to justify the initial investment. The bombs would then become so large that they could barely

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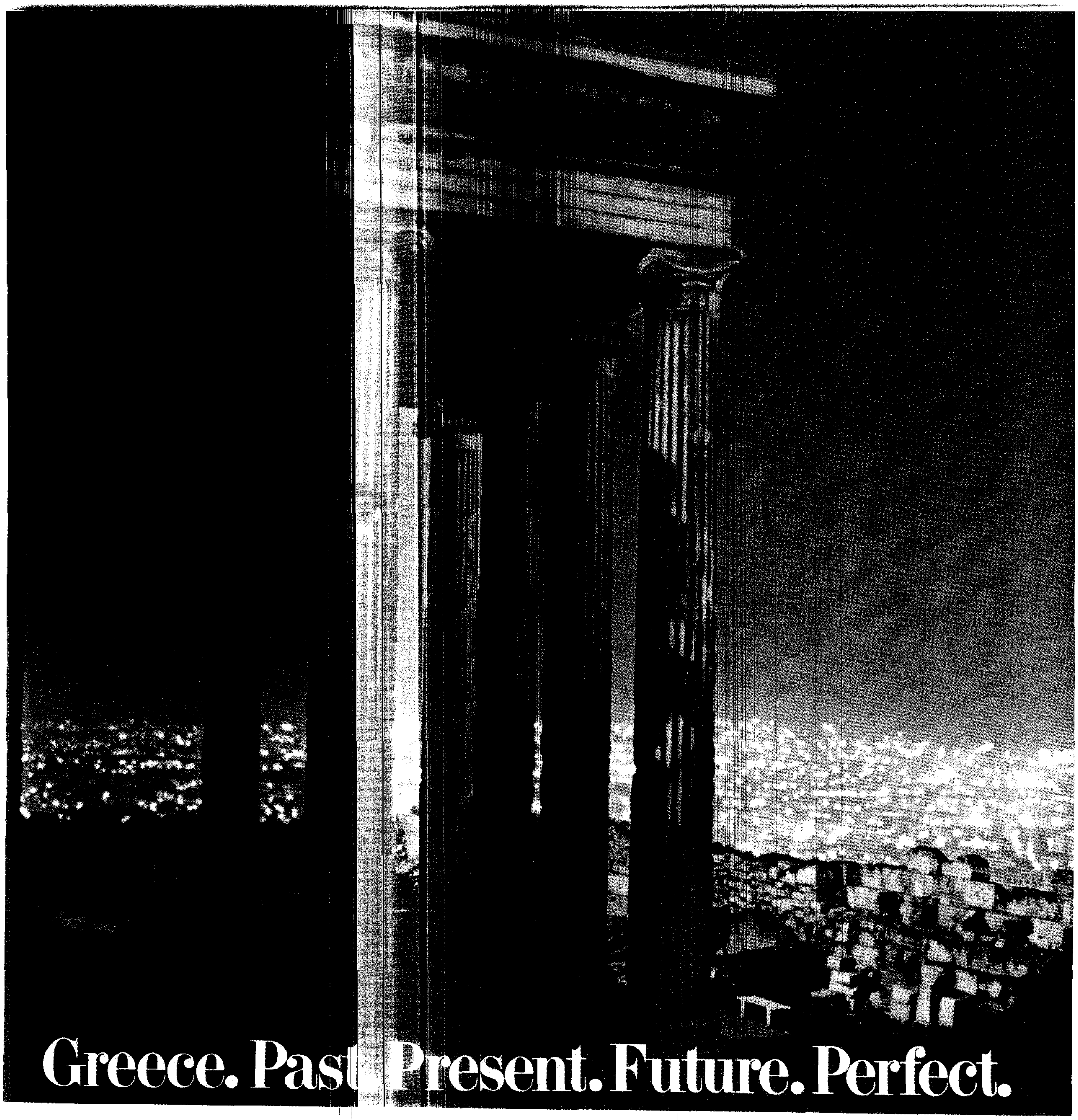
be carried in airplanes. (Oppenheimer remarked in a letter to Conant shortly before the 1949 committee meeting, "I am not sure the miserable thing will work, nor that it can be gotten to a target except by oxcart.") The problem of deliverability would then dictate that the bombs be installed in submarines or on surface ships and detonated offshore, devastating great areas with tidal waves and radioactive fallout. But then the installation of shore defenses would force the bomb designers to move the point of detonation farther out to sea, and the bombs would have to be made still larger to do the same damage from a greater distance. The vicious circle of the arms race would continue in this fashion, bombs growing less deliverable as they became bigger, and growing bigger as they became less deliverable. The only end to such an arms race would be bombs the size of submarines, each having a yield of many thousands of megatons. The cheapness of deuterium made, and makes, the construction of such bombs technically and economically feasible. They were called "gigaton mines" by the people who worried about them in the nineteen-fifties. "Gigaton" is the technical term for a thousand megatons. The construction of gigaton mines would indeed be, as Conant said, "a threat to the future of the human race which is intolerable."

This nightmare produced a literary response that has continued to reverberate. In 1957, less than three years before his death, the novelist Nevil Shute published "On the Beach," a description of mankind wiped out by radiological warfare. Shute's poignant translation of apocalyptic disaster into the everyday voices of real people caught the imagination of the world. His book became an international best-seller and was made into a successful film. The book and the film created an enduring myth—a myth that became a conscious or subconscious part of all subsequent thinking about nuclear war. The myth pictures nuclear war as silent, inexorable death, from which there is no escape—radioactive cobalt sweeping slowly down the sky from the Northern to the Southern Hemisphere. The people in Australia, after the rest of the world is dead, live out their lives quietly and bravely. There is no hope of survival; there is no talk of building an underground Noah's Ark to keep earth's creatures alive until the cobalt should have decayed. Nevil Shute imagined the human spe-



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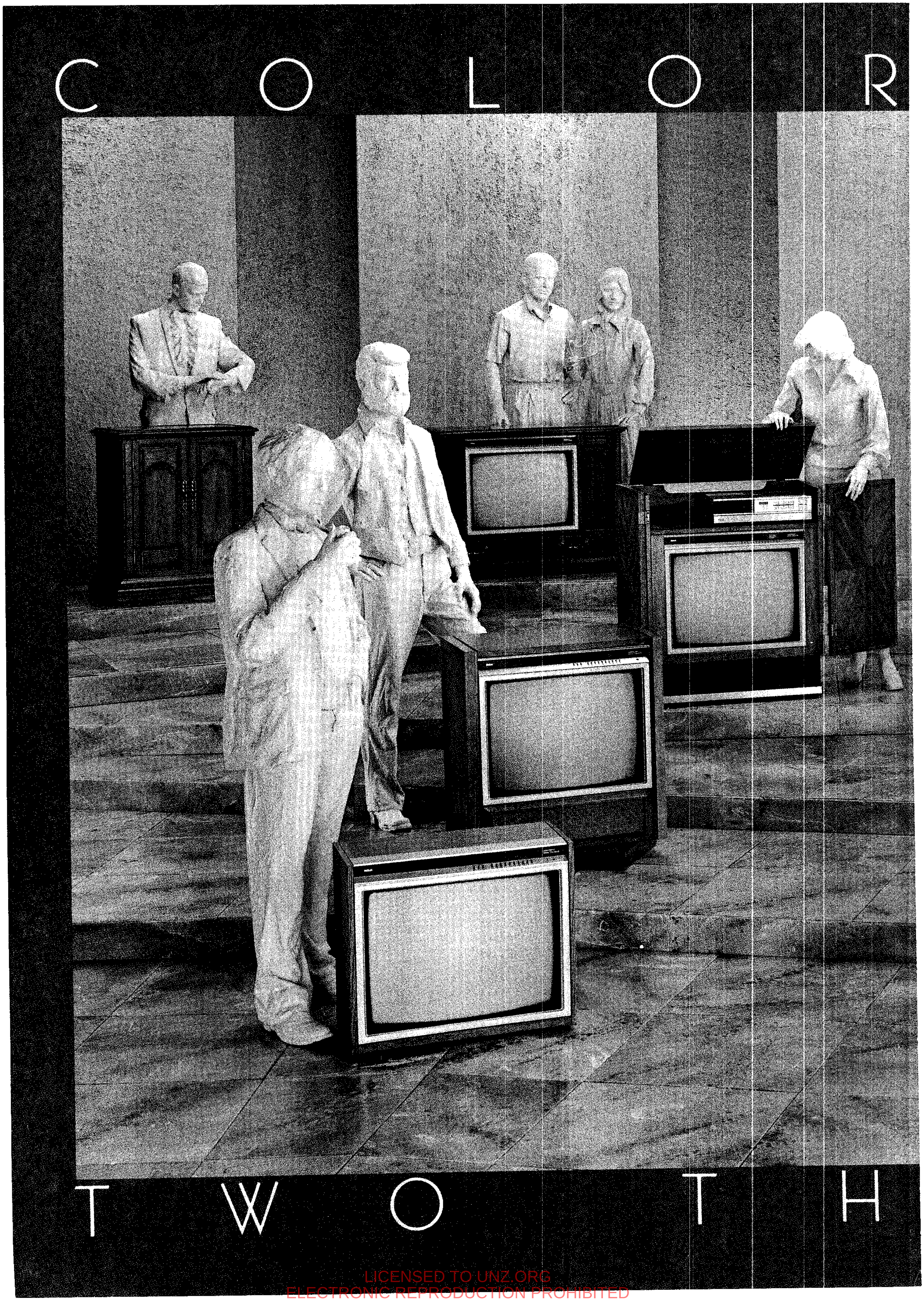
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cies calmly acquiescing in its own extinction.

The myth of "On the Beach" is technically flawed in many ways. Almost all the novelist's details are wrong: radioactive cobalt would not substantially increase the lethality of large hydrogen bombs; fallout would not descend uniformly over large areas but would fall sporadically in space and time; people could protect themselves from the radioactivity by sheltering under a few feet of dirt; and the war is supposed to happen in 1961—too soon for even the most malevolent country to have acquired the megatonnage needed to give a lethal dose of radiation to the entire earth. Nevertheless, the myth did what Shute intended it to do. On the fundamental human level, in spite of all the technical inaccuracies, it spoke truth. It told the world, in language that everyone could understand, that nuclear war means death. And the world listened.

If the hydrogen bomb had led to an arms race of the kind that Conant and Oppenheimer most feared, with undeliverable bombs growing bigger and bigger until they became gigaton mines, then the scenario of "On the Beach" might ultimately have come close to reality. Gigaton mines could, in one way or another, make the planet uninhabitable. This is the truth that Shute's story brought home to mankind. And it is a truth that no one must ever forget.

Gigaton mines were also in Herman Kahn's mind when he published his book "On Thermonuclear War," in 1960. In that book he created a new myth, the Doomsday Machine, which was intended to be a reductio ad absurdum of the idea of deterrence. The Doomsday Machine is a device designed to deter nuclear war with absolute certainty by making the cost of aggression infinite. It is the final theoretical step in an arms race that begins with hydrogen bombs and runs in the direction of gigaton mines. Let Herman Kahn describe it:

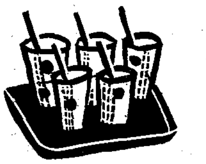
> Assume that for, say, ten billion dollars we could build a device whose only function is to destroy all human life. The device is protected from enemy action, perhaps by being put thousands of feet underground, and then connected to a computer which is in turn connected, by a reliable communication system, to hundreds of sensory devices all over the United States. The computer would then be programmed so that if, say, five nuclear bombs exploded over the United States, the device would be triggered and the earth destroyed. . . .
>
> Table 29 lists some desirable characteristics of a deterrent. 1. Frightening. 2. Inexorable. 3. Persuasive. 4. Cheap. 5. Non-accident-prone. 6. Controllable. As far as the first five characteristics are concerned . . . Doomsday Machines are likely to be better than any current or proposed competitor for deterrence. . . . The difficulties lie in item 6. . . . The Doomsday Machine is not sufficiently controllable. Even though it maximizes the probability that deterrence will work . . . it is totally unsatisfactory. One must still examine the consequences of a failure. In this case a failure kills too many people and kills them too automatically. . . .
>
> I have been surprised at the unanimity with which the notion of the unacceptability of a Doomsday Machine is greeted. I used to be wary of discussing the concept for fear that some colonel would get out a General Operating Requirement or Development Planning Objective for the device, but it seems that I need not have worried. Except by some scientists and engineers who have overemphasized the single objective of maximizing the effectiveness of deterrence, the device is universally rejected. It just does not look professional to senior military officers, and it looks even worse to senior civilians. The fact that more than a few scientists and engineers do seem attracted to the idea is disquieting, but as long as the development project is expensive, even these dedicated experts are unlikely to get one under way.

Herman Kahn's "On Thermonuclear War" may have been a classic, but it was not a best-seller. His historical erudition and ironic style were not designed to appeal to a wide audience. The public learned about Doomsday Machines through the art of Stanley Kubrick, whose film "Doctor Strangelove; or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb" presented Kahn's idea in the language of black comedy. Here, from the novel based on the film script, is Soviet Ambassador De Sadeski speaking to American President Muffley:

> "A Doomsday Machine, gentlemen. That's what I said and that's what I meant. When it is detonated it will produce enough lethal radioactive fallout so within twelve months the surface of the earth will be as dead as the moon. . . . There were those of us who fought against it, but in the end we could not keep up in the Peace Race, the Space Race, and the Arms Race. Our deterrent began to lack credibility. Our people grumbled for more nylons and lipsticks. Our Doomsday project cost us just a fraction of what we had been spending in just a single year. But the deciding factor was when we learned your country was working along similar lines, and we were afraid of a Doomsday Gap."
>
> "That's preposterous. I've never approved anything like that."
>
> "Our source was the New York *Times*."
>
> President Muffley turned to his Director of Weapons Research and Development. "Doctor Strangelove, do we have anything like this in the works?" Doctor Strangelove spoke with Germanic precision. He emphasized his point with abrupt movements of his right hand. "Mister President, under the authority granted to me as Director of Weapons Research and Development, I commissioned a study of this project by the Bland Corporation last year. Based on the findings of the report, my conclusion was that this idea was not a practical deterrent for reasons which at this moment must be all too obvious." . . . Strangelove turned so he looked directly at De Sadeski. "There is only one thing I don't understand, Mister Ambassador. The whole point of the Doomsday Machine is lost if you keep it a secret. Why didn't you tell the world?" De Sadeski turned away. He said quietly but distinctly, "It was to be announced at the Party Congress on Monday. As you know, the Premier loves surprises."

The end of the story is told in the epilogue: "Though the little-known planet Earth, remotely situated in another galaxy, is admittedly of mere academic interest to us today, we have presented this quaint comedy of galactic pre-history as another in our series 'The Dead Worlds of Antiquity.' "

Meanwhile, on the real planet Earth the arms race was proceeding in a quite different direction. For technical reasons that Conant and Oppenheimer did not foresee in 1949, hydrogen bombs became smaller and smaller instead of larger and larger. The two factors, economics and deliverability, that in 1949 appeared likely to push the hydrogen bomb toward monstrously large sizes unexpectedly turned around and pushed the other way. First, in 1951 Edward Teller and Stanislaw Ulam discovered a practical design for hydrogen bombs which would not require large quantities of tritium, and it soon became clear that hydrogen bombs would be cheap and easy to manufacture; with the constraints of economics and tritium supply removed, there was no need for hydrogen bombs to be few and large. Second, in 1954 a committee under the chairmanship of the mathematician John von Neumann examined the state of the art of rocketry and concluded that intercontinental ballistic missiles would provide a reliable means of delivering hydrogen bombs to any target on earth. There was no longer any reason to think of the hydrogen bomb as an undeliverable monster that could be detonated only offshore. And since the cost of the rocket would be greater than the cost of the bomb the peculiar rules of nuclear economics which made big bombs as cheap as small ones were no longer relevant. Now that costs of rocket delivery were included, the normal rules of economics applied, and small bombs were substantially cheaper than big ones.



The first generation of hydrogen bombs to be tested, in 1952 and 1954, had yields running from ten to fifteen megatons. From a modern point of view, they were absurdly and inconveniently large. Viewing them with the advantage of hindsight, one is at a loss to understand why they were built so large. Possibly, the reason is that they were a psychological holdover from the era of the superbomb. The people who designed them had spent many years struggling with the old pre-Ulam-Teller superbomb—the bomb that Conant and Oppenheimer had so strongly disliked. The old superbomb was huge and cumbersome; it was usually described as having a yield a thousand times as great as the Hiroshima bomb. So the first hydrogen bombs were built huge and cumbersome, with thousand-times-Hiroshima yields, for the same reason that the first automobiles were built to look like horse-carriages. By the time I paid my first visit to Los Alamos, in the summer of 1956, hydrogen bombs of the twenty-megaton class were considered technologically obsolete; all the experts I spoke to were working on smaller bombs, with lower yields. The big first-generation bombs were manufactured and stockpiled for a few years longer, but it has now been decades since the last of them were withdrawn from active service, their nuclear ingredients refabricated and incorporated into smaller weapons.

A similar evolution seems to have occurred in the Soviet Union, even though Soviet weapons are generally more massive than ours and the pace of their development has been slower. The Soviet bomb tests of 1961 were like our 1954 tests: a series of huge explosions, with many in the ten-megaton class and one with a yield of fifty-seven megatons. That fifty-seven-megaton bomb was the closest the world has yet come to a Doomsday Machine, although it was carefully designed to produce a relatively small quantity of fallout. Since 1961, the Soviet weapons program has moved, less rapidly than ours but just as steadily, toward lower yields. There is no evidence that any bomb with a yield larger than twenty-five megatons was ever made into an operational weapon. The newest Soviet weapons, like ours, are substantially smaller.

The race toward smaller bombs has been driven by three factors that gradually became dominant in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. First, as the numbers of weapons on both sides increased, the military planners rapidly ran out of targets for huge bombs. There is not much satisfaction, even for the most bloodthirsty general, in using ten megatons to wipe out an airfield or a city when a tenth of a megaton would do the job just as well. Second, the accuracy of missiles improved dramatically. As long as missiles were inaccurate, with aiming errors measured in miles, it made sense to use high-yield weapons on small targets; as soon as the errors were reduced to a small fraction of a mile, small targets could be attacked more effectively by accurate low-yield weapons than by inaccurate monsters. Third, and most important, new means of delivery were developed which tilted the balance of costs decisively toward low-yield weapons. The new delivery systems were the cruise missile and the MIRV (Multiple Independently Targetable Reëntry Vehicle). The cruise missile is a small, pilotless airplane that can be carried in large numbers by a manned bomber. The MIRV is a small ballistic missile that can be carried in large numbers by a single booster rocket. Both the cruise missile and the MIRV make it possible to deliver low-yield weapons in large numbers accurately and cheaply. As soon as cruise missiles and MIRVs were available, high-yield weapons rapidly became obsolete. The last high-yield weapons remaining in the United States arsenal are carried in our oldest vehicles, the manned B-52 bombers and the Titan missiles. Many of the B-52s, however, will soon be converted from carriers of high-yield bombs into carriers of low-yield cruise missiles. And the only reason the Titans are not to be converted into carriers of low-yield MIRV warheads is that they are too old and too few to justify the effort of manufacturing a special MIRV system to fit them.

The arms race has thus led to the paradoxical result that, at least as far as United States forces are concerned, the hydrogen bomb has become almost irrelevant. The precise meaning of this statement is as follows. Suppose that in 1949 the hopes of Conant and Oppenheimer had been fully realized—that President Truman had decided to accept their recommendation not to build hydrogen bombs, that a solemn treaty had been signed by the United States and the Soviet Union and the other nuclear powers banning the building of hydrogen bombs, and that the treaty had been ratified and faithfully observed by all parties—and suppose that no other disarmament agreements had been concluded that went beyond those which exist in the real world: then the weapons deployed by the United States in that hypothetical world without hydrogen bombs would not have been noticeably different from the weapons we are now deploying. The technical reason for the irrelevance of hydrogen bombs is that, except in the large sizes we are now phasing out, the costs and the performance of modern fission bombs and modern hydrogen bombs are essentially the same. Conant and Oppenheimer maintained, rightly, that the hydrogen bomb had little military value, and that the continued development of fission weapons was strategically more important. Thirty years later, the United States military establishment, after rejecting and bitterly resenting their advice, has been pushed by the logic of the arms race into a position close to theirs. The essence of the Conant-Oppenheimer doctrine was that superbombs with multimegaton yields were not only immoral but militarily uninteresting. Thirty years ago, this doctrine was a subversive heresy. Now, as a result of the cruise missile and the MIRV, heresy has become orthodoxy. The same Strategic Air Command that clamored so loudly for the big bombs thirty years ago is now quietly withdrawing them from service.

There is a curious similarity between the history of the hydrogen bomb and the history of commercial nuclear power. In both cases, a new technical development became the center of a passionate controversy, with exaggerated hopes on one side and exaggerated fears on the other. In both cases, the proponents of the new technology won the initial battles and enthusiastically pushed ahead to the construction of units—bombs and power stations—of the largest feasible size. In both cases, the big units turned out to be inconvenient and uneconomical. In both cases, the advantages and the dangers of the new technology turned out in the end to be smaller than the proponents and the opponents had claimed. Hydrogen bombs and nuclear power stations are not, as they were once thought to be, the driving forces of history. History has, in its ironic, unpredictable way, passed them by.

The obsolescence of the hydrogen bomb was not achieved without cost. The cost of getting rid of the big bombs was a large increase in the numbers of small ones. One must never allow oneself to forget that the word "small" is being used only in a comparative sense. A modern "small" strategic weapon will have a yield of a tenth of a megaton, or seven times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb. Such weapons are "small" in comparison with the monsters that they replaced, but they are still big enough to destroy people and buildings over an area of many square miles. Opinions differ on whether a large number of small weapons is more or less dangerous than a small number of large weapons. One fact that speaks in favor of small weapons as less dangerous is that the replacement of one large weapon by a cluster of small ones has resulted in a substantial decrease in total megatonnage. For example, the single-warhead Minuteman missile, with a yield of just over a megaton, was replaced by a three-warhead MIRV with a total yield of half a megaton. Many of the B-52 bombers, which used to carry bombs with a total yield of twenty megatons, will soon be carrying cruise missiles, or a mixture of cruise missiles and bombs, with a total yield of about four megatons. When the conversion of the bombers into carriers of cruise missiles is complete, the total megatonnage of the United States strategic forces will be less than half what it was ten years ago. This will remain true even if the contribution of the new MX missiles that may be deployed during the next ten years is added in. Similar large reductions in megatonnage are occurring, at a slower pace, in the Soviet strategic forces.

From the point of view of mankind as a whole, the shift from large to

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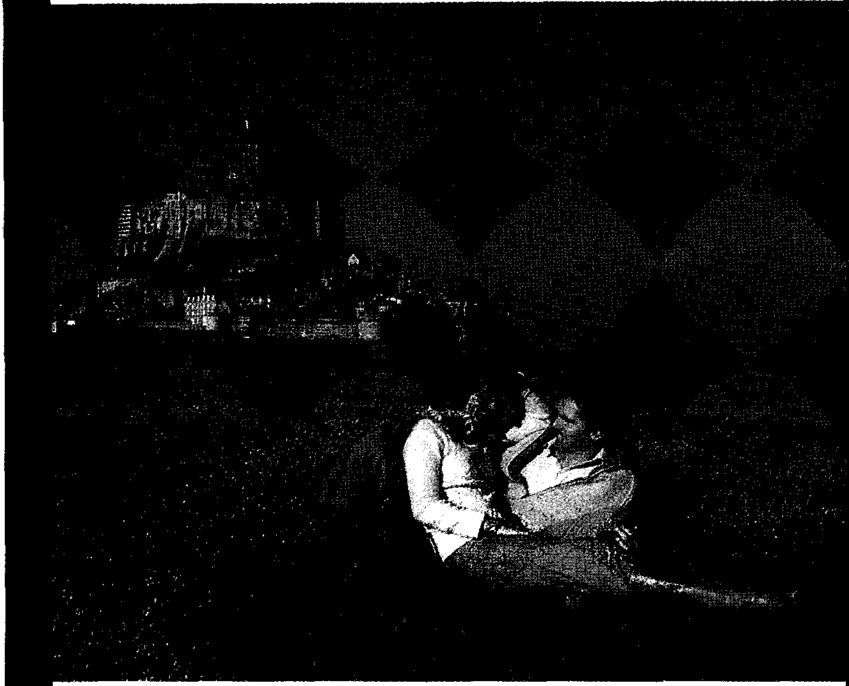

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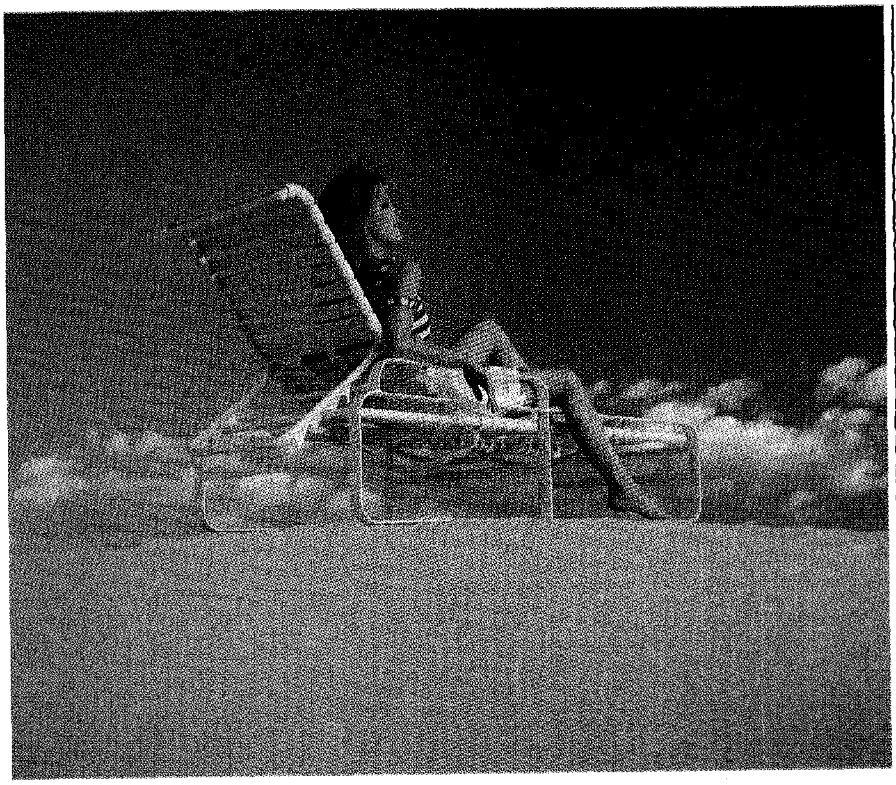

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small weapons, with the concomitant decrease in total megatonnage, is a significant step in the direction of sanity. Large weapons are worse for mankind than small ones because, while the local military effects of a nuclear attack are roughly proportional to the number of weapons, the long-range fallout and the global effects are more nearly proportional to the total megatonnage. When the nuclear powers replaced large weapons with small ones, they increased the intended damage they could do to each other and decreased the unintended damage they could do to the rest of mankind.

The central paradox of the arms race is the discrepancy between public perception and reality. The public perceives the arms race as giving birth to an endless stream of weapons of ever-increasing destructiveness and ever-increasing danger. The reality is more complicated. In the nineteen-fifties, there was indeed a race to produce weapons of mass destruction—to assert technological superiority by exploding the largest possible firecracker. But that race came to an end with the Soviet fifty-seven-megaton explosion in 1961. Since then, the arms race has been running strongly in other directions—away from weapons of mass destruction and toward weapons of high precision. While bomb technology has stagnated, there have been three successive revolutions in the technology of computers and information-handling. The computer made possible the accurate delivery of small weapons, non-nuclear as well as nuclear. One consequence of the computer revolutions has been the replacement of big hydrogen bombs by the MIRV and the cruise missile. Another consequence has been the appearance of accurate non-nuclear missiles. The computer revolutions are not yet over. If the arms race continues in the same direction, toward cheaper and more capable non-nuclear technology, then there is a chance that we may see not only hydrogen bombs but nuclear weapons of all kinds gradually becoming obsolete.

It would be absurd to claim that technological development by itself could rid the world of nuclear weapons. The two primary agents for abolishing nuclear weapons must be international negotiation and the aroused conscience of mankind. But the success of negotiation and moral indignation in bringing about nuclear disarmament will depend in part upon technical factors. The world will have a far better chance of achieving nuclear disarmament if the weapons to be discarded are generally perceived as not only immoral and dangerous but also obsolescent. An intelligently conducted arms race that left nuclear technology further and further behind could help mightily to sweep nuclear weapons into the dustbin of history.

Up to the year 1982, six countries had overtly acquired nuclear status: the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France, China, and India. It was certainly true in the first four cases, and possibly true in all six, that scientists rather than generals took the initiative in getting nuclear-weapons programs started. In each case of which the world has knowledge, scientists were motivated to build weapons by feelings of professional pride as well as of patriotic duty. The construction of a bomb was a technical challenge that stirred their fiercest competitive instincts. In each case, the scientists felt themselves to be in competition with the scientists of some other country. The Americans at Los Alamos, imagining a nonexistent bomb project in Germany, were in competition with the Germans. The Russians were in competition with the Americans. The British, after contributing substantially to the wartime effort at Los Alamos, were ungraciously pushed out as soon as the war was over; this made the British scientists angry and impelled them to prove that the British could make just as good bombs as the Americans could. The French, who had contributed substantially to the wartime effort in Canada, were likewise pushed out and likewise became angry; the French scientists were determined to show that they could do as well as the British. It is no great exaggeration to say that the British and French programs were driven by the professional pique of scientists rather than by a careful consideration of strategic needs. The same thing might be said of the American hydrogen-bomb program. The nuclear-arms race from 1940 to 1960 was powerfully reinforced by the professional ambitions of scientists, who saw nuclear-weapons technology as a grand arena for the exercise of their talents. The walls of official secrecy which surrounded these exercises intensified professional rivalries and gave a false glamour to the new technology.

But no more. During the years from 1960 to 1980, the walls of secrecy came tumbling down. Since 1964,

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anybody who wanted to know the general principles of fission-weapon design has been able to find them explained by Robert Serber in the declassified "Los Alamos Primer." Since 1979, anybody who wanted to know how hydrogen bombs work has been able to refer to Howard Morland's article in the November, 1979, issue of *The Progressive*. Nuclear-weapons design has been stripped of its mysteries, and there is no longer any scientific glory attached to it. Since the essential knowledge has become public, nobody with pretensions to be considered a serious scientist finds professional fulfillment in proving that he can design a bomb as competently as the Americans. There will be no more first-rate scientists driving the nuclear-arms race with their rivalries. Even in scientifically backward countries, young people of talent now know that nuclear weapons have ceased to be a scientific challenge.

It is probably not by chance that the nuclear club ceased to expand during the period in which nuclear secrets ceased to be secret. Twenty years ago, many people were predicting that by 1980 the nuclear club would have grown to at least a dozen members. It has been a pleasant surprise to see only one new member—India—overtly join the club after 1964. And the Indian entry into the club has been only a token entry—probably because the Indian scientists have been wise enough not to push their weapons program ahead with any great enthusiasm. It is possible that the next ten years will bring a big new wave of accessions to the club. But it is also possible that the tide has turned—that now that the leading scientists have lost interest in promoting nuclear weaponry the generals and the politicians will lose interest in it, too.

There are many ways in which one may try to discourage nuclear proliferation. One way is to negotiate nonproliferation treaties. Another way is to establish nuclear-free zones. Another way is to place embargoes on the export of nuclear apparatus to countries that are unwilling to submit their nuclear activities to international inspection. Another way is to organize political opposition to commercial nuclear power stations. Another way is to demolish, by air attack or sabotage, facilities that are believed to be incipient nuclear-weapons projects. All these ways have been tried, and all have been partly successful. But all have the disadvantage of treating

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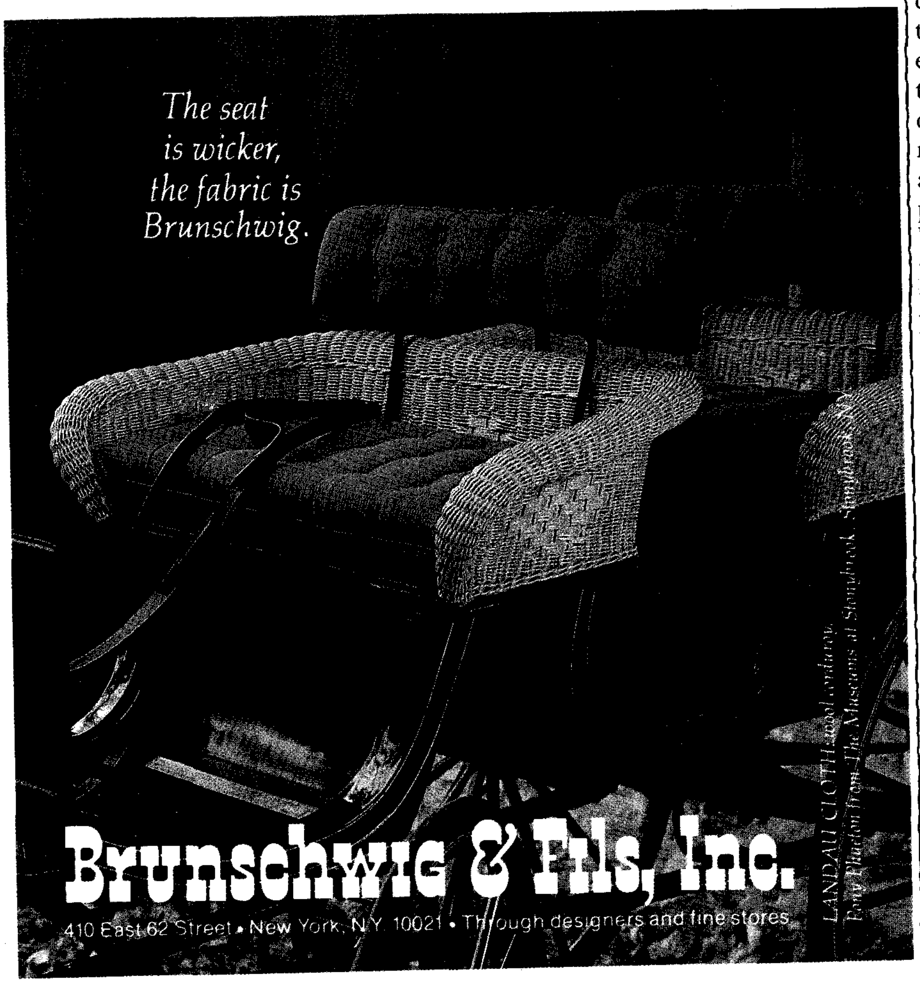
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symptoms rather than the underlying disease. The only way to cure the underlying disease is to extinguish the desire for nuclear weapons. To extinguish the desire, it is necessary to convince political leaders that the possession of nuclear weapons brings trouble and danger rather than strength and safety. Most of the rulers of non-nuclear countries were wise enough to recognize this fact long ago. For those who are not yet convinced that nuclear weapons are more trouble than they are worth, the arms race itself may be a good teacher. After the experience of the past thirty-five years, every government contemplating entry into the nuclear club must be aware that the club demands more than a down payment—that after the first euphoria of a successful test explosion comes an unending commitment to delivery systems and modernization programs that are far more expensive than the bombs themselves. In the end, the miseries and burdens that the nuclear-arms race imposes upon the nuclear powers may be the most effective deterrent to nations that might be tempted to walk into the same trap.

So the arms race remains, as it has always been, a bundle of paradoxes, a Pandora's box with hope at the bottom. On the one hand, it is a monstrously wasteful and mindless outpouring of resources for destructive ends. On the other hand, it sets limits to destruction, and opposes brute force with discrimination and intelligence. It made superbombs possible, and it made them obsolete. It made nuclear weapons cheap, and it made the means of their delivery expensive. It made big countries overwhelmingly strong, and it made them powerless to fight one another. Many people believe that "stopping the arms race" would lead us to a more stable and peaceful world. Perhaps they are right, perhaps not. The arms race is a tool that can be used for either good or evil purposes. To stop it altogether may be a worthy long-range goal, but the more urgent need is to guide the arms race intelligently—to use it, in conjunction with moral outrage and diplomatic negotiation, to hasten the obsolescence and retirement of weapons of mass destruction.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

"AND there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and

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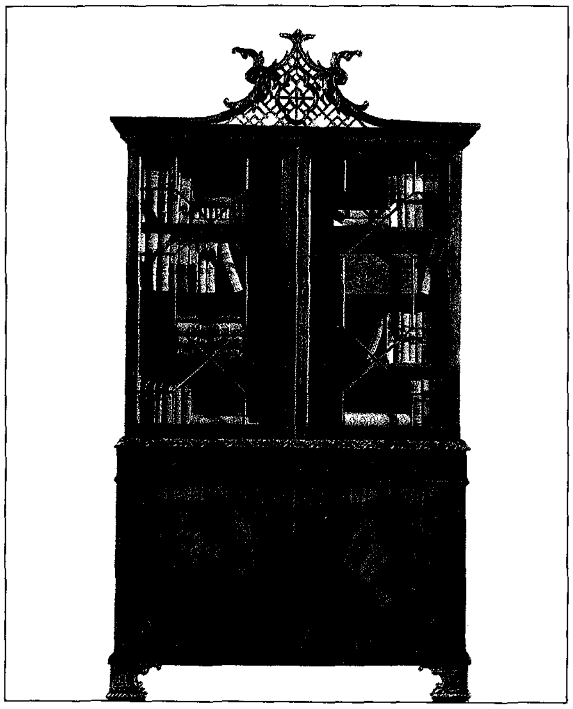

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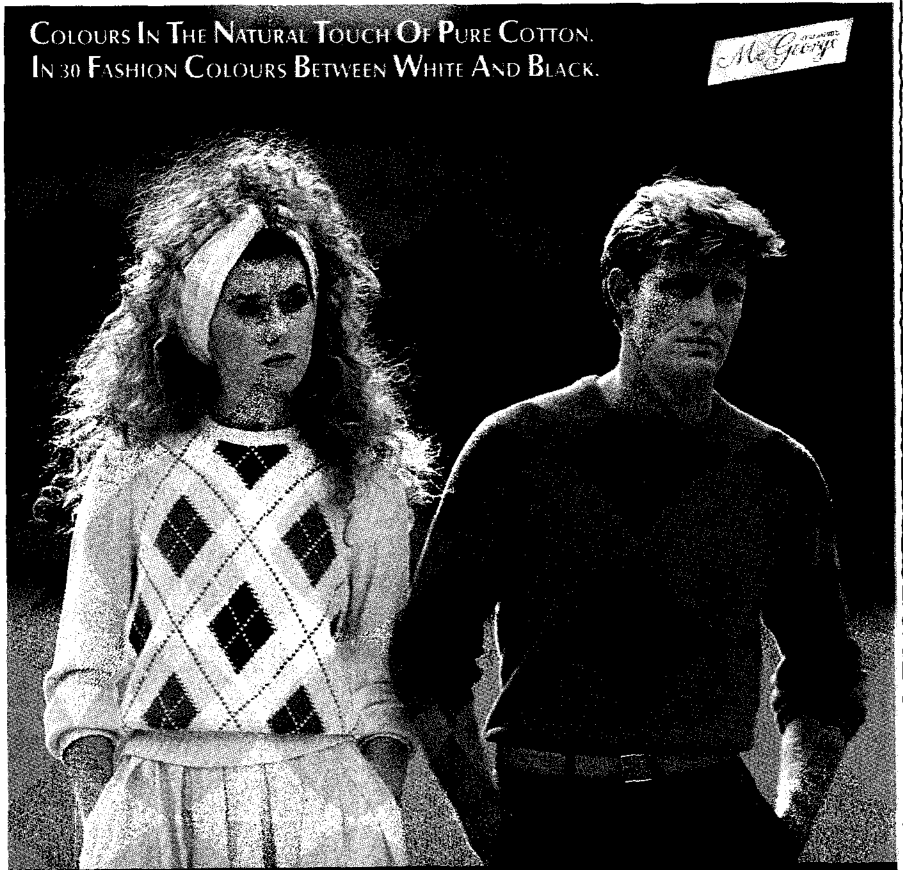
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he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. . . .

"And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field. . . .

"And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth."

The story of David with his slingshot slaying the clumsy giant has delighted children for at least three thousand years. David was an early example of a common type of folk hero—the one who fights with skill and daring against superior force and wins. Sometime before David's triumph in the valley of Elah, Odysseus was in Sicily winning his battle of wits against the Cyclops. Similar stories are found in the folklore of nations all over the world.

A modern version of the story might run as follows. One fine day, out of a blue sky, a monster ballistic missile carrying a megaton warhead comes falling toward its target at a speed of three miles per second. Five minutes before the missile is due to arrive, a little rocket weighing a few pounds goes up from the ground to meet it. The little rocket carries no warhead and does not move very fast. It carries only a telescope and a microcomputer and an accurate servo system to bring it onto the missile's track. The missile crashes into the rocket at three miles a second, at which speed the rocket tears through the warhead and rips it apart. The missile is destroyed by its own speed; the rocket has to do nothing except be in the right place at the right time. The dead missile falls upon its face to the earth.

This story might come true at some experimental missile-testing range, with the megaton warhead replaced by a suitable dummy. It might happen at an American range or at a Soviet range, or at both. Let us suppose, for the sake of the story, that it happens at an American range. Then the experiment does not remain secret for long. Films of the encounter appear on television. There are articles in *Aviation Week & Space Technology* describing the event and making exaggerated claims for the effectiveness of the interceptor. There are articles in more sober magazines pointing out that a successful demonstration of an interception of a single missile over a test range does not prove the feasibility of non-nuclear defense against a real attack by hundreds or thousands of missiles. Experts testify before congressional committees that the development of non-nuclear interceptors is a waste of money, that the staging of the test interception is a propaganda exercise calculated to deceive the public. But the public is not deceived. The public understands very well the difference between a test interception and an operational defense. The public also understands—better, perhaps, than the technical experts—that the test interception is an event of some importance.

A successful David-and-Goliath experiment with a two-pound rocket killing an intercontinental missile, even under the artificial conditions of a test range, could be a historic turning point. It could mark the beginning of a change in the way people think about nuclear weapons. It would show nuclear weapons in a new light—as clumsy, brutish things that had been outwitted by a cheaper and more agile adversary. The death of Goliath could be the death of an era, the end of the unquestioned technical supremacy of nuclear weapons. It would make clear to everybody that there was a choice: either to continue relying on the old technology of nuclear weapons or to switch the emphasis to the newer and more versatile technology of sensors and computers. The victory of the two-pound interceptor could be a signal to the world that nuclear weapons were at last on their way out, and that the complete abolition of nuclear weapons was technically thinkable.

The point of the David and Goliath story is not that David will always win. On the contrary, it is easy to imagine Goliath winning if he takes suitable measures to counter David's tactics—for example, redesigning his helmet of brass so that it covers his vulnerable forehead more effectively. The point of the story is that David won once, and that was enough to make Goliath a laughingstock for three thousand years. After Goliath's defeat, giants ceased to command respect. After the technological supremacy of nuclear weapons had once been challenged, their moral and political unattractiveness would stand revealed clearly to the eyes of the world.

Another modern version of the David story would put a bomber airplane or a cruise missile in the role of Goliath. David would again be a small, agile rocket with the ability to

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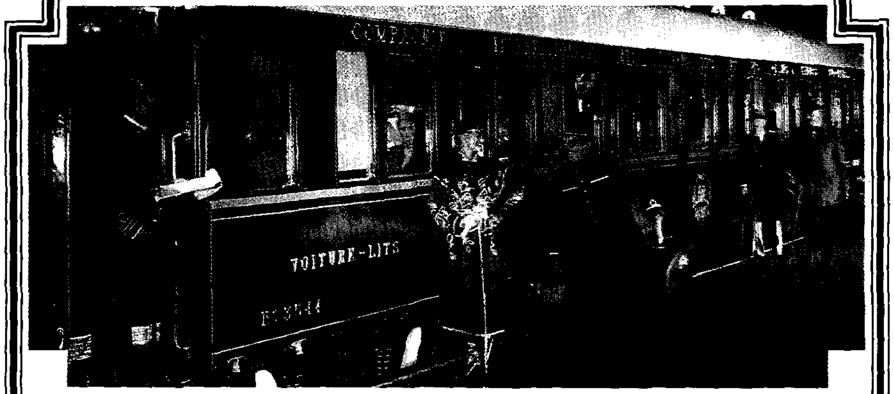

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intercept and kill by direct impact. David's task in this case would be technically more demanding, because bombers and cruise missiles do not fly straight. Again, David would not always win, but if he was small enough and cheap enough he could make his enemies look like blundering fools.

A third variation on the David and Goliath theme could be staged in the ocean. In this version of the story, Goliath is a several-billion-dollar nuclear submarine carrying long-range missiles with enough warheads to destroy a whole country. David is a little mechanical suckerfish programmed to attach itself to the skin of a submarine—imitating the remora suckerfish that attaches itself to the skin of a shark. David lurks in the water until Goliath approaches, then swoops down and quietly sucks. Once attached to Goliath, David computes Goliath's exact position and is ready to transmit this information to headquarters, either at predetermined times or upon demand. The use of suckerfish by man to catch submarine objects is not a modern invention. It has been known to the Australian aborigines of Cape York from time immemorial. The aborigines used the trick with captive suckerfish (gapu) to catch sea turtles. "The same gapu will catch three or four turtle," reports a nineteenth-century observer. "When they have brought it up, they take the gapu off and put it out to catch another."

This story of the suckerfish raises troublesome questions. Both the United States and the Soviet Union have invested enormous resources in their fleets of missile-carrying submarines. The strategic doctrine of the United States relies heavily on the ability of submarines to remain undetected. According to the orthodox doctrine of deterrence, the undetectability of submarines provides the nation's strongest guarantee of strategic stability: so long as a major part of its offensive force is securely concealed in the ocean, nobody can hope to gain any decisive advantage from an attack on its more vulnerable land-based forces. Conversely, if submarines become detectable the existence of stable deterrence is endangered and the peace of the world becomes precarious. This orthodox doctrine has guided United States policies for the last twenty years. Many American arms-control experts believe so firmly in this doctrine that they look upon the missile-carrying submarine as a uniquely benign form of strategic armament. Whether or not the public agrees with the official doctrine, it must recognize that the missile submarine has many technical and political advantages. The loss of submarine invulnerability would force the nation to make radical changes in its strategic assumptions. In short, the story of the suckerfish may be not merely troublesome but dangerous. Perhaps it is irresponsible of me to mention it as a possibility.

What can I say in defense of my broaching the idea of the suckerfish? I shall say three things. First, the story is only a story. So far as I know, no such suckerfish exists, even as a diagram on the desk of an inventor. I tell the story only as an example of the consequences that the technology of microcomputers may have for military operations in the ocean as well as on land. Second, I am not suggesting that anybody should attempt to attach suckerfish to operational Soviet submarines; this would be a highly provocative and dangerous thing to do. Third, it would require enormous numbers of suckerfish, distributed over huge areas of ocean, to insure that all missile-carrying submarines were located, and such a vast deployment of mechanical fish could not be carried out quickly, cheaply, or secretly, so the technology of suckerfish is not about to take the world by surprise. But after these disclaimers have been made it remains true that the technology of suckerfish, or some similar non-nuclear technology, could in the long run put an end to the popularity of missile-carrying submarines. For David to defeat the submarines, he would not have to locate all the submarines all the time. He would need only to throw serious doubt upon the ability of submarines to remain concealed. If submarines could not rely on concealment, the military advantage of using them as missile carriers would disappear. A successful demonstration of suckerfish technology would reveal the missile-carrying submarine for what it is—a vulnerable Goliath, carrying far too many lethal eggs in one fragile basket.

When mankind decides, as I believe that it must ultimately decide, that missile-carrying submarines are intolerably dangerous, the task of eliminating them will be accomplished sooner or later, with or without the help of suckerfish. The task will be made easier if the military virtues of submarines have already been discredited. A robust technology of submarine location will allow an international agreement banning sea-based missiles to be effectively monitored. As has always been true, the primary requirement for carrying through any act of nuclear disarmament is the political will to do so, but the formation of such a will can be powerfully helped by a technological development deliberately aimed at making nuclear weapons unattractive.

Let me now return from fantasies to facts. There exists a vigorous and rapidly advancing area of military technology known as Precision Guided Munitions, or PGM. PGM are small, accurate missiles with non-nuclear warheads, designed to put tanks, airplanes, and ships out of action. They are of many kinds—some small enough to be fired by infantry soldiers, others carried in armored cars, helicopters, airplanes, or ships. They were first seen in action on a large scale in the 1973 Middle East war, when PGM supplied by the Soviet Union to Egypt and Syria caused heavy losses to Israeli tank forces. Since 1973, the technology of PGM has been pushed much further, not only in the Soviet Union and the United States but in other countries, too. Experts disagree concerning the extent to which PGM have revolutionized land warfare. Some say that PGM will defeat tanks in the nineteen-eighties as decisively as airplanes defeated battleships in the Second World War. Others say that tanks will still survive, provided that they are supported by friendly PGM and infantry. Nobody doubts that PGM have put an end to the era in which tank armies won easy victories.

The existing PGM technology fits into the David-and-Goliath tradition quite well. The PGM themselves are light and agile and comparatively cheap; the tanks they destroy are heavy and clumsy and expensive. The PGM exploit the new technology of accurate sensors and servos and computers; the tanks are stuck with the old technology of armor and guns. The PGM are likely to prevail in the end, because they are more cost-effective. But there is always a chance that PGM will fail—especially if the people who design them succumb to the temptation to improve them until they become as complicated and expensive as tanks.

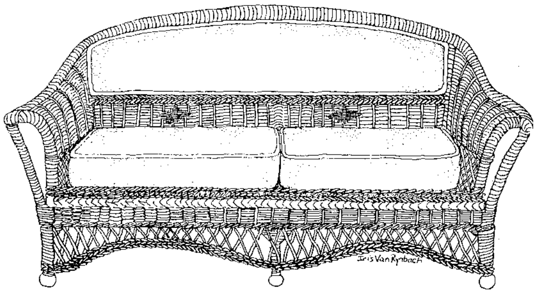
The emergence of PGM technology has raised questions of fundamental importance for the feasibility of nuclear disarmament. Can PGM be an effective substitute for tactical nuclear weapons? Is it possible to use PGM as the basis for a credible non-nuclear defense of Western Europe? In answering these questions, one must say at the outset that the success of PGM in stopping a Soviet tank army from rolling across Germany cannot be guaranteed. Effective use of PGM requires large numbers of competent and brave soldiers; if equipment alone could guarantee a successful defense, France would not have been overrun by a numerically inferior force of German tanks in 1940. Warfare is always a gamble, for the defenders as well as for the attackers. It makes no sense to demand that PGM provide a defense with zero risk of failure. The question that should be asked is whether the risk of a PGM defense would be smaller than the risk of the present reliance on tactical nuclear weapons. This question cannot yet be answered with certainty, but there are strong reasons to believe that the answer will be affirmative.

The chief virtue of tactical nuclear weapons is that they make a European war unthinkable and thus allow the Europeans to avoid worrying seriously about defense. As far as Germany is concerned, the tactical weapons are essentially the equivalent of a Doomsday Machine; in the event of any major trouble, Germany would be destroyed almost automatically. Like a Doomsday Machine, the nuclear weapons bring stability and tranquillity to the political life of Europe, and save the West a great deal of money that would otherwise have to be spent on non-nuclear armaments. A sudden withdrawal of the nuclear weapons would be politically upsetting and militarily risky. Nevertheless, the argument that Herman Kahn makes against his Doomsday Machine applies with equal force to tactical nuclear weapons: they are not acceptable as a permanent solution of the problem of European security, because a failure of the system would kill too many people and kill them too automatically. In the long run, the risks of a PGM defense are smaller. The problem is how to manage the transition from nuclear to non-nuclear defense without running into worse risks in the intermediate stages.

It is not likely that the denuclearization of Europe can be achieved by substituting PGM for tactical nuclear weapons directly. The substitution will probably come about indirectly, through a sequence of steps. A preliminary step might be a partial replacement of tanks by PGM in the Warsaw Pact forces as the Soviet authorities became aware that tanks were no longer cost-effective. An intermediate step might be a negotiated trade-off of Soviet tanks against NATO nuclear weapons. A third step might be an agreement to eliminate the remaining tactical nuclear weapons on both sides. It is easy to invent other possible sequences of steps leading to nuclear disarmament. The essential point is that the decisive last step—the agreement to get rid of the nuclear weapons—would be made much easier by the preliminary downgrading of tank forces in response to PGM development.

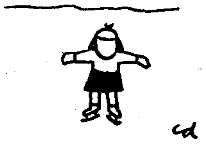
If the elimination of tactical nuclear weapons proceeds in this indirect fashion, the West is not at any stage left in a situation where the existing Soviet tank armies in Central Europe are still in place and only a few NATO soldiers with PGM stand between them and the Rhine. Instead, there is a situation in which tank armies on both sides diminish as PGM become more capable. Our aim must be to achieve simultaneously the withdrawal of nuclear weapons and the obsolescence of tank armies. It is important to understand that this program cannot succeed if only the Western armies deploy PGM. A heavy Soviet investment in PGM is also essential. In other words, if we want to free both East and West from addiction to tactical nuclear weapons the best way may be to engage both sides in a PGM arms race.

The mathematician John von Neumann played a leading part in the development of nuclear weapons and an even larger part in the development of computers. He said in 1946, when both these developments were just beginning, that the computers would be more important than the bombs. The impact that computers have made upon civilian society has already proved him right. And now the advent of PGM



promises to prove him right in the military sphere also.

The computer revolution transforms war into a contest of information rather than of brute force. It enables small, cheap devices with brains to overwhelm big, expensive vehicles. It favors David over Goliath. At sea, aircraft carriers become vulnerable to small boats carrying torpedoes or cruise missiles. On land and in the air, tanks and airplanes become vulnerable to PGM. In space, it is no longer absurd to imagine smart little non-nuclear rockets killing nuclear missiles. In all four places, the computer revolution is chipping away at the supremacy of nuclear weapons, and providing the technological foundation for a world in which weapons of human scale and purpose take the place of weapons of mass destruction.



Another hopeful aspect of the computer revolution is that it tends in the long run to shift the balance of forces away from offensive and toward defensive weapons. The qualifying phrase "in the long run" is here essential: two of the first fruits of the computer revolution were the cruise missile and the MIRV—both weapons that further strengthened the supremacy of the offensive. But in the long run, as war becomes increasingly a contest of information rather than of firepower, defense becomes easier and attack more difficult. Already, the effects of PGM in land warfare plainly favor defense. In land warfare, offensive units must be mobile and visible, hence vulnerable to PGM, while defensive units can be concealed and relatively invulnerable. The fundamental reason the computer revolution favors defense is that in a battle of information the defenders, fighting in their own territory, can see what is happening better than the attackers, fighting in exposed vehicles. Even in the strategic contest of missile against anti-missile, the same principle should be valid in the long run. If the anti-missiles are numerous enough and agile enough, they can destroy any missile that they can clearly see, and the defenders directing the anti-missiles over their own territory will have a clearer view of the battle than the attackers sitting five thousand miles away.

The slow shift of technological advantage toward defense does not imply that a country will be able to survive a nuclear attack without catastrophic damage. It implies only that there will be some economic and strategic incentives for transferring resources from offensive to defensive deployments. Defensive technology cannot by itself insure mankind's survival. But it can give useful support to the political movements and arms-control treaties that will finally put an end to the technology of mass destruction.

All through human history, military technology has appeared in two guises—with the face of Goliath and with the face of David. The contrast between the two faces of weaponry became sharper than ever with the advent of modern technology. Our century has provided spectacular demonstrations of Goliath and David in action. Many observers of the human situation, seeing what our technological Goliaths achieved in the two world wars and, later, in Vietnam, have come to believe that all modern weapons and military establishments are instruments of enslavement, natural enemies of the independent, rational soul, and that a morally responsible person should have nothing whatever to do with them. Einstein expressed this view eloquently in his writings and in his actions. Yet one cannot begin to understand the deep involvement of American scientists in military technology if one does not examine the contrary view—that freedom and military inventiveness are natural allies.

John von Neumann was the most brilliant and the most articulate of the scientists who consciously devoted their talents to the improvement of weaponry in the cause of freedom. Von Neumann's generation saw free societies obliterated all over Europe, not by internal forces of oppression but by Hitler's armies. Freedom survived in England in 1940 because the technological Davids—the coastal radars and the fighter airplanes—were there when they were needed. Many people at that time believed that freedom's survival was made possible by the willingness of British and American scientists to apply their skills wholeheartedly to the problems of war. Even Einstein shared this belief in 1939, when he helped his friend Leo Szilard to launch the American nuclear-energy enterprise. After Hiroshima, Einstein changed his mind, but the majority of American scientists did not. Their experience of the Second World War left behind it a widespread feeling that a permanent alliance between freedom and military science was right and proper. The alliance was evidently beneficial to both parties: a free society needed superior military technology to withstand the superior discipline of a totalitarian enemy, and the military establishment needed a free society to allow scientists and soldiers to work together in an informal and creative style that a totalitarian state could not match. In the context of the postwar Soviet-American arms race, the free scientists of America carried a responsibility to stay ahead in the quality and variety of their inventions, so as to compensate for the larger military expenditures and the advantages of secrecy on the Soviet side. This picture of the arms race sounds naïve and old-fashioned today, but it was dominant in von Neumann's thinking; it still flourishes in Israel and in the less sophisticated regions of America. For every scientist who believes, with Einstein, that modern weapons in the hands of modern governments are an absolute evil, there is another who believes, with von Neumann, that modern weapons rightly used can help freedom to survive in a world of Goliaths.

The root of the moral dilemma of our age lies in the fact that both Einstein's and von Neumann's views contain a large element of truth. Einstein was right in saying, "Mankind can gain protection against the danger of unimaginable destruction and wanton annihilation only if a supranational organization has alone the authority to produce or possess these weapons." Von Neumann was right in believing that the old political realities of national power and the old tribal imperatives of fighting for survival would remain essentially unchanged, even in a world armed with hydrogen bombs. So long as nation-states continue to base their security on threats of general annihilation, there can be no escape from the moral dilemma. But a way of escape may lie open if nation-states can find military means that are effective both in defending tribal interests and in diminishing reliance on nuclear weapons. Each nation is exposed to two kinds of danger—the danger from particular international conflicts and the danger from nuclear weapons in general. An optimum strategy should be designed to deal with both dangers simultaneously. Each nation should recognize explicitly in its military doctrine that its own reliance on nuclear weapons creates a threat to its security which is as seri-

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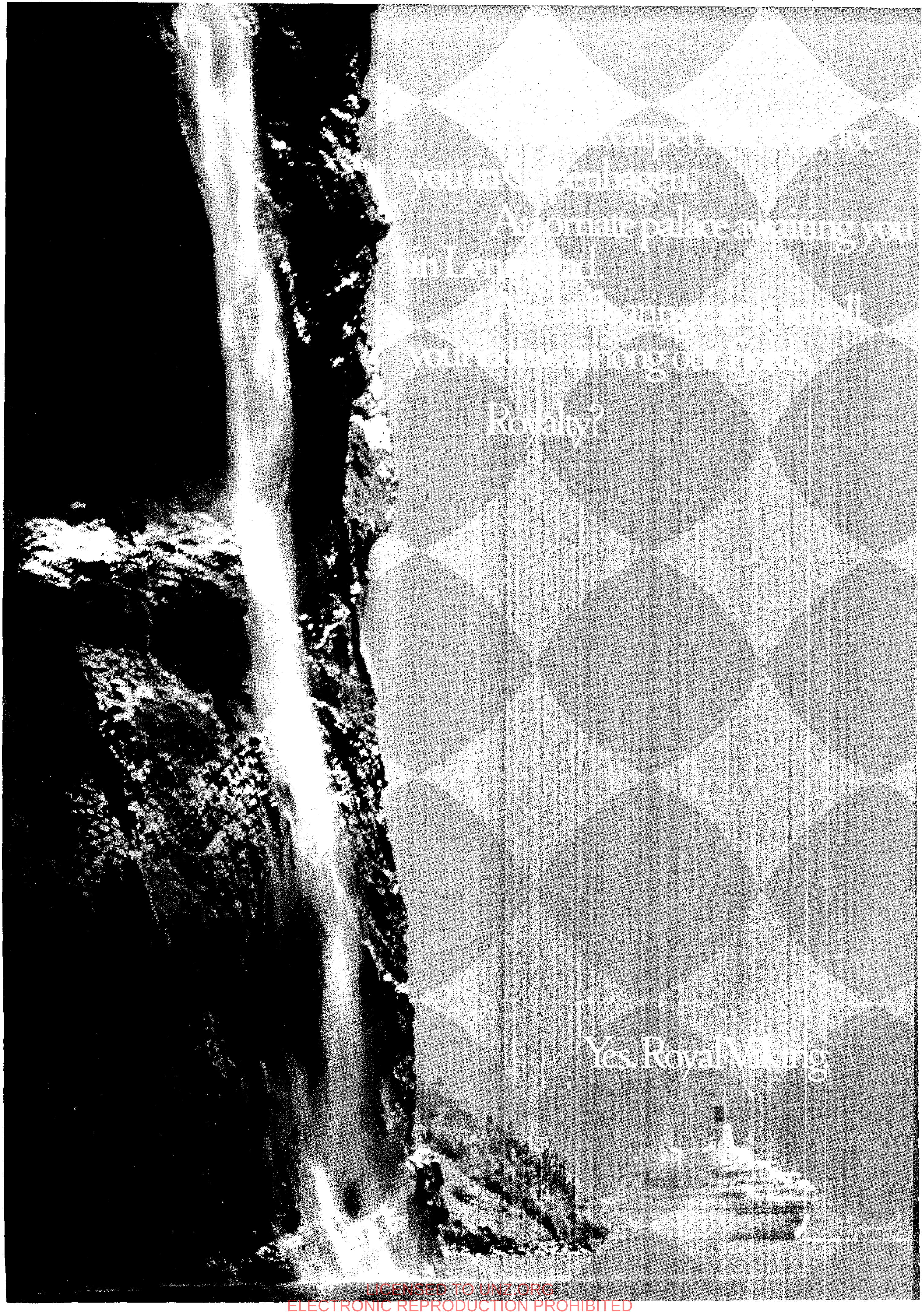
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ous as any external threat. This having been accepted, the appropriate weapons for carrying out its military doctrine will be the weapons of David—weapons that are capable of defending territory without destroying it in the process. The way out of the moral dilemma is to demand that the nation's weapons answer mankind's need for deliverance from nuclear threats as well as the tribal need for defense of its own and its friends' territory.

All military arrangements should be designed with two purposes in mind: the short-range purpose of discouraging aggressive countries from overrunning their neighbors, and the long-range purpose of achieving a gradual transition to a non-nuclear world. The two purposes are not incompatible. The weapons that are most effective in wars of local territorial defense are likely also to be helpful in the global political war against nuclear annihilation.

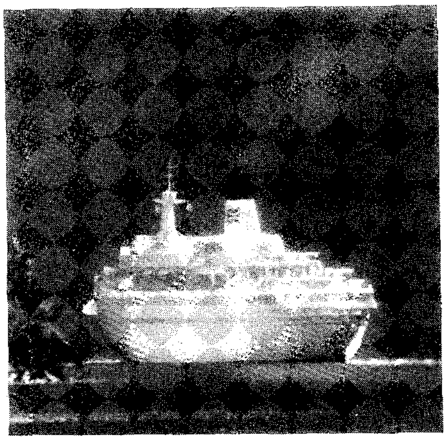
Nobody can predict the future of technology over a long time scale. But it may be possible to make predictions that will be valid for a decade or two. It seems likely that the rapid development of microcomputer and sensor technology will result in a proliferation of sophisticated non-nuclear weapons of the kind that I described in my David stories at the beginning of this section of my essay. The dissemination of David weapons will cause armies to take a step back into an older, more professional style of warfare. The new weapons need élite, highly trained soldiers to use them effectively; they do not need the mass armies that provided the cannon fodder of the two world wars. The Falklands campaign of 1982 affords some additional evidence that the winds of change are blowing in this direction. The Argentine Air Force, a small, élite force using precise weapons with daring and skill, did great damage to the invading forces, while the Argentine Army, a mass army of conscripts, was crushingly defeated. It seems that modern technology is taking the world back toward the eighteenth century—toward the era when small, professional armies fought small, professional wars.

How lucky it would be for humanity if the new David weapons were to make obsolete both of the great monstrosities of the twentieth century—the nuclear mass-destruction weapons and the great cannon-fodder armies! That would be an unbelievable stroke of luck, as if David were to slay two Goliaths with one stone. History teaches us not to expect such luck, and common sense teaches us not to rely on it. Nevertheless, the ultimate abolition through obsolescence of nuclear weapons and mass armies is a worthy political goal, which humanity should strive by all available means to reach. The technology of David weapons is only one of the available means, and probably not the most important, for reaching this goal. If the David weapons can help even slightly to make the goal politically attainable, they will have served a useful purpose. What the world needs in order to be saved is not technological magic but a rebirth of hope.

TECHNICAL FOLLIES

THE most effective weapons are usually simple. Once in a while, advanced technology gives rise to new weapons that are simple and effective. For example, the decisive victories of the German Army in the early years of the Second World War were due largely to a simple technical innovation: General Heinz Guderian added a radio and a radio operator to each tank in his tank divisions. Hermann Balck, one of Guderian's tank commanders, reported forty years later, "This allowed both small and large tank units to be commanded and maneuvered with a swiftness and flexibility that no other army was able to match. As a result, our tanks were able to defeat tanks that were quite superior in firepower and armor." But Balck also reported proudly that he himself had the foresight, before the beginning of the Second World War, to buy for German Army reconnaissance units the mules that the British Army was then selling at bargain prices. The British were mechanizing their Army and believed that mules were obsolete, old-fashioned, unsuited to the conditions of modern warfare. Balck knew better. His secondhand mules performed splendidly as long as the supply lasted. "As the war progressed," he reports, "the infantry divisions simply didn't get any reconnaissance units at all, mostly for lack of equipment. . . . And, of course, the mules were running out, too."

Professional soldiers—especially those with experience in land warfare—look with a skeptical eye at the claims of technology to solve military problems. They know that technology sometimes helps; the jeep, after all, proved in the end to be a better reconnaissance vehicle than the mule. But



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soldiers have a well-justified distrust of technological gadgets that come accompanied by extravagant promises. Precision Guided Munitions are a case in point. It is all very well for an armchair strategist like me to sing the praises of PGM, to describe how they will revolutionize warfare, to call them by the poetic name of David weapons. The professional soldier asks merely, "Will the damned things work?"

PGM come in many shapes and sizes. Some of them are already battle-tried; those unquestionably work—until the enemy finds an effective countermeasure. Some of them are in the process of development, having the electronic and mechanical bugs shaken out of them. Others are still only gleams in the eye of the inventor. It is not to be expected that all of them will be successful. For them to fulfill their promise, it is necessary only that a few of the many available designs turn out to be effective, rugged, and cheap, like Guderian's radios and Balck's mules. The development of PGM is a constant seesaw between two opposing trends. On the one hand, the technology of weapon components—of microcomputers and sensors and memory units and software—improves from year to year in cheapness and reliability. On the other hand, as the components improve, the designs of the over-all weapons systems tend to become more elaborate and expensive. If the tendency of designers to improve and embellish is not held in check, PGM may become one more item in the long list of technical follies that overenthusiastic engineers have inflicted on soldiers throughout the long history of warfare.

The first technical folly that I encountered in my career as a military expert was a system called AGLT: Automatic Gun-Laying Turrets. This was in 1944. The British Bomber Command, suffering heavy losses in night operations over Germany, had appealed for help to the engineers in the British weapons-research establishments. In my section, we knew that the main cause of bomber losses was the German night fighters. We knew that, of the bombers lost, the majority were shot down in surprise attacks before the gunners in the bombers' gun turrets had a chance to see the attacking fighters. Our research engineers came up with a magnificent technical solution to this problem. AGLT was a gun turret combined with a high-performance search-and-track radar and a gyroscopic gun sight that automatically compensated for the motion of the aircraft. The radar could detect and track a fighter well beyond visual range. The information from the radar was fed through the gun sight to a servo system that aimed the turret and the guns. All that the gunner had to do was to wait until the fighter came within an appropriate distance, still beyond visual range, and then pull the trigger. The system was installed in a bomber and tested against pilotless drone targets in trials over England. It worked brilliantly. Drones venturing within half a mile of the bomber were shot down more reliably by the AGLT at night than by the gunner using his eyes to aim the guns in daylight. The problem of the German night fighters was solved. The Ministry of Aircraft Production launched a crash program with the highest priority: to mass-produce AGLT and install it in the operational squadrons of Bomber Command. As a result of heroic efforts, the modified bombers were coming off the production lines in 1944, and were beginning to appear in the squadrons, when I was called in to help prepare plans for their operational use.

AGLT had one little snag. Before it could be used on operations, the whole of Bomber Command had to be equipped with an IFF system (Identification Friend or Foe), which would stop the AGLT bombers from shooting down other bombers that happened to come within range. Bombers already carried a radio IFF system, which was supposed to stop friendly anti-aircraft gunners on the ground from shooting at them, but it had been learned by bitter experience that the radio IFF was only about ninety per cent effective. From my knowledge of the densities of bomber streams and the frequency of interceptions during operations over Germany, I calculated that, on the average, if AGLT was allowed to fire blind, without either visual or IFF identification of the target, it would shoot down four hundred times as many bombers as fighters. If the existing ninety-per-cent-effective IFF was used for identification, AGLT would still shoot down forty bombers for each fighter. When this difficulty was understood, the Ministry of Aircraft Production launched a second crash program: to mass-produce and install in the bombers a brand-new IFF system, using coded infrared transmitters and receivers. The performance of the new IFF was disappointing; it turned out to be only about ninety-five per cent effective under operational conditions. That meant that if it was relied on, AGLT would still shoot down twenty bombers for each fighter. Frantic efforts were made to improve the IFF and the training of the crews who had to operate it. But the highest performance that was ever achieved fell short of ninety-nine-per-cent reliability. If the IFF could have been made ninety-nine per cent reliable over the whole bomber force, AGLT aircraft using it for identification would have destroyed only four bombers for each fighter.

At that point, Bomber Command gave up the struggle. It was clear that AGLT could never be used as it was intended to be used—to destroy fighters at long range. Gunners using AGLT could not be permitted to open fire without first seeing the target and counting its engines. After the huge efforts that had been expended on designing, producing, and deploying it, AGLT turned out to be only slightly better than a conventional gun sight. In the official British history of the strategic air offensive, the AGLT fiasco is concealed in a brief and inconspicuous footnote: "A new and remarkable device, the Automatic Gun-Laying Turret, known to Bomber Command as Village Inn, was under development. It automatically sighted and fired at enemy aircraft, but by the time of the German surrender it had been used on such a limited scale as to make no difference."

AGLT was a typical example of a common variety of technical folly. When a new weapon performs well under the artificial conditions of a test firing, it is always tempting to rush it into production with the expectation that it will do equally well on the battlefield. The thing usually fails on the battlefield, not because it does not work technically but because the criteria for being useful on the

Judith Shahn

battlefield are different from the criteria of a test firing.

During the months when Bomber Command was struggling in vain to salvage something of value from AGLT, Britain was being bombarded by the Germans with their V-1 and V-2 missiles. All of us there were delighted to see that the Germans were engaged in a salvage operation at least as hopeless as ours. The V-1 and V-2 missiles were technical follies, as useless as AGLT, and considerably more costly to the Germans than AGLT was to us. The Germans had expended irreplaceable resources in bringing these follies into mass production, without any realistic test of their operational effectiveness. In 1944, when the Allies invaded France, the Germans were compelled either to use the missiles or to lose them. They tried to salvage something from their investment by firing the missiles off in the general direction of London and, later, in the direction of Antwerp and Liège. The only real benefit that the Germans derived from this operation was that the Allies diverted to the bombing of V-1 and V-2 launch sites large numbers of airplanes that might otherwise have been bombing German trucks and trains.

But the V-1 and V-2 missiles were not the greatest technical follies of the Second World War. Considered on a larger scale, the whole strategic air offensive of Bomber Command against Germany was a technical folly, too. The origins of the British bomber offensive go back into history. As early as 1928, Sir Hugh Trenchard, the founding father of the Royal Air Force and then the Chief of the Air Staff, wrote a memorandum for the Chiefs of Staff Subcommittee on the War Object of an Air Force. "I would state definitely," he wrote, "that in the view of the Air Staff the object to be sought by air action will be to paralyse from the very outset the enemy's productive centres of munitions of war of every sort and to stop all communications and transportation." Sir George Milne, the Army Chief of Staff, raised strong objections to Trenchard's statement. "As regards the ethical aspect of his proposals, it is for His Majesty's Government to accept or refuse a doctrine which, put into plain English, amounts to one which advocates unrestricted warfare against the civil population of one's enemy," Milne concluded. "On the military side, I have demonstrated that it is clearly to our national disadvantage to subscribe

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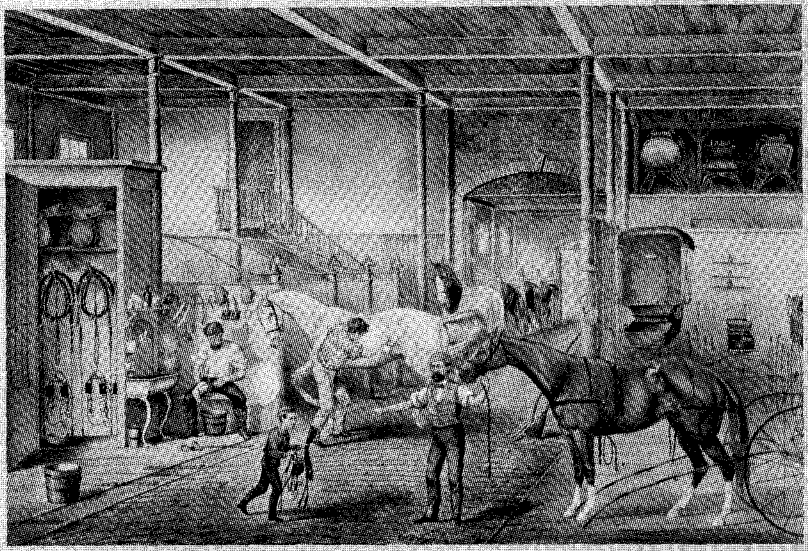

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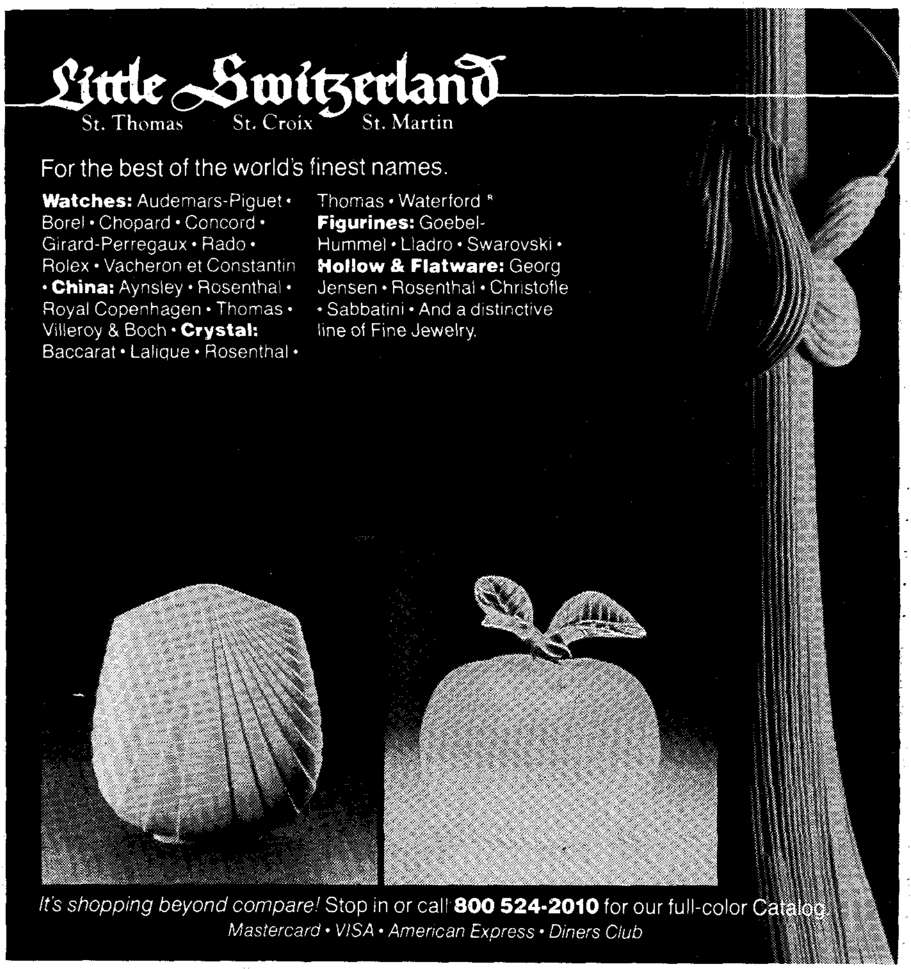

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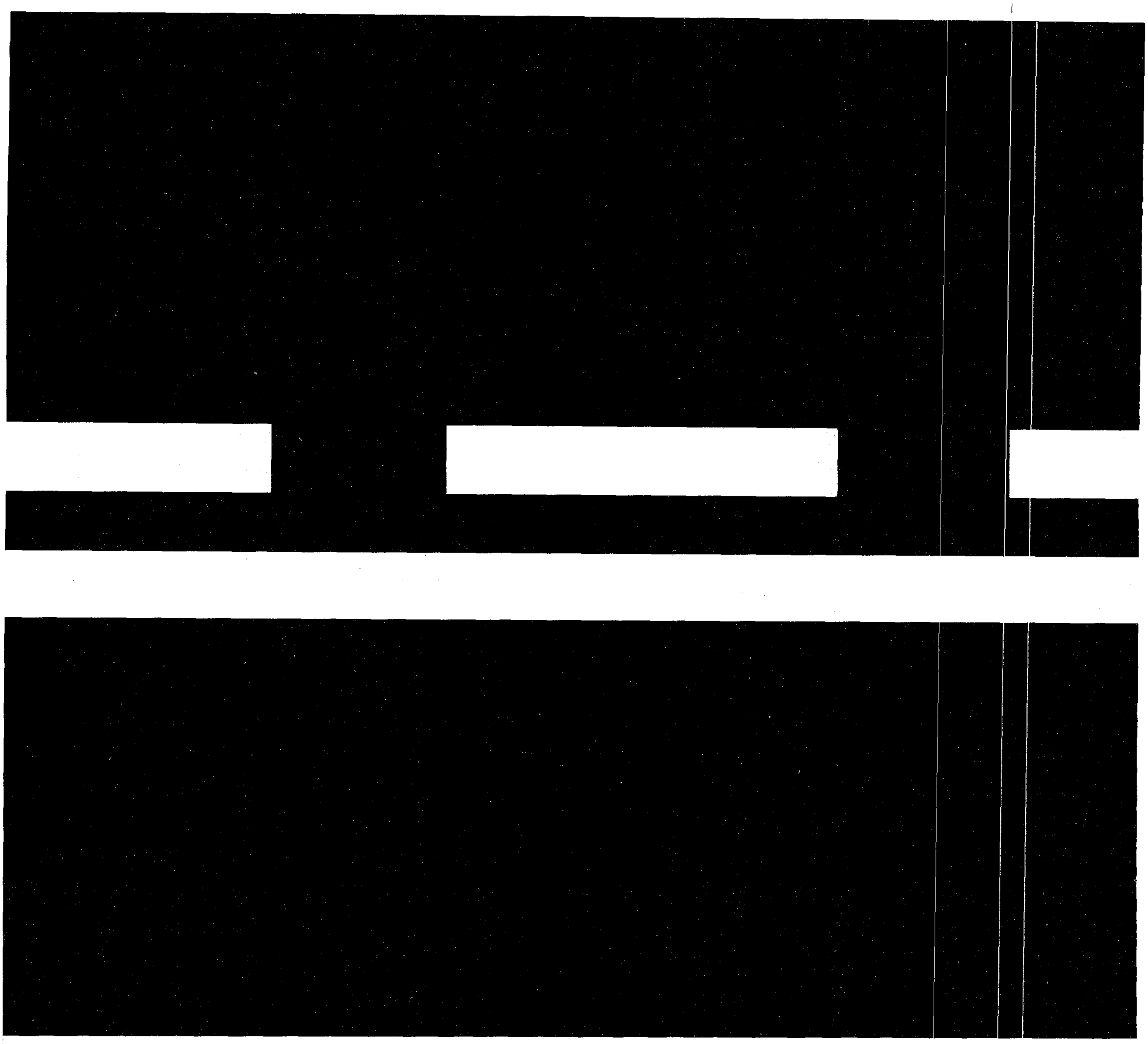

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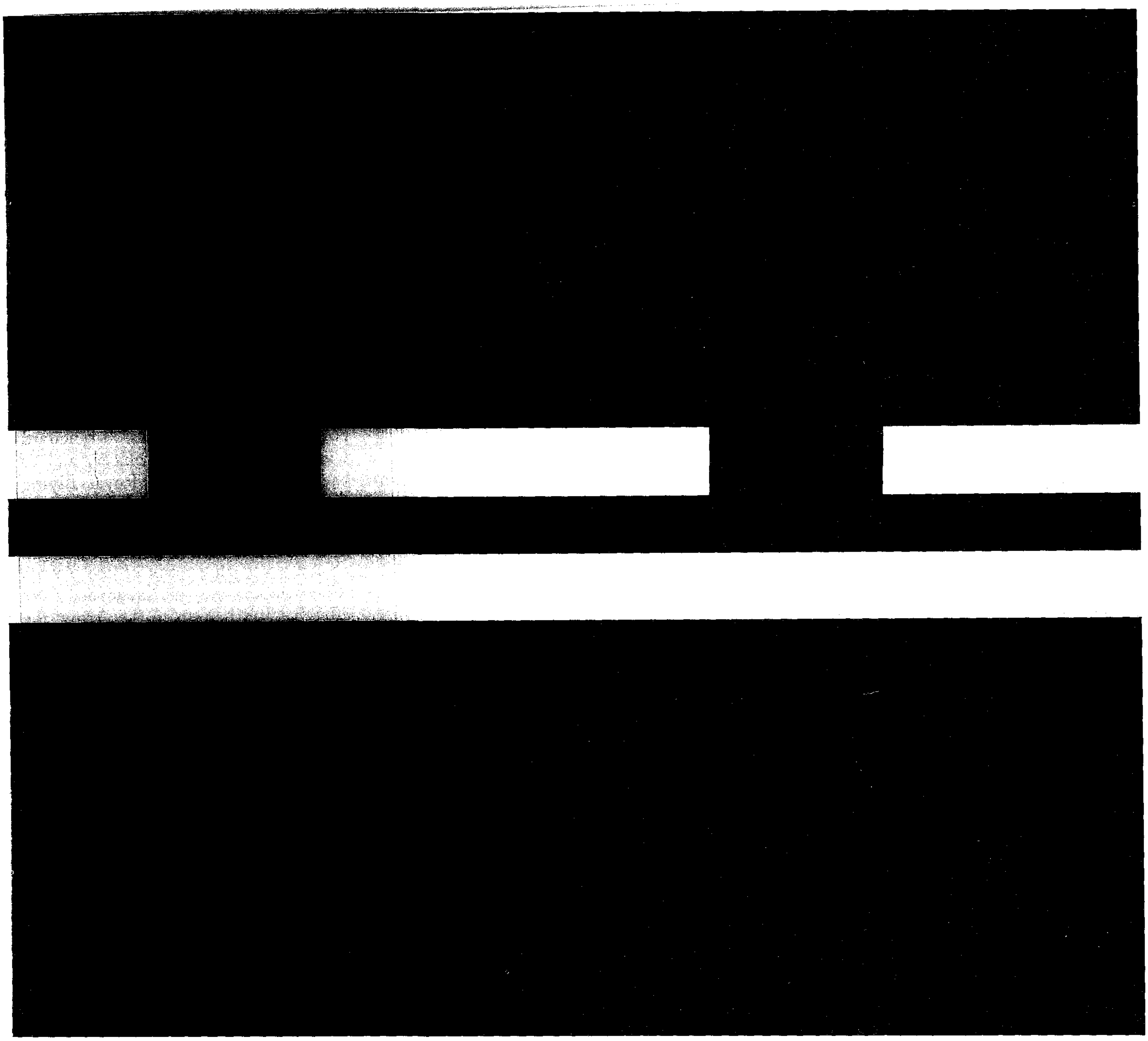

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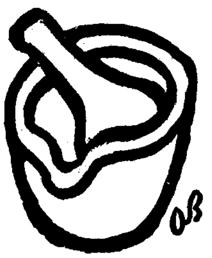
to the policy he advocates, while the adoption of a doctrine by the Royal Air Force which is independent of that under which the other two services are trained to wage war will inevitably lead to their attempting to wage war independently. In war, concentration of effort alone can bring about success, and my main anxiety, after studying the Air Staff Memorandum, is lest the acceptance of the views advanced may lead us in exactly the opposite direction." The memoranda of Trenchard and Milne are classic statements of the arguments for and against the doctrine of strategic bombing. The Navy Chief of Staff added a shorter memorandum, concurring with Milne.

As far as the British government was concerned, Trenchard won the argument. He retired from the Air Force in 1929, but he played the role of elder statesman for almost thirty years longer. His successors in the Air Force lived in his shadow and followed his policies. No political leader dared compel the Air Force to subordinate its strategic objectives to the plans of the Army and the Navy. The Trenchard doctrine remained, from 1928 until the end of the Second World War and beyond, the official doctrine of the Royal Air Force. The strategic air offensive of Bomber Command was carried out according to Trenchard's plan.



After the bomber offensive had run its bloody course, after the six years of heroism and sacrifice were over, one could see that all Trenchard's expectations had proved false and all Milne's expectations had proved true. Trenchard said in 1928 that bombing should "paralyse from the very outset the enemy's productive centres." Bomber Command failed for five years to achieve this objective, succeeding only in the final months of the war, when Germany was already defeated and invaded by the Allied armies. Milne's fear that the pursuit of an independent Air Force strategy would damage the cohesion of British military operations proved abundantly justified. If the tremendous resources devoted to Bomber Command had been available to support the strategic objectives of the Army and the Navy, the British could have concentrated their efforts on the two campaigns that were strategically decisive: the invasion of France and the fight against the U-boats in the Atlantic. Bomber Command by itself absorbed about one-quarter of the entire British war effort. All through the war, the operations of the Allied armies were delayed and prolonged by a chronic shortage of ships. If England had decided at the beginning to build fewer bombers and more ships, the war in Europe would probably have ended at least a year sooner.

Trenchard had been the commander of the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War. The Royal Flying Corps was a part of the British Army; it worked under Army directives in support of Army operations. Trenchard was himself an Army officer, and as the commander of the Royal Flying Corps he waged war brilliantly in the style recommended by Sir George Milne, subordinating his strategic objectives to the needs of the Army. The operations of his squadrons were effective and helpful to the Army; the story of the Royal Flying Corps is one of the few bright pages in the dismal history of the First World War. But Trenchard saw the Army stuck in the mud of Flanders and felt that the efforts of his airmen were being wasted. In April, 1918, the Royal Flying Corps was combined with the Royal Naval Air Service and renamed the Royal Air Force, and became an independent service, with the freedom to follow its own ideas. Trenchard was ready to begin a strategic air offensive against Germany; only the Armistice in November, 1918, stopped him. This personal history explains why Trenchard spent the rest of his long life fighting so passionately to maintain the independence of Bomber Command and to establish the primacy of strategic bombing. Deep down, he believed that if England were to follow the advice of Sir George Milne its men would be condemned to bleed again in the mud of Flanders. He could not foresee that in the next great war the Army would learn to be agile, while his beloved independent bomber force would become trapped in a costly campaign of attrition.

The apparatus of Bomber Command as it developed in the Second World War, with its inflexible strategy and its huge outpouring of men and machines, had the three salient characteristics of a technical folly. First, it was incapable of doing the job—paralyzing the enemy's production—for which it had been designed.

Second, it was incapable of adapting itself effectively to any other job. Third, it was inordinately expensive. These are the same three characteristics that appeared, on a smaller scale, in the story of AGLT.

During the years since 1945, the military services of the United States have been guilty of many technical follies, several of which are well documented in James Fallows' book "National Defense." But the services can also take credit for having frequently said no to enthusiastic inventors and salesmen. A number of bizarre projects were promoted by government and industrial-research laboratories but never sold to the military services. They were brought to a halt before they could do any real harm. Since these abortive projects had no military consequences, they hardly deserve the name of follies. They could more charitably be described as welfare programs for scientists and engineers. A notorious example of such a welfare program was the nuclear-propelled airplane—an airplane that was supposed to be able to stay in the air for weeks at a time, because it was driven by a nuclear reactor. It never flew. There were two snags—a major one and a minor one. The minor snag was that the reactor could not be adequately shielded within the weight limitations of an airplane, so the thing would have become a perpetual radiation hazard as soon as it started to fly. The major snag was that nobody could think of anything useful to do with it. A less well-known but technically more interesting project was Pluto, a nuclear-propelled supersonic cruise missile. Pluto was promoted by the Livermore nuclear-weapons laboratory. It had at least the virtue of being spectacular. The missile was supposed to scream along at two or three times the speed of sound, a few hundred feet above the ground, generating shock waves strong enough to flatten buildings on either side of its track. It would do so much damage while cruising around over an enemy country that it hardly mattered whether or not it carried a warhead. This looked as if it might be a militarily useful device until one began to ask practical questions. Where could it be based and tested? What specific missions would it be good for? After asking a few such questions, the Air Force wisely decided to leave it alone.

Alas, the Air Force was not so wise when it came to dealing with the prob-

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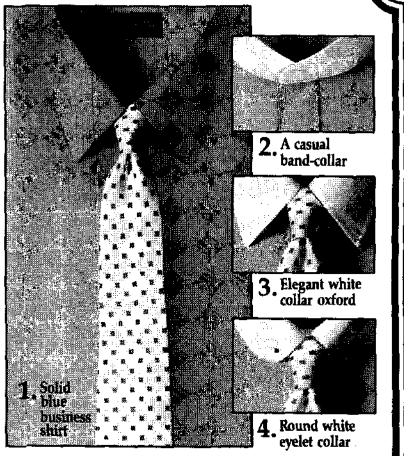
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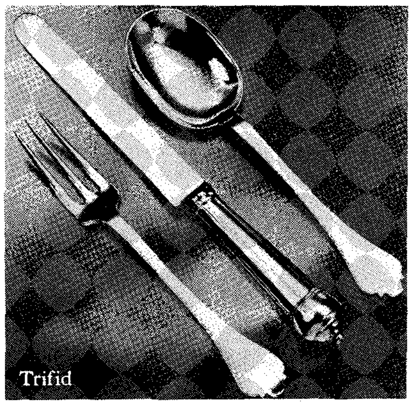

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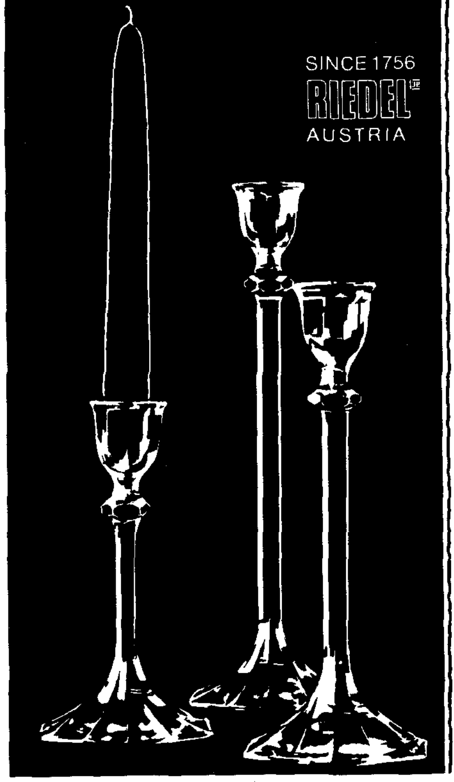
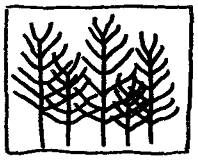


lem of the MX missile. The MX program reminds me in many ways of AGLT. The Air Force has bought the MX missile and speeded its development without having discovered a satisfactory place to put it. The problem of where to put the MX is called the basing problem. The basing problem is for the MX what the IFF problem was for AGLT. The AGLT itself was such a technical tour de force that nobody expected to be stymied by the comparatively simple job of building a reliable IFF. Then it turned out that the IFF was not a simple job after all. The MX, with its ten accurate and independently targetable warheads, is likewise a technical tour de force, and its designers did not expect to be stymied by the comparatively simple job of building a base for it. The origins of MX and AGLT were also similar. The MX program was started because this country's existing force of a thousand land-based intercontinental missiles, the Minuteman force, was becoming vulnerable to a Soviet surprise attack as Soviet missiles became more numerous and more accurate. The primary purpose of MX was to solve this Minuteman-vulnerability problem, just as the purpose of AGLT was to solve the problem of the vulnerability of bombers to surprise attack by fighters. To solve the Minuteman-vulnerability problem, the MX had to be put in bases that were protected or concealed so that Soviet missiles could not attack them effectively. To solve the bomber-vulnerability problem, the AGLT had to be able to shoot blind at long range, so that fighters could not get close enough to attack effectively. The MX without a secure basing system is only a fancier and more expensive Minuteman, just as AGLT without a reliable IFF was only a fancier and more expensive gun sight. The nation has seen one attempt after another to design a secure MX-basing system. Among them have been tunnels, trenches, deep-underground burial, and the dispersal of mobile missiles on roads, on train tracks, and in airplanes; the multiple-protective-shelter, or race-track, system, which threatened to cover large areas of Nevada and Utah with concrete; and the dense-pack system, which would squeeze all the MX missiles together into a small area on the Nebraska-Wyoming line. All these attempts ran into snags of one kind or another. The search for a good basing system continues, and it is as frustrating to those engaged in it as the search for a good IFF was in 1944.



Perhaps the analogy between the MX and AGLT goes deeper. AGLT was a small technical folly embedded within the grand technical folly of Bomber Command. MX is a small technical folly embedded within the grand technical folly of nuclear-missile forces. Bomber Command had its roots in the Trenchard doctrine—the doctrine that a strategic bomber force operating independently of armies and navies could by itself be a decisive weapon of war. Nuclear-missile forces have their origin in the doctrine of deterrence—the doctrine that offensive nuclear forces of overwhelming destructive power will preserve our security by deterring our adversaries from hostile actions. The deterrence doctrine is not identical with the Trenchard doctrine, but it grew historically out of the Trenchard doctrine and it has the same basic weakness. Both Trenchard and the theorists of deterrence believed that they could predict the course of history by rational calculation. Hitler and the German night fighters proved Trenchard wrong. The recalcitrance of the MX-basing problem has not quite proved the theorists of deterrence wrong, but it has at least thrown serious doubt upon their credibility. If one looks at the story of Bomber Command and the story of the MX as variations on a single theme, one is led to ask whether reliance on the theory of deterrence as a permanent guarantee of survival may not be the greatest technical folly of all.

STAR WARS

WHY was the "Star Wars" film such an outstanding box-office success? Perhaps it was only because the public responded to the fairy-tale humor, to the pair of sweetly bumbling robots, to the avuncular Alec Guinness, with his beneficent magic force. But one can also interpret the success of the film in a more sinister fashion. It is, after all, a film about war. The public has learned from the disasters of the twentieth century that war in our time is too tragic to be a suitable theme for light entertainment. But the public is still, consciously or subconsciously, in love with war. Perhaps the true reason for the film's phenomenal success is that it made war seem innocent; the remote locus in space and time allowed the public to indulge its secret love of war with a clear conscience.

Twenty years earlier, I witnessed another Star Wars fantasy, which was closer to us in space and time and was also closer to being real. I was then engaged in the design of a spaceship called Orion. Orion, if it had been built, would have been a large and ambitious spaceship, driven by nuclear explosions and capable of travelling rapidly from planet to planet. All the civilian scientists and engineers who worked on the design, including our leader, Theodore Taylor, who invented it, had come to it with peaceful intentions. We wanted to build a ship that could carry mankind peacefully from one end of the solar system to the other. But our work was taken over by the United States Air Force, and some people in the Air Force had other purposes in mind. There was one Air Force captain, in particular, who had grand ideas for the future of Orion. Orion was to become a space battleship. Great fleets of space battleships were to patrol the ocean of space. The captain had read Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan's classic work "The Influence of Sea Power Upon the French Revolution and Empire 1793-1812," and his imagination had been fired by Mahan's famous description of the British Navy in the years of the Napoleonic Wars: "Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world." The captain's Deep Space Bombardment Force was to preserve the Pax Americana in the twenty-first century, as the far-distant, storm-beaten warships of England had preserved the Pax Britannica in the nineteenth. Cruising majestically in orbits beyond the moon, manned by Air Force captains as brave as the English sea captains of old, the ships of the Deep Space Bombardment Force would stand between the tyrants of the Kremlin and the dominion of the world. The captain worked hard to convince us of the practicality of his plans. He drew big charts of cislunar and translunar space, depicting the maneuvers of the Deep Space Bombardment Force and the various subsidiary forces required for provisioning, communication, and reconnaissance. But few of his colleagues in the Air Force took his ideas seriously. The charts of the Deep Space Bombardment Force were presented only

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once, in a briefing of the senior Air Force dignitaries who were responsible for the funding of our project. The captain's dream fleet, the ghostly armada of Orion ships silently keeping watch over our planet, did not impress them favorably. The dignitaries made it clear that they wished no more of their funds to be spent on dreams of imperial glory. After the briefing, the captain's charts disappeared into a drawer, and the captain's dreams remained dreams.

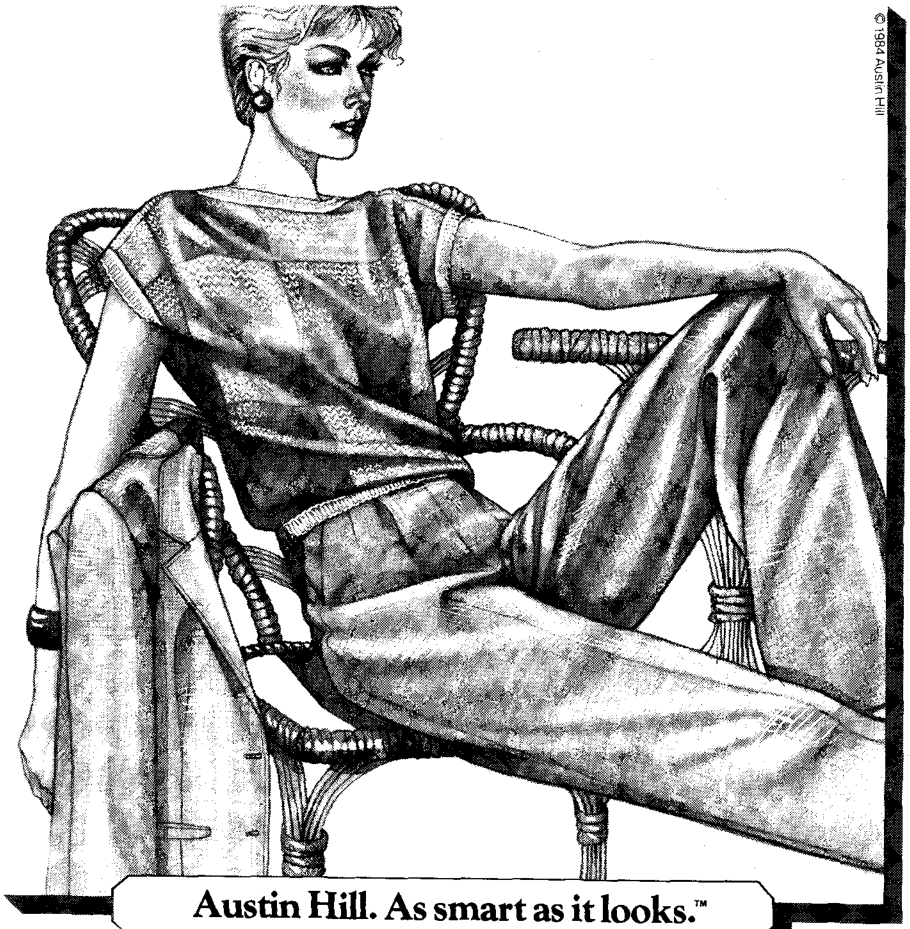
It is easy to dismiss the success of "Star Wars" as inconsequential; after all, the whole point of the film was that it was not supposed to be taken seriously. And it is easy to dismiss as a dreamer anybody who, like my friend the Air Force captain, believes seriously in space battleships. But behind the flummery and absurdity lies a real and important question: Is it possible, as a practical matter, for the perennial squabbles of mankind to be made less dangerous to our health and welfare by a move of the arena of military activities from the earth into space? If this should prove possible, the move would bring great relief and benefit to humanity. Warfare in space could become, as naval warfare has traditionally been, a comparatively decent and humane method of settling political disputes. Space battles, like sea battles, would be fought by professional élites with minimal damage to noncombatants. Even a few thousand megatons of nuclear bombs exploded here and there in deep space would be a harmless display of fireworks for the spectators on earth, doing as little damage to civilians as the distant thunder of the guns of Jutland did in 1916. Is this picture, the earth being made safe for humanity by moving warfare into space, only a childish fantasy? Or is there some chance that it could really happen?

To answer these questions, one must turn away from fantasy and look at the realities of military operations in space. When one examines missions and machines in detail, the analogy between naval and space operations immediately disappears. The physical properties of ocean and space are quite dissimilar, and as a result the functions of a water navy and a space navy are totally different. Space is transparent, the ocean largely opaque. From space one can see almost everything, from the sea almost nothing. At sea one can stop and wait, in space one is perpetually on the move. From the sea one can touch land and go ashore, from space one can touch nothing. The exercise of sea power has historically required a navy to perform four functions: the protection of merchant shipping, the blockading of enemy ports, the movement of armies overseas, and the protection of coasts against invasion. None of these functions, and no functions analogous to them, can be performed from space. Instead, military space vehicles as they now exist perform four equally important but quite different functions: the provision of reliable radio communication between military units on the ground, the provision of reference signals for accurate navigation of ships and airplanes, the collection of intelligence by interception of signals from foreign military forces, and the reconnaissance of foreign territory by direct photography from space. In short, the functions of existing military space vehicles are concerned entirely with the collection and transmission of information. Navies can influence military operations on land by the interposition of brute force; military space vehicles can at present influence operations on the ground only by supplying information. So long as all the physical violence remains on the ground, and only data processors are put in space, a space navy will bear no resemblance to a sea navy.

Humanity derives great benefit from the existence of military space vehicles performing their present function of information-gathering. Photographic reconnaissance from space is the essential tool for verifying arms-control treaties, for diminishing threats of surprise attack, and for quieting exaggerated fears and rumors of secret weapons. *Aviation Week & Space Technology* and other magazines are constantly spreading stories of Soviet activities in advanced weapons technology. We in this country read about giant Soviet lasers and particle-beam experiments, and we are supposed to be duly frightened. Fortunately, we can rely upon photographic reconnaissance from space to give us timely warning if ever any of these alleged superweapons reach the stage of serious deployment. Without the reconnaissance satellites, it would be far more difficult for us to resist the scaremongers. And it is unlikely that without the reconnaissance satellites for verification any serious arms-control agreements could be negotiated at all.

The unarmed military satellites of the Soviet Union do not do much harm to us, and our satellites do not do much harm to the Soviet Union. In fact, if peaceful coexistence is the goal the satellites of both sides are beneficial to both sides. Soviet satellites benefit us by reducing the intensity of Soviet paranoia, and our satellites benefit the Soviet Union by reducing the intensity of our paranoia. The American arms-control community believes strongly that this happy state of affairs ought to be perpetuated, and therefore urges our government to negotiate a formal satellite-protection treaty with the Soviet Union, forbidding each country to deploy or test any apparatus designed to destroy or damage the other's spacecraft. Space would then become not totally peaceful but a privileged sanctuary for military spacecraft of all nations going about their business of collecting and transmitting information. This is one possible future for the military utilization of space. Since the arms controllers consider it desirable, I call it the arms controllers' future. In the arms controllers' future, space is a sanctuary, and weapons stay on the ground.

There are other possible futures. The Soviet Union has already developed and tested a satellite with the ability to hunt and kill other satellites. If a satellite-protection treaty is not concluded, the United States will also proceed with satellite-killer systems. After that, one may see a proliferation of military spacecraft carrying the weapons that *Aviation Week & Space Technology* publicizes—high-energy lasers and particle-beam generators of various kinds. This possible future I call the technical-follies future. In the technical-follies future, space becomes the arena of a technological arms race pursued without much regard for military utility. Both sides may decide to launch space battleships, even though space battleships are militarily as obsolete as sea battleships. Space battleships, like sea battleships, are valued chiefly by officers of high rank as platforms for the ceremonial exercise of command. In space, even more than on the ocean, big ships are vulnerable and cost more than they are worth. Real military advantage in space will lie with numbers and concealment. In space, there is no place to hide, but concealment is possible if active units are small and are deployed among a large number of decoy units of similar appearance. Many and cheap will have



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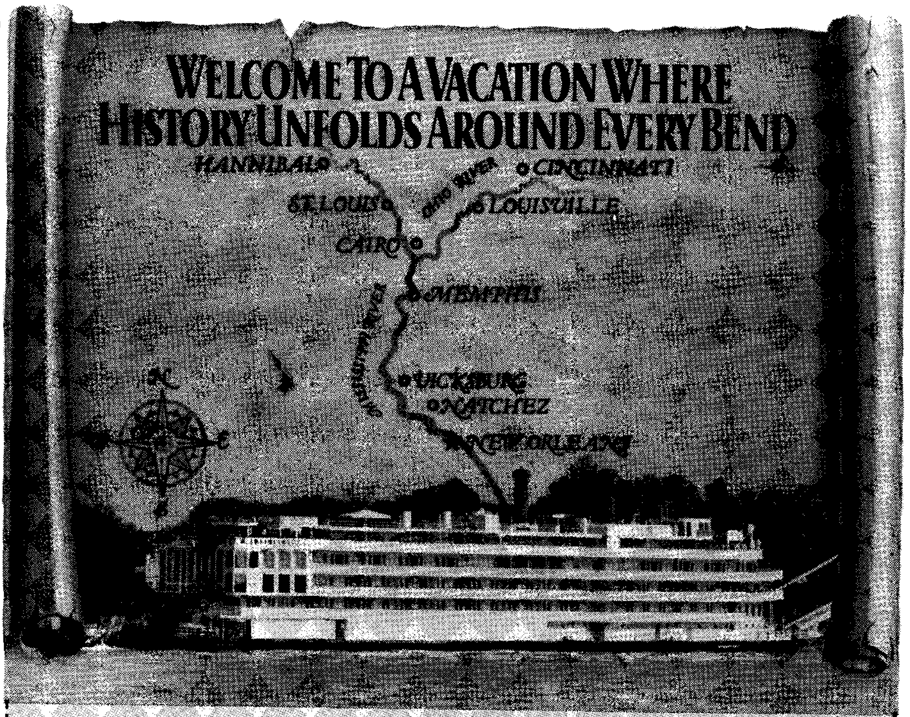

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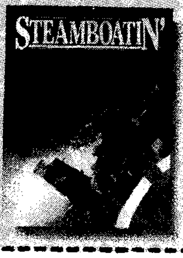

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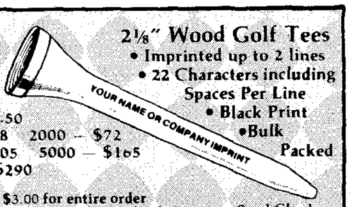
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the advantage over few and expensive. Unmanned will have the advantage over manned. If our country chooses the technical-follies future, we shall see a proliferation of military spacecraft of all shapes and sizes. But this display of technical proficiency will probably affect the realities of military and political power on the ground very little.

Enthusiasts of space weaponry, like my friend the Air Force captain, have always dreamed that one day their space weapons could dominate ground weapons, that their space forces could impose peace on ground forces. The concrete expression of this dream is a space-based anti-missile system that could reliably destroy any ground-launched or sea-launched missiles in the vulnerable early stages of their flight. In the dream, the space force constantly patrols the planet, ready to kill in a second or two, with a lightning bolt of laser or particle-beam energy, every missile that rises from the earth without due notification and authorization. It is a beautiful dream: the weapons of high precision rendering impotent the weapons of mass destruction; the celestial lightning bolts, without hurting a single hair of a human head, purging the earth of mass-destruction weapons by the controlled and localized force of a superior technology.

Unfortunately for humanity, purging the earth of nuclear weapons is too big a job for technology to do alone. The dream of the omnipotent celestial laser-beam patrol fails on technological grounds. The space-based anti-missile system has many technical weaknesses. Even if death-ray weapons could be aimed and focussed with perfect accuracy and could deliver a sufficient concentration of energy to destroy a missile, they would still be at a great disadvantage in terms of vulnerability. A missile is vulnerable to death-ray attack only for the few minutes while it is in flight; a death-ray machine in space is vulnerable all the time. A death-ray machine is a large and delicate piece of apparatus; a single pebble colliding with it at orbital velocity would have a good chance of putting it out of action. The same technology that allows one to aim the death ray with the necessary precision also allows one to aim the pebble. When the experts play their little games, with ground-based missiles on one side and death-ray machines in space on the other, the ground-based side almost always wins. It is, of course, possible to adjust the numbers of weapons on the two sides so as to make it an even game, but then the cost of the space weapons is outrageously high compared with the cost of the ground weapons. These imaginary battles ignore many aspects of the real world, but they lead us to a clear conclusion: so long as large land-based or sea-based missile forces exist and are not subject to severe political constraints, there is no technological magic by which space-based weaponry can disarm them. The extension of the technological arms race into space cannot by itself make ground-based missiles obsolete or ineffective. For this reason, I call the future in which space weapons proliferate without end the technical-follies future. It is an extension into the future of the same folly that gave us AGLT and the MX. It is a future of double folly—the small-scale folly of militarily useless weapons, and the large-scale folly of unattainable strategic objectives.

The arms controllers' future makes space a peaceful sanctuary and leaves mankind to deal as best it can with strategic problems on the ground. The technical-follies future makes space a battleground and does nothing to make the problems on the ground more tractable. But there is a third possible future—a future in which nuclear weapons are legally banned from the earth and from space, and in which the resources of non-nuclear technology are used in an energetic fashion to help make the ban effective. This third future I call the defense-dominated future. In the defense-dominated future, it is not defensive technology alone that disarms weapons of mass destruction but legal and political restraints strengthened by the active intervention of technology.

As long as mankind maintains overwhelmingly destructive nuclear forces on earth, it would be wise to keep space disarmed as far as possible. But if mankind can ever achieve drastic disarmament on earth a deployment of appropriately designed space weaponry may help to push the negotiated reduction of nuclear arsenals all the way to zero. These are the premises of the defense-dominated future: the earth becomes a non-nuclear sanctuary stabilized by substantial military forces in space; the space forces are specifically designed to allay fears and to diminish incentives for secret or open nuclear rearmament. To achieve these purposes, the space forces would not need to attempt the almost impossible task of nullifying a full-scale onslaught of the present-day Soviet or American missile forces. It would be sufficient for the space forces to be capable of nullifying much smaller threats. The smaller threats that would exist in a non-nuclear world would be either residual nuclear forces concealed by a country secretly violating a disarmament treaty or embryonic nuclear forces deployed by a country openly abrogating the treaty or nuclear forces belonging to smaller countries that had never acceded to the treaty. Space forces that could defeat these smaller threats are not beyond the realm of technical possibility. Such forces would not by themselves remove all danger of a breakdown of the non-nuclear regime, but they would powerfully strengthen the political and institutional structures on which the durability of the regime would depend.

What kind of space forces would the defense-dominated future require? Certainly not space battleships, and probably not death-ray generators or high-energy lasers. One of the primary requirements for an effective space force is that it be inconspicuous and invulnerable. The most likely shape for the space force would be a multitude of small vehicles scattered in orbits around the earth and carrying telescopes and sensors of various kinds. The purpose of these vehicles would be to collect accurate and timely information. In a defensive battle, information is more important than bizarre kill mechanisms. If the defense has adequate information, it can relay the information to small non-nuclear interceptors, either ground-launched or in orbit, which can use their own sensors to home onto a flying missile and destroy it by direct impact. The idea of a space force of this kind is not new. It was proposed in the nineteen-fifties and given the name BAMBI (Ballistic Missile Boost Intercept). It was then rejected as technically impracticable and prohibitively expensive. During the next twenty years, sensors and microcomputers became enormously more capable and also cheaper. If the world ever decides to move along the road toward the defense-dominated future, it is possible that space forces of the BAMBI type can be built at reasonable cost, and that they can be effective

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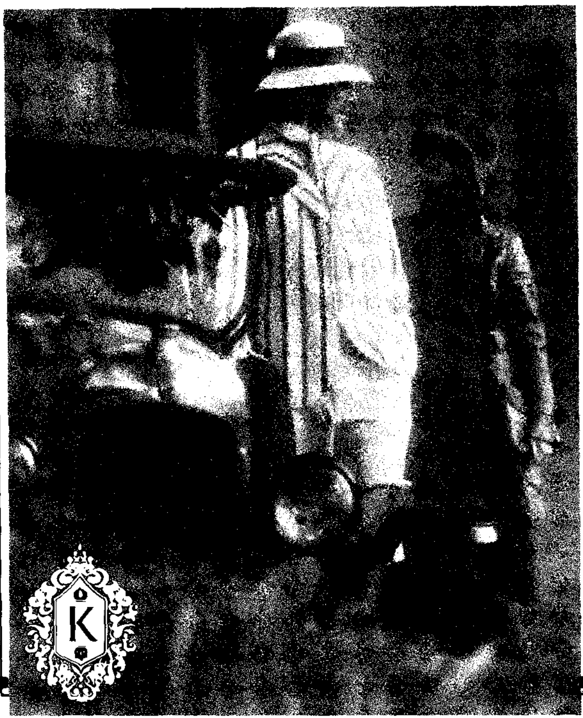

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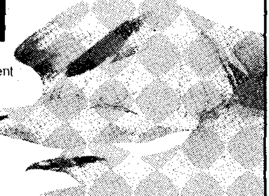

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enough to help stabilize the world against backsliding into nuclear terror.

In the defense-dominated future as I have described it, the space forces play a modest role, patrolling the earth inconspicuously and serving as an adjunct to earthbound political arrangements. These forces could probably operate most efficiently without a single Air Force officer in orbit. It is a far cry from the Deep Space Bombardment Force, or from the Galactic Empire space force that we saw in the "Star Wars" film. And that is all to the good. If space forces have a constructive role to play in our future, it is the role that Sir George Milne envisaged in 1928 for the Royal Air Force, rather than the role that Sir Hugh Trenchard demanded. Space forces, like air forces, should be firmly harnessed to the strategic needs of earthbound humanity.

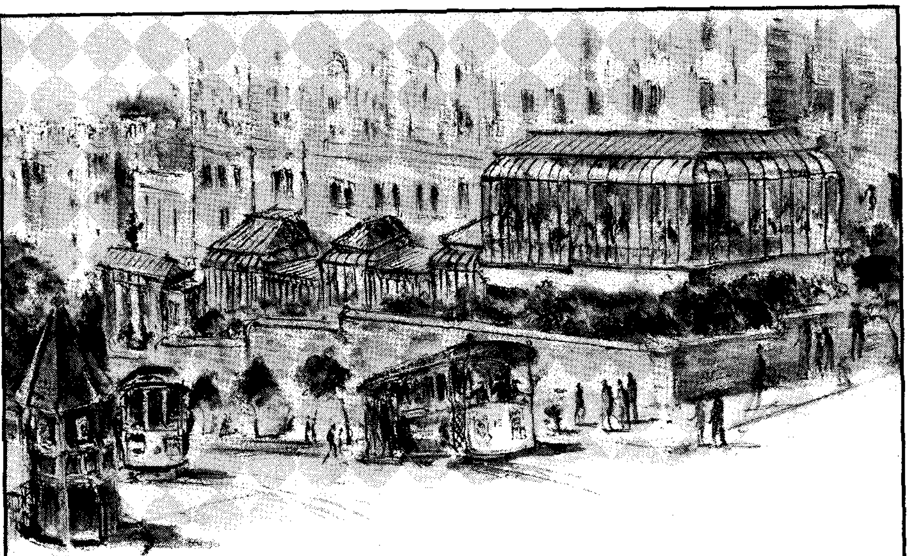
In the end, the goal of the arms controllers' future and that of the defense-dominated future are the same, and only the means are different. The goal of both futures is a stable world with a minimum of nuclear armament. The arms controllers' future chooses first to disarm space, while leaving nuclear offensive forces on the ground intact, in the hope that a stable regime of nuclear deterrence will allow gradual steps toward disarmament. The defense-dominated future chooses first to disarm nuclear forces on the ground, while letting space forces grow, in the hope that a disarmed world will settle down more comfortably if it has space forces providing substantial protection against the risks of surprise attack. The two futures, if they fulfill their promise, converge to a common end. The real future, if human beings are wise, will probably lie somewhere in the middle—between the arms controllers' and the defense-dominated extremes. If human beings are unwise, the technical-follies future is there waiting for them to stumble into it.

The ABM Problem

ABM, short for "anti-ballistic-missile system," is one of the few military abbreviations that have passed into civilian language and are generally understood by people not expert in military jargon. Since "anti-ballistic-missile system" is an ugly phrase, I shall use the abbreviation ABM with no further apology. The fact that ABM has become a familiar concept outside military circles is itself significant. It signifies that the public has been involved more deeply in the political debate over ABM deployment than in other strategic debates of the past twenty years. To me, it has always been puzzling and saddening that the public reacted with such vehemence against the defensive ABM and yet accepted without serious concern the deployment of our far more murderous offensive nuclear systems—the Minuteman missiles and the Polaris and Trident submarines. It is a fact that the public, whether wisely or unwisely, prefers offensive to defensive weapons. This fact lies at the heart of what I choose to call the ABM problem. The problem is how to deal with the contradiction between old-fashioned ethics and new-fashioned strategic doctrines. Old-fashioned ethics say that self-defense is good and mass murder is evil. The strategic doctrine of deterrence, supported not only by government experts but by the multitude of ordinary citizens who rose in protest against ABM, leads into a world of upside-down logic which considers weapons of self-defense evil and weapons of mass murder good. There are two possible responses to the contradiction. One may simply reject the old-fashioned ethics as naïve, impractical, irrelevant to the complex realities of modern weaponry. This is the response of the majority of my friends, both inside and outside the government establishment. Alternatively, one may stubbornly struggle, as I do, to be faithful to the old-fashioned ethics, and look for an evolution of strategic doctrines which will allow old-fashioned ethics to be once again relevant and practical.

The ABM problem has a long history, which I will not attempt to summarize here. Many well-documented historical studies are available. As far as the general public in the United States is concerned, the history began in the late nineteen-fifties, when political opposition to nuclear-bomb tests became serious. Military leaders opposed to a test ban then invoked the development of ABM as one of the justifications for continued testing. By 1963, the worldwide outcry against radioactive fallout from nuclear tests in the atmosphere had become so loud that governments were forced to respond; in that year the Limited Test-Ban Treaty was signed. After the signing of the treaty came the debate over its ratification by the United States Senate. In the ratification debate, most of the military witnesses supported the treaty, saying that they were satisfied with the opportunities it left open for continued testing underground. At that point, the victory of the treaty was assured, and the opponents became a beleaguered and unpopular minority. The only serious military-development program that could not be accommodated by underground testing was the nuclear-ABM program as it then existed. So in the closing phase of the debate the discussion centered almost exclusively on the ABM issue, the opponents of the treaty using the necessity of atmospheric tests for ABM as their main argument for rejecting a test ban. In the end, as could have been foreseen from the beginning, the treaty won and ABM lost. The general public was introduced to ABM in the context of the test-ban debate, and learned to identify ABM with the unpopular cause of continued atmospheric bomb tests. This was a blow from which ABM never recovered. Neither side in the test-ban debate had any incentive to tell the public that ABM need not be nuclear.

The next phase of public awareness of ABM came in 1968, when President Johnson proposed to deploy around American cities a nuclear ABM system called Sentinel. Opposition to the deployment was widespread and stormy. The cause of defeating Sentinel brought together people from widely diverse backgrounds: suburban mothers who objected to the stationing of nuclear-armed interceptor missiles in their neighborhoods; young political activists who opposed the Administration's war policy in Vietnam and were automatically against anything that Johnson wanted; distinguished scientists and military experts who had well-founded technical arguments against Sentinel. The combination of environmental, personal, and technical opposition was strong enough to convince Johnson's successor, Richard Nixon, that this was a fight he could not win. Shortly after he took office, in 1969, he withdrew the Sentinel proposal before it could come to a vote in Congress. In an effort to pacify the suburban mothers, he put forth a new proposal. Sentinel was to be moved away from cities and converted into a system concentrated around offensive-missile bases in Montana and North Dakota. Its name was changed from Sentinel to Safeguard. The scale of the proposed deployment was considerably reduced. In the end, the Safeguard system was approved in a halfhearted fashion by Congress, and a small frac-



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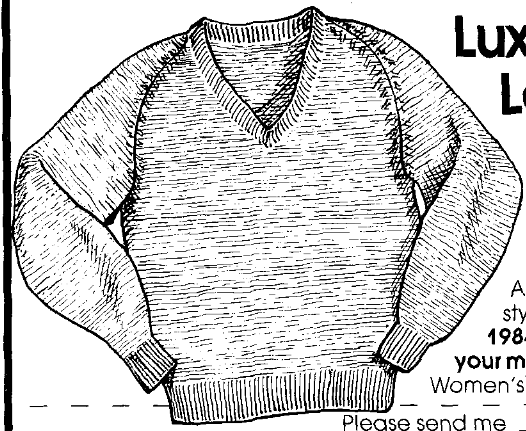

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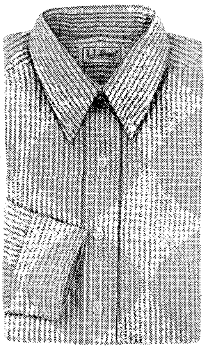

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tion of it was actually deployed. But it was understood by all concerned that the Safeguard system as it finally emerged was only a token deployment, not a real ABM defense. The battle for a real ABM defense had been lost, and the public knew it. The public had learned a second time to identify ABM with a losing and unpopular cause.

The third, and last, time that ABM came to the attention of the public was in 1972, when Nixon successfully negotiated the SALT I treaty with the Soviet Union. The substance of the treaty was an agreement by both sides not to deploy serious ABM defenses. In order to accommodate the token Safeguard deployment and a small ABM system that the Soviet Union had already deployed around Moscow, each side was allowed to build systems with up to two hundred interceptors. The allowed limit was intentionally made so low that the treaty would put an end to all possibility of real ABM defense as long as it remained in force. During the process of negotiation and ratification, the treaty received overwhelming public support. It was generally acclaimed as a large step toward the goal of bringing the nuclear-arms race under control. Even Nixon's bitterest enemies did not care to oppose him on this issue. The Sentinel fiasco was fresh in everyone's memory. Therefore, as far as the general public was concerned ABM meant the discredited Sentinel and Safeguard proposals, and opposition to the treaty meant trying to revive Sentinel and Safeguard. The few generals and politicians who opposed the treaty had no hope of stemming the tide of popular approval. Arms control was popular. ABM was worse than unpopular; it was politically a dead issue, and the treaty was only hammering a few more nails in the lid of its coffin. When the United States Senate met to ratify the treaty, the vote was eighty-eight in favor and two opposed. For a third time, the public condemned ABM with a clear conscience. In the mood of public joy which accompanied the easy ratification of the treaty, nobody voiced misgivings about the awkward ethical implications of putting a permanent ban on self-defense.

Since 1972, the general public has not been seriously concerned with ABM. In the view of the public, ABM was a troublesome political problem that was finally settled by the 1972 treaty, and there is no reason to worry about it further. But I still worry about it, and I still wonder whether the ethical foundations of the 1972 treaty are sound. As a practical matter, I wonder whether some form of non-nuclear ABM may not be an essential part of the environment within which humanity can make the difficult transition from a nuclear to a non-nuclear world. I am unable to put an end to the ABM debate in my own mind. So I will first examine as fairly as I can the case against ABM and then try to come to a verdict—to decide whether ABM can or cannot play a helpful role in various possible versions of the future.

The case against ABM begins with a story. I am invited to supper by a scientist friend at the University of Illinois. My friend is a computer addict. He has a home computer with a collection of computer games. One of his games is a simulated ABM battle. He plugs it in and invites me to play. At the bottom of the television screen appears a row of six cities: Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston. I have to defend these cities with my ABM. I have my hands on a pair of switches that control the movement of my interceptors on the screen. From the top of the screen descends a sporadic stream of incoming warheads, some single and some multiple. I am a naïve beginner and have never played such a game before. I am quickly caught up in the excitement of the battle. My skill with the switches improves. My interceptors zip from side to side of the screen and catch more and more of the warheads. Each time a warhead is destroyed, a gratifying fireball appears on the screen. More and more interceptions, more and more fireballs. I am learning fast and doing well. Then, suddenly, the action stops and the game is over. I look down at the bottom of the screen and see, to my dismay, that the cities are all destroyed. Nothing is left. The screen announces, "Your score is 452"—a measure of the efficacy of the defense before my cities were finished off. My host says that my score is not bad for a beginner. When he is in good form, he sometimes scores over eight hundred.

A game is only a game. But this game teaches a serious lesson. It shows how easy it is to become absorbed in the shooting match in the sky—so deeply absorbed that one does not notice the disappearance of six cities, with their eleven million inhabitants, on the ground. The game is a true parable, teaching one about the way people behave in the real world of nuclear weaponry. People's human frailties are the same whether they are playing a computer game or planning to defend the territory of Western Europe with tactical nuclear weapons or planning to defend the cities of the United States with ABM. In all these situations, the defenders think they are doing well when they destroy a high percentage of the attackers. The defenders become so absorbed in doing well that they fail to notice the disappearance of whatever it was that they were supposed to be defending.

The public rejected ABM for many reasons, but the first, and fundamental, reason for its rejection was that people never believed that the thing would work well enough to save their lives. The ABM game accurately mirrors the ultimate futility of ABM as it was seen by the public. What difference does it make whether the score is four hundred or eight hundred if in the end we are all dead? But a computer game is not admissible evidence in a court of law. The game may accurately mirror the public image of ABM, and still the public image may be false. So I now proceed to state the case against ABM in a more formal fashion, dividing the case into eight counts.

Count 1. ABM is technically ineffective. In the ABM debates of 1969, the expert witnesses made it clear that the Sentinel and Safeguard systems were technically inadequate to defend anything against large-scale Soviet attacks. Safeguard had a much easier job to do than Sentinel, since Safeguard was to defend missile sites, while Sentinel was to defend cities. Missiles are easier to defend than cities, for two reasons: first, missile sites are small and tough, whereas cities are large and vulnerable; second, a defense of missile sites is considered effective if it can save half the missiles, whereas a defense of cities has to try to save them all. But it turned out that Safeguard could not do even the easier job. Safeguard depended for its functioning on a small number of large, fixed radars. It could not defend its own radars against a concentrated attack, and once its radars were gone it could not defend anything else. This weakness of the Safeguard system as it existed in 1969 could be corrected by adding more radars, and especially by adding mobile radars. But it is a general weakness of all ABM systems that

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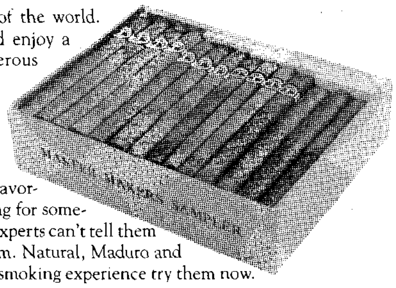

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they are enormously complicated and if a few central elements fail the whole system is likely to collapse.

Count 2. ABM is destabilizing. This is the classic argument brought against ABM by the professional experts in arms control. It applies equally to nuclear and non-nuclear ABM. The argument starts from the orthodox doctrine of deterrence, which assumes a world held in equilibrium by the balance of invulnerable offensive forces of overwhelming destructive power. According to the deterrence doctrine, the strategic equilibrium remains stable as long as nobody tries to defend himself against attack. But if one country deploys a serious ABM system the opposing country is obliged to respond with a large increase of offensive forces to nullify the possible effect of the ABM; the arms race is accelerated, and the equilibrium is no longer stable. This argument is convincing to people who believe in the doctrine of deterrence. When the negotiators of SALT I decided to include non-nuclear ABM within the scope of their treaty, they did so mainly because they believed ABM of all kinds to be destabilizing.

Count 3. ABM creates a dangerous illusion of safety. This count suggests that a country might feel so safe under the protection of an ABM system that it would consider itself invulnerable and blunder into rash adventures. It is hard to imagine anybody feeling safe under the protection of Sentinel or Safeguard or any other ABM system that could be built in the near future. The illusion of safety might become a serious problem in a future non-nuclear world, just as it was in the real world of the past before nuclear weapons were invented.

Count 4. ABM is forbidden by treaty. The SALT I treaty is a major achievement of arms control, and any serious attempt to revive ABM would require abrogation or renegotiation of the treaty. The treaty, irrespective of its technical merits, must be preserved for political reasons, because it is an expression of Soviet-American willingness to coöperate in the control of the arms race.

Count 5. ABM is unreasonably expensive. As long as ABM is nuclear, each interceptor carrying a nuclear warhead will cost about as much as the warhead that it is supposed to intercept. Since many interceptors will miss and many must be held in reserve, an effective defense must have several interceptors for each incoming warhead. In addition to the interceptors, the defense must have large numbers of radars, computers, and communication channels. Altogether, a nuclear ABM system is likely to cost several times as much as the offensive missile system it is designed to defeat. In principle, a non-nuclear-ABM system using very small interceptors might be radically cheaper than a nuclear system. In practice, however, non-nuclear-ABM designs using existing components appear to be as expensive as nuclear ABM.

Count 6. ABM cannot be realistically tested. There is no way in which a full-scale ABM system could be given an operational test under conditions resembling a real attack. Fatal flaws in the coördination of the system are likely to remain undetected until a real attack reveals them. This count against ABM applies to non-nuclear systems to some extent but much more strongly to nuclear systems. A *non-nuclear* ABM could at least be exercised with live ammunition from time to time. A nuclear ABM could never be test-fired as long as the Limited Test-Ban Treaty remains in force. And even if the Test-Ban Treaty were to be broken, other political and environmental constraints would not permit a nuclear ABM to be test-fired on the scale required for a realistic trial of the system as a whole.

Count 7. ABM means a vast proliferation of nuclear warheads. Any ABM designed to defend against present-day missile forces must employ thousands of interceptors. If the interceptors are nuclear, the ABM requires thousands of nuclear warheads to be deployed in sites scattered over the defended territory. Such a proliferation of warheads is particularly troublesome because the interceptors must be ready to fire at a moment's notice in case of a surprise attack. Large numbers of ready-to-fire nuclear weapons on scattered sites are undesirable for many reasons: they arouse local political opposition, they bring real risks of nuclear accident and nuclear theft, and they presuppose a command-and-control system of improbable reliability.

Count 8. ABM is easily converted into an offensive system. This count is important if one is hoping, as I am, that the world will one day shift its weaponry from predominantly offensive to predominantly defensive purposes. Nations might, for example, negotiate a treaty prohibiting offensive-

THE REST IS HISTORY

Cappadocia
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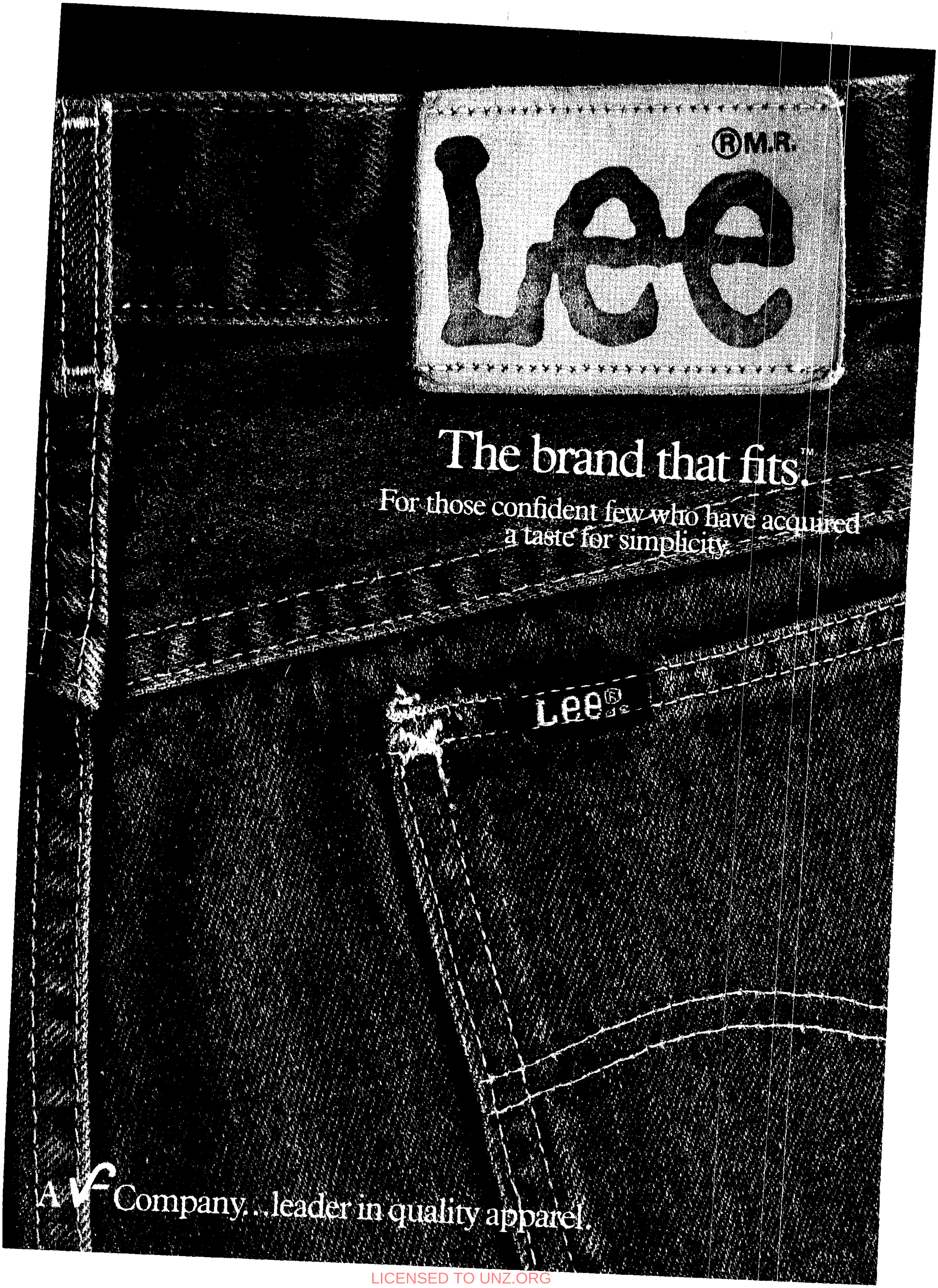
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missile systems and allowing each country freedom to defend itself with ABM as an insurance against possible violations of the treaty. Count 8 says that nuclear ABM is not acceptable for this purpose. The components of a nuclear-ABM system are still weapons of mass destruction and can easily be converted into offensive missiles. If the shift of the world from offensive to defensive weaponry is to be permanent, all mass-destruction weapons must be forbidden and any permitted ABM systems must be non-nuclear.

That is the case against ABM. In the opinion of most knowledgeable people, the case is so overwhelmingly strong that no further discussion is necessary. And still I stubbornly refuse to consider the case closed. I am not suggesting that it would make sense to deploy ABM systems in the world as it now exists. For the long future, however, the ethical imperative of moving from offense to defense compels me to take ABM seriously.

The case against ABM divides itself into two halves. The first half, Counts 1 through 4, says that ABM is ineffective, destabilizing, deceptively reassuring, and forbidden by treaty. The second half, Counts 5 through 8, says that ABM is unreasonably expensive, untestable, conducive to nuclear proliferation, and easily diverted to offensive purposes. The first half of the indictment applies equally to nuclear and non-nuclear systems, the second half to nuclear systems only. I do not attempt to rebut the second half. As far as I am concerned, Counts 5 through 8 make an unanswerable case against nuclear ABM. I concede that nuclear ABM deserves the public contempt into which it has fallen. Nuclear ABM failed, as many other military projects have failed, because it used bad means to achieve good ends. Bad means corrupt good ends and finally make good ends unachievable. The good end—in this case, the defensively oriented world—cannot be achieved by means of nuclear weapons, which are in their nature weapons of mass destruction. Count 8, which did not figure prominently in the public debate, is to me the conclusive argument against nuclear ABM.

The case against non-nuclear ABM consists of Counts 1 through 4 only and rests on much weaker ground. Each of these counts is to some extent valid. Each may become invalid or unimportant as the state of the world changes. I shall attempt to rebut each in turn, and then summarize the conditions under which it may still be possible to conceive of non-nuclear ABM as a good means to a good end.

Rebuttal to Count 1. Effectiveness is a concept with many meanings. If effectiveness means a high probability of saving all the targets that are attacked, then ABM is certainly ineffective against large attacks. If effectiveness means saving those targets which are not attacked, then ABM is highly effective. The true function of ABM lies somewhere between these two extremes. It forces an attacker to concentrate a large number of weapons on each target that he intends to destroy, thereby reducing greatly the number of targets that can be attacked at all. It substantially increases the cost of an attack, and increases even more substantially the uncertainties faced by the attacker. In summary, an ABM system may be militarily effective in complicating, discouraging, and deterring attacks, even if it cannot claim one-hundred-per-cent technical effectiveness.

In addition to the most difficult mission of defeating large-scale attacks, for which the effectiveness of ABM must always be uncertain, there are missions for which ABM can be highly effective. The most important of these easier missions is defense against possible attack by small forces of concealed weapons after major offensive forces have been disarmed by treaty.

Rebuttal to Count 2. ABM was indeed destabilizing in the nineteen-sixties, when the United States' reaction to early Soviet ABM experiments was a multiplication of offensive warheads. This experience of the nineteen-sixties caused the arms-control experts and the public to believe that ABM is always destabilizing. But the reaction to ABM under different circumstances might be quite different. For example, if the numbers of offensive weapons were to be firmly limited by treaty the warhead-multiplying reaction would be prohibited.

At a deeper level, the belief in the destabilizing nature of ABM rests on the belief that a stable equilibrium of offensive forces without defense is possible and desirable. The latter belief is the orthodox doctrine of stable deterrence. The continuing offensive-arms race and the increasing worries about the vulnerability of land-based missiles to surprise attack make the doctrine of stable deterrence less plausible in the

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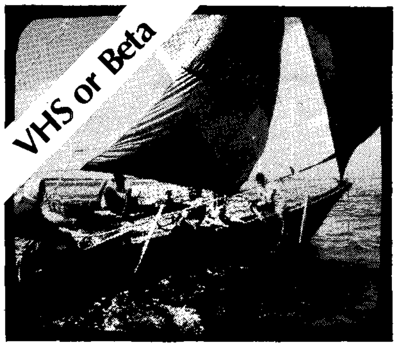
nineteen-eighties than it was in the nineteen-sixties. It may be true, as I believe, that stable deterrence is an illusion—that the only truly stable balance of forces is a defense-dominated equilibrium. If this is so, then ABM becomes more and more stabilizing as we move further and further toward the reduction and elimination of offensive forces.

An additional reason for rejecting the doctrine of stable deterrence is the fact that the balance of terror becomes more complicated and more delicate as the number of nuclear powers increases. Already, the existence of Chinese and British and French nuclear forces has complicated the negotiation of agreed limits on Soviet and American forces. As we move from a bilateral to a multilateral balance of terror, the equilibrium becomes more liable to disruption by unforeseen events. In a multilateral nuclear world, non-nuclear ABM would be stabilizing in two ways: it would substantially reduce the ability of small nuclear powers to threaten their neighbors; and it would reduce the incentive for additional countries to join the nuclear club.

Rebuttal to Count 3. Only a madman could succumb to illusions of safety induced by ABM. If a political leader is crazy enough to plunge his country into war under the protection of an ABM system, he is probably crazy enough to plunge it into war without an ABM system. Neither ABM nor the doctrine of stable deterrence provides any real protection against madmen. The only real protection is to get rid of weapons of mass destruction altogether. And in a non-nuclear world the margin of safety provided by ABM may cease to be an illusion.

Rebuttal to Count 4. The existence of the SALT I treaty is the strongest argument for consigning ABM to oblivion. I would not under any circumstances advocate the unilateral abrogation of the treaty. As long as the Soviet Union wishes to maintain the treaty in force, it should be maintained. I would also not advocate renegotiation of the treaty until the nuclear powers have succeeded in negotiating firm and permanent limits on offensive-weapon deployments. As long as offensive-weapon deployments are open-ended, the negotiation of limits must not be complicated by reopening the discussion of ABM. But after an effective limit has been placed on offensive forces, and espe-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cially if offensive forces have been reduced by treaty to a level far below their present one, the time might be ripe for a reconsideration of SALT I. There is no reason that the Soviet Union should not find it advantageous to join the United States in a transition to a defensively oriented world. The United States might, for example, offer for negotiation a treaty reducing nuclear-weapon deployments step by step toward zero and concurrently opening the door to deployment of non-nuclear ABM. If such a proposal were acceptable to both sides, it would be foolish to let the SALT I treaty stand in its way.

I have now presented the testimony against ABM and the rebuttal in favor of non-nuclear ABM. What is to be the verdict? Neither "Guilty" nor "Not guilty" is to me a reasonable verdict. I prefer the verdict of "Not proven," which is allowed in Scottish criminal law. History alone can decide whether or not ABM may have a useful role to play in human affairs. It would be wrong either to accept the verdict of the SALT I treaty as final or to try hastily to overturn it.

The future of ABM depends on many unpredictable developments, in technology, in politics, and in public morality. Nobody knows, and nobody will know for many years, whether the technology of non-nuclear ABM can be developed into a practical system. I shall not here go into the details of ABM technology. In the United States, there is a non-nuclear-ABM research program directed toward a system called Overlay, which is intended only to be an adjunct to a nuclear ABM. The Overlay system cannot stand by itself as a serious non-nuclear ABM; as a system, it is inconsequential. But the technology now being developed for Overlay is impressive. It is possible that the Overlay technology will point the way to an effective non-nuclear ABM. If not, then some other technology may turn out to be effective. Alternatively, it may turn out that no non-nuclear technology is adequate to meet the demands that ABM imposes. If non-nuclear ABM does turn out to be technically impossible, then its political and moral advantages will not do anybody any good.

The political and moral uncertainties surrounding the future of ABM are even greater than the technical uncertainties. ABM is only a tool, and a tool can be used either wisely or unwisely. For ABM on the ground,

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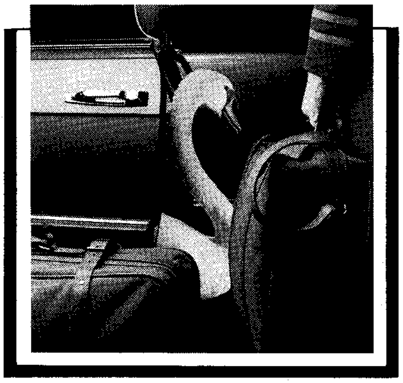

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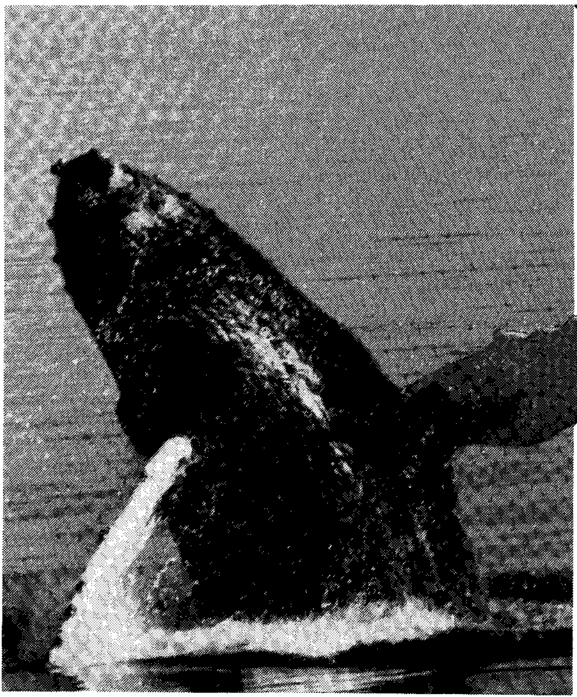

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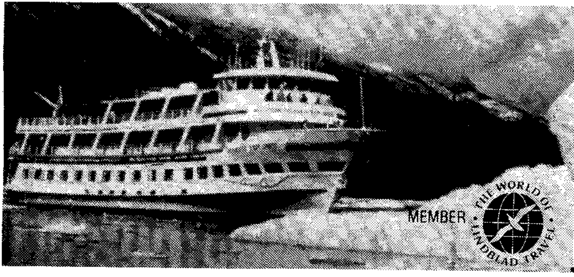

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just as for anti-missile armaments in space, there are three possible futures. The first is the arms controllers' future, in which the SALT I treaty is held inviolate forever, ABM of all kinds is forbidden, and the world continues to rely for its survival on the doctrine of stable deterrence. The second is the technical-follies future, in which offensive weapons continue to increase while ABM systems proliferate; in this future the ABM can bring no safety or stability but only an arms race without purpose and without end. The third is the defense-dominated future, in which nuclear weapons are drastically reduced or prohibited and non-nuclear ABM provides reassurance against the danger of surprise nuclear attack. One version of the defense-dominated future has the apparatus of strategic defense removed from the ground and entrusted to space forces in orbit. The political difficulties that must be overcome to reach the defense-dominated future are the same whether the job of strategic defense is done by space forces or by ground-based ABM.

In the arms controllers' future, ABM is a tool unused. In the technical-follies future, ABM is a tool used unwisely. In the defense-dominated future, ABM is a tool used wisely. Nobody can know today whether the arms controllers' future or the defense-dominated future will in the end be the safer goal for humanity to follow. ABM, as long as it is non-nuclear, may be a good tool to keep handy in case the defense-dominated world should come within mankind's grasp.

It is essential to distinguish ends from means. Means are important, but ends are more important. The non-nuclear world is a worthy end for mankind to work toward. The means to reach it must be, first, moral; second, political; third, technical. Moral means are peace movements and public campaigns arousing the conscience of mankind against weapons of mass destruction. Political means are treaties and military doctrines and deployment decisions. Technical means are precision-guided munitions, non-nuclear-ABM systems, and clever gadgets still to be invented. Technical means come last, but still they may be helpful.

Shelters

THE ethical problems associated with bomb shelters are similar to the ethical problems associated with crash helmets for motorcyclists. If you force boys on motorcycles to wear crash helmets, you save some boys' lives; but many boys still prefer to ride without crash helmets. And if you are a pedestrian on a narrow road and a gang of boys on motorcycles is coming at you at fifty miles an hour the sight of their crash helmets does not make you feel any safer.

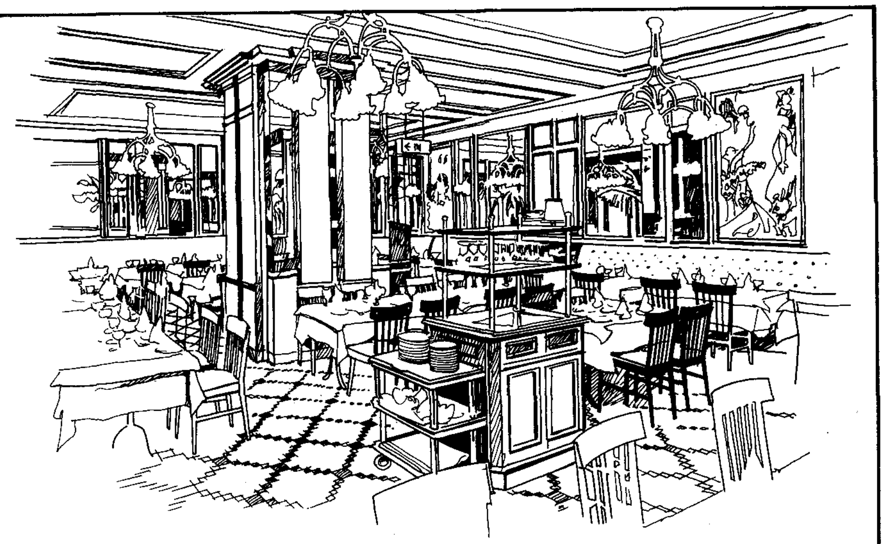
Some years ago, I was teaching physics for a few weeks at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, in Zurich. While I was there, two officials from the Swiss civil-defense authority came to see me. They invited me to meet with them for an unofficial consultation. We had lunch together, and they told me about their problems. They were responsible for writing the performance standards of bomb shelters for the population of Switzerland. According to Swiss law, every new house or public building must have a bomb shelter. The law was originally imposed in 1950, and it was made more comprehensive in 1963 and 1978. The legally mandated specifications for shelters were gradually stiffened as the danger shifted from old-fashioned high-explosive bombs to nuclear and then thermonuclear weapons. The law has been enforced for more than thirty years, and during that time the construction of new homes, suburbs, schools, shops, and factories has never stopped. As a result, a high percentage of the Swiss population has immediate access to a shelter. All through the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties and nineteen-seventies and so far in the nineteen-eighties, the Swiss have been quietly building shelters.

The quality of Swiss shelters is even more impressive than their quantity. These are not the makeshift shelters that one used to see in public buildings in the United States, intended to give protection only against radioactive fallout. Swiss shelters are massive reinforced-concrete structures built into the foundations of buildings. They are intended to protect people against blast and fire as well as fallout. The civil-defense authority makes sure that they are kept in working order, with air filters, food, water, sanitary facilities, and medical supplies adequate to give the inhabitants a reasonable chance of survival. The civil-defense authority, like the Swiss Army, takes its job seriously. The financial cost of the program is about fifteen per cent of the Swiss military budget. No other country has a civil-defense system of comparable size and sophistication.

The two officials explained how they calculated the specifications for shelters. They started from the information published by the United States Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defense about the physical and biological effects of nuclear weapons. The United States' handbook on weapon effects is not secret and is readily available. It gives detailed descriptions of nuclear explosions, and includes graphs of pressure, heat flux, earth shock, and radiation dose at various distances from bombs of various sizes. The Swiss officials used these graphs to calculate thicknesses of concrete walls and steel doors, heat resistance of air-intake pipes, and other technical characteristics of shelters which were to be specified by law. I found nothing wrong with their calculations. The over-all effect of their standards could be summarized in two sentences. As far as the effects of blast are concerned, the area within which people in Swiss shelters would be killed by a given bomb is less than a quarter of the area within which people without shelters would be killed by the same bomb. As far as the effects of radiation are concerned, people in Swiss shelters anywhere outside the area of lethal blast damage would have a reasonable chance of survival. These two statements are worded in such a way as to be true independently of the size of the bomb.

What does "a reasonable chance of survival" mean? The Swiss officials were careful not to claim any exact knowledge of the probability of survival. A reasonable chance means, simply, as good a chance as can be expected in the circumstances of a nuclear war. The local and immediate effects of a bomb are calculable; the large-scale and long-term effects of nuclear war are not. A Swiss shelter, if you are not too close to the bomb, gives you efficient protection against local and immediate effects. After you dig yourself out of the shelter and survey the surrounding sea of rubble, your survival depends on your finding a functioning society to support you. Nobody can guarantee that you will find a functioning society when you emerge. The Swiss officials said only that if any society in Europe is still functioning after a general nuclear war Switzerland will be functioning.

At the end of our meeting, I asked them why they had wanted to talk to me. As far as I could see, they already knew everything I could tell them. Then



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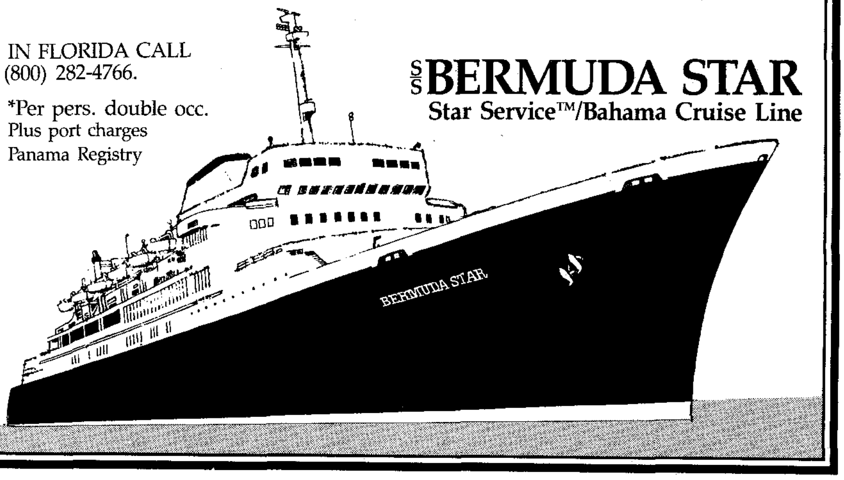

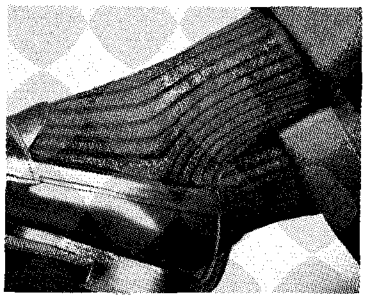

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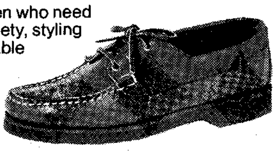

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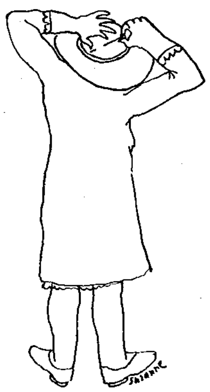
they finally explained the purpose of the meeting. They had been worried because their shelters seemed too good to be true. It was hard to believe that simple shelters could really be as effective against the mighty hydrogen bomb as their calculations indicated. And all their calculations had been based on the American weapons-effect handbook. Perhaps they had been foolish to trust the American numbers. Perhaps the Americans had been misleading everybody by publishing overoptimistic numbers in the open literature and keeping the correct numbers secret. Perhaps the published numbers were correct for old-fashioned bombs but *not* for the more modern American designs. There had been rumors that the Americans were working on cobalt bombs and neutron bombs and other new horrors, which would make the published handbook obsolete. The Swiss officials knew that I had been to Los Alamos and was privy to American secrets, and that was why they had wanted to talk to me. They asked me whether I could, without betraying the secrets of Los Alamos, settle their doubts about the reliability of the American handbook. I said that that would not be difficult to do. I said, first, that Americans working inside the security fence used the same weapons-effect graphs that were published in the handbook; second, that the numbers in the handbook might be inaccurate but that the uncertainties depended far more on local topography and weather conditions than on details of bomb design; third, that there were plenty of competent Swiss physicists who could independently check the accuracy of the published numbers; fourth, that the introduction of cobalt bombs or neutron bombs would change the details of the radiation-dose curves but would not change the over-all picture significantly. So they thanked me and said goodbye. I do not know whether their doubts were completely resolved by my remarks. It is an old tradition in Switzerland that one does not trust foreigners unnecessarily. That is, after all, the reason the Swiss build shelters.

A few days later, I went to a site where a house was being built for one of my Swiss friends. My friend proudly showed me the half-finished house, and I was able to see for myself how a Swiss bomb shelter is built. Even for ordinary construction, Swiss building codes are far more stringent than American codes. Every part of the house was made of reinforced concrete and looked as if it were built to last five hundred years. The shelter looked as if it were built to last five thousand years, like a pharaoh's grave.

The Swiss shelter handbook begins with a couple of sentences describing the Swiss view of the shelter problem: "As inhabitants of a small country, we recognize that we shall have no influence on the choice of weapons used by the belligerents in a major conflict. We must start from the presumption that we cannot know in advance which weapons may or may not be launched against our country at the decisive moment." Switzerland is a small country that is stubbornly determined to do whatever is possible to increase its chances of survival. Two aspects of the Swiss shelter program are extraordinary: its technical thoroughness, and its political quietness. The Swiss have built a shelter system comprehensive enough and rugged enough to save a large fraction of their people in many possible contingencies of nuclear warfare. And they have done this without noise, without hysteria, without threatening their enemies or scaring their friends.



After I came back from Switzerland to the United States, I began to talk to some of my friends about my impressions of the Swiss shelter program. I quickly learned that this is not an acceptable topic of conversation in polite society. Almost nobody in the United States wants to hear about shelters. If you persist in talking about shelters, people excuse themselves and move away. According to the majority opinion in American academic circles, anybody who takes shelters seriously must be either an idiot or a lunatic.

The history of shelters in the United States has been the exact opposite of their history in Switzerland. In the United States, efforts to persuade people to build shelters have resulted in a lot of noise, a lot of hysteria, and no coherent action. There was never the slightest chance that the American people would support a large-scale and sustained shelter-building program on the Swiss model. Shelter programs were started spasmodically, in response to transient war scares, and gradually petered out after the scares subsided.

The end result of this history is that there are in the United States two kinds of shelters: a rudimentary public system of fallout shelters in public buildings, and a scattering of domestic shelters built with private funds and belonging to private homes. The public shelters are poorly maintained and do not usually provide enough shielding to give protection against heavy fallout. The private shelters are too few to protect more than a tiny fraction of the population. Neither public nor private shelters come close to meeting Swiss standards of performance. Everybody in the United States knows that the existing shelters are pitifully inadequate, and almost everybody is fiercely opposed to any serious effort to improve them.

The antipathy toward shelters in the United States has a strong ethical component. Shelters are not merely unpopular; they are perceived by the public to be unethical. This is paradoxical, because civil defense is in its nature the most gentle and humanitarian of all forms of defense. The evil reputation of shelters arises from two main sources: first, the building of private shelters created an image of the rich homeowner sitting comfortably in his shelter and locking his doors against the homeless refugees dying of radiation sickness outside; second, the building of public shelters by a government heavily armed with nuclear missiles created an image of a country setting out to massacre its enemies while keeping its own population safe from retaliation. Both images are exaggerated nightmares, but both contain an element of truth. If rich people have shelters and poor people have none, or if governments build shelters while simultaneously building offensive missile forces, then shelters are inextricably linked in the world's imagination with murderous intentions. Shelters have lost their innocence. As far as the United States is concerned, the gentle and humanitarian aspects of shelter-building are overshadowed by nightmares of selfishness and aggression. The ethical justification for shelter-building is turned upside down.

This overturning of ethical perceptions is the fundamental reason that shelters are right for Switzerland and wrong for the United States. In Switzerland, the shelter program is public and universal; in theory, and to a large extent in practice, shelters are equally available to all residents—to Italian migrant workers as well as to Zurich

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bankers. In the United States, shelters are perceived to be socially divisive, because housing patterns are socially divisive; no shelter system in the United States could claim to be universal unless it included a public-housing program of unprecedented scope and quality. In Switzerland, there are no nuclear weapons and no strategic missiles; however effective or ineffective the Swiss shelter system may be, it threatens nobody. In the United States, there are large missile forces whose official reason for existence is the doctrine known as Assured Destruction. Assured Destruction means that these missiles are capable of destroying any country that might attack the United States, whether or not the attacking country has a shelter system of its own. Shelters are perceived to be futile because the Assured Destruction strategy demands that they be ineffective. Shelters are perceived to be threatening because they suggest an intention to make the operation of Assured Destruction unilateral. If the United States ever wishes to build shelters in a serious fashion, two preconditions are essential: equal right of access to shelters for everybody must be established as a legal principle, and the doctrine of Assured Destruction must be abandoned. Even after these conditions are fulfilled, it is unlikely that Americans will want to spend large sums of money on civil defense. But they could then do so, if they wished, without running into ethical entanglements.

While the American public was expressing its opposition to shelters mainly in moral and emotional terms, military experts and academic intellectuals were discussing the same issues more analytically. The public reaction was decisive in determining government policy; it is impossible for any American government to force civil defense upon an unwilling population. The debate among the experts had only a minor influence. Still, it may be useful to examine the analytical arguments for and against shelters, to see whether they support the Swiss or the American perception of the problem.

The intellectual case against shelters rests on two counts, analogous to the first two counts of the case against ABM: shelters are alleged to be technically ineffective and strategically destabilizing. Both counts are to some extent valid. A shelter system built in a halfhearted and desultory fashion, like the existing American shelter system, would undoubtedly be technically ineffective. And a major American commitment to a Swiss-style shelter system, if it were to be accompanied by the usual American political rhetoric of nuclear confrontation, would scare everybody to death and would undoubtedly be destabilizing. It is unlikely that any major civil-defense program could be launched in the United States without scare tactics and public hysteria. But these arguments for the ineffectiveness and the destabilizing effect of shelters assume present-day American habits and customs. The arguments may or may not be valid under other circumstances and over a longer time scale. American moods and political mores are always subject to change.

If one disregards present-day political constraints and considers the effectiveness of shelters as a purely technical question, the charge of ineffectiveness is not supported by the evidence. Properly constructed shelters are, from a technical standpoint, remarkably effective. This does not mean that any feasible shelter system would guarantee the survival of a society after a full-scale nuclear attack. It means that in any situation short of a direct full-scale attack a properly constructed shelter system has a good chance of making the difference between the life and death of a society. And in any situation, up to and including a full-scale attack, a properly constructed shelter system has a better chance of saving your life than any other system that you could buy for the same money. Shelter systems are, in the jargon of the experts, cost-effective. A dollar's worth of shelters gives better protection than a dollar's worth of anything else. The case for the technical ineffectiveness of shelters is much weaker than the case for the technical ineffectiveness of ABM. The major problems in building an effective shelter system are human, not technical.

The professional arms-control community generally concedes that shelters may be technically effective but fears that they may be destabilizing. Arms controllers usually have no objection to modest shelter systems intended only as disaster insurance. Fallout shelters are strategically innocuous. Blast shelters may be strategically disturbing. What worries the arms controllers is the possibility that a shelter system may be effective enough, or may appear to be effective enough, to upset the balance of strategic deterrence. According to the orthodox doctrine of deterrence, shelters are destabilizing insofar as they imply a serious intention to make a country invulnerable to attack. In a situation of stable deterrence, the building of a serious shelter system by one side compels the other side to respond with an increase of offensive forces. The argument is the same as the argument against ABM. And the rebuttal to it is also the same. The doctrine of stable deterrence need not always apply. If ever the world should start moving toward a defensively oriented equilibrium, with offensive forces substantially reduced by treaty, then the effect of shelters would be stabilizing rather than destabilizing. Shelters may be destabilizing in some places and at some times, but there is no law of nature which makes them so.

In summary, the intellectual arguments against shelters are no more conclusive than the intellectual arguments against non-nuclear ABM. And shelters have the advantage of not requiring renegotiation of the SALT I treaty. The decisive rejection of shelters by the American people is based on emotion and historical accident rather than on strategic analysis. The Swiss and the American perceptions of shelters grew out of the different historical experiences of the two peoples. The two perceptions are equally ethical and equally logical.

Perhaps the deepest roots of the American rejection of shelters lie in the cultural tradition of America—the tradition of freedom under the open sky. Americans seem to have acquired from their native landscape an aesthetic revulsion against the whole idea of burrowing underground in pursuit of safety. Aesthetic revulsion is the dominant theme in contemporary American writing about shelters. Americans can never share the feelings of warmth and friendliness that Europeans of my generation associate with our experiences of shelters in the Second World War. I still remember vividly the London underground stations as they were then, with three-tiered bunks stretching from end to end of the platforms on both sides. People loved to come down there to sleep. It was noisy and not very clean, but you met your friends there and played cards, and the atmosphere was cozy and cheerful. Most memorable of all is the feeling of comradeship that prevailed during the bad nights of

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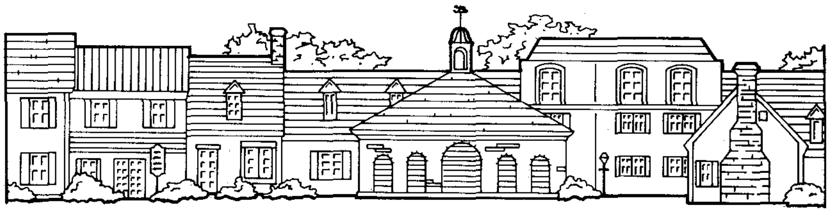

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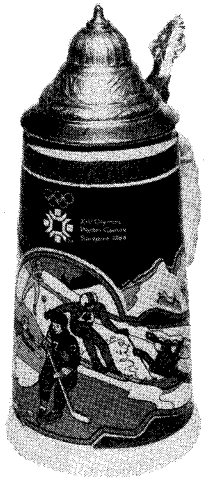

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bombing, when you sat down there out of harm's way and listened to the racket of guns and bombs overhead. People kept on coming down to the shelters at night long after the bombing stopped. They kept on coming down because it was friendlier down there than up above. They kept on coming down even after the war was over, until the bunks were finally removed.

Londoners were left with a persistent nostalgia, which sometimes hits them unexpectedly when they travel by underground and contemplate the platforms now stripped of bunks and of friendliness. Nostalgia is an emotion that grows stronger as the years go by. This shelter nostalgia can never be understood, much less shared, by Americans. But the Swiss were close enough to the Second World War to understand. Switzerland remained neutral all through the war but was bombed accidentally from time to time by British and American airplanes. Schaffhausen, close to the German border, was bombed heavily. The Swiss expect, if ever nuclear war rages in Europe, to stay neutral. Neutral or not, they expect to receive their share of the bombs and the fallout. They are prepared for the possibility that they may be attacked deliberately. There is nothing they can do to diminish the chance that these disasters will happen. All they can do is mitigate the consequences of disaster as far as possible. They carry in their cultural tradition, as Americans do not, the knowledge that when the bombs begin to fall there is nothing so comforting as a group of friendly faces in a deep hole underground.

It is difficult to imagine any circumstances in which it would make sense for the United States to embark upon a program of nationwide shelter-building in the Swiss style. Aesthetics, ethics, and common sense all argue against it. As long as our land is loaded with nuclear weapons, serious shelter-building is ethically unacceptable. If we succeed in negotiating ourselves into a non-nuclear world, we shall probably feel even less inclined to build shelters than we do today. But the nature of a non-nuclear world is hard to discern from where we stand now. It is possible that a non-nuclear world will be stable and peaceful, but it is more likely that it will be as full of international turbulence and crisis as the world of today. The threat of a relapse into nuclear armament will always be present. The non-nuclear

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world will at least have one advantage over the world of today: it will allow any country that feels itself threatened to build shelters as an insurance against nuclear surprise without coming into conflict with the principles of ethics or of strategic stability. If the non-nuclear world brings with it no relief from chronic stress and conflict, even the United States might one day be glad to make use of this possibility. Americans might ultimately come to look upon shelters as the Swiss do now —as tools of survival rather than as symbols of paranoia.

Shelters are the last item on the list of topics occupying the "Tools" part of this essay. "Access to Tools" is the slogan of "The Whole Earth Catalog," which is the bible of rugged individualists seeking independence from big organizations and mass society. The Statement of Purpose of "The Whole Earth Catalog," written by its founder, Stewart Brand, says, "We are as gods and might as well get good at it. . . . A realm of intimate, personal power is developing, power of individuals to conduct their own education, find their own inspiration, shape their own environment, and share the adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by The Whole Earth Catalog." With the tools of modern technology, used in a humane and intelligent fashion, the rational soul can create the material basis for independence. "The Whole Earth Catalog" tells you where the tools are and how they should be used. The weapons that I have been discussing are also tools. Bombs, missiles, airplanes, submarines, slingshots, suckerfish, ABM systems, shelters—all are tools. They may be used as tools of survival or as tools of terror and domination. I find in all these examples a general pattern. The weapons of survival offer a road to a hopeful future, while the weapons of terror offer only a road to damnation. Sadly, I have to report that "The Whole Earth Catalog," true to the American cultural tradition, has a section on guns but no section on shelters.

—FREEMAN DYSON

(This is the second part of a four-part article.)

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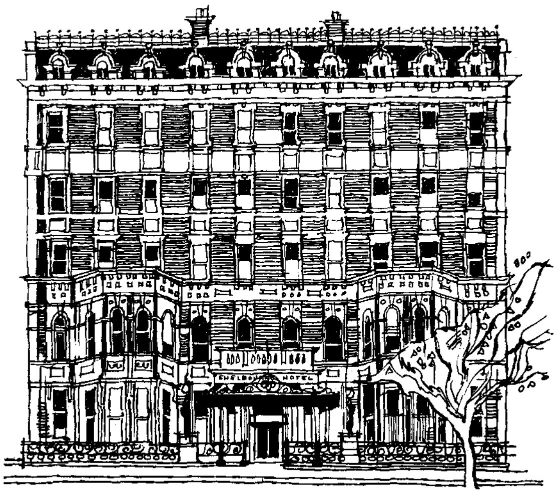

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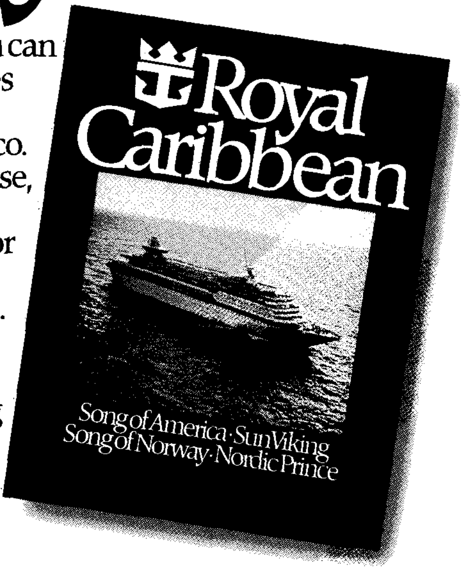

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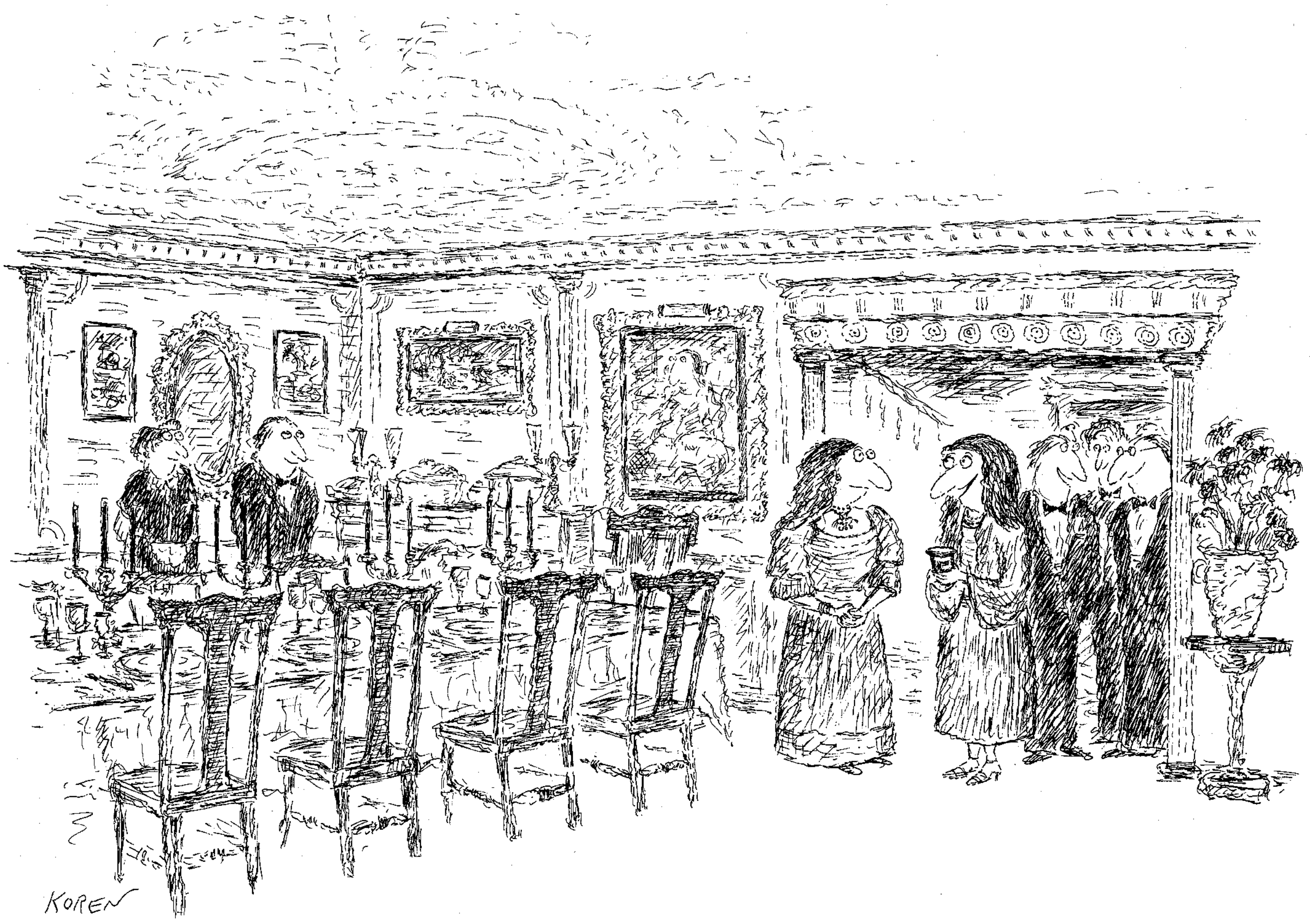
THE THEATRE

Traps

IN terms of construction, "Open Admissions" (at the Music Box) is a ramshackle affair, but it has several well-written scenes and three excellent performances and is therefore entitled to our attention and to measured applause. The author of the play, Shirley Lauro, was for some years a speech instructor at one of our local publicly supported colleges, and plainly she knows whereof she writes; her subject is the injustice, practiced in the name of justice, of advancing functionally illiterate members of minority groups through our educational system with little or no regard for their need to acquire the difficult art of learning. High as their intelligence may be, they are not so much taught as kept trivially occupied for specified periods of time, after which they receive a diploma and are shoved out into the world almost as unfit to occupy any useful place there as they were when they began their courses.

The two leading characters in "Open Admissions" are a young black student called Calvin Jefferson, played by Calvin Levels, and a white speech instructor called Ginny Carlsen, played by Marilyn Rockafellow. In an earlier, shorter version of the play, given in 1981 at the Ensemble Studio Theatre, the audience observed the desperate collision of interests between the bright, energetic, and increasingly frustrated student and the harassed teacher, each of them helpless to alter a system that is obviously doing them the gravest possible injury. In the revised and expanded version that Mrs. Lauro has prepared for us, we come to meet four other students, of varying degrees of ineptitude, and are offered prolonged and depressing glimpses of the home life of Calvin and Ginny. He has a sister and a rambunctious, affectionate little niece; the sister is helping to support him, in order that when he graduates from college and, as she supposes, rapidly makes his way up in the world she will be able to give up her repellent job as a ladies'-room attendant—they will move, the three of them, out of the sour Harlem dungeon in which they are trapped and into an imagined happy home somewhere on Staten Island. Soon it turns out that Ginny is similarly trapped, on a domestic level scarcely less squalid than Calvin's. Her husband is a hard-drinking gambler, long out of work; to support him, their ten-year-old daughter, and herself, she must work day and night at her fruitless task of non-teaching.

As the plot of the play reaches its grim climax, Calvin and Ginny are obliged to perceive that neither of them is likely ever to escape from the trap. After a furious exchange—a scene of exceptional power—they attempt to pool their resources, such as they are; gently, Ginny coaches Calvin in what is for him the difficult feat of pronouncing "ask" as "ask," and not "ax." It is a way of ending the play, and it is certainly touching, but the gesture bears the irremediable taint of contrivance; if the facts are as Mrs. Lauro has given them to us, there is simply nothing to be done about the slow, painful destruction of these attractive and worthwhile people by a culture that pretends to be encourag-



"I hope you don't mind—I've brought my own yogurt."

ing them to flourish. As the victims, Mr. Levels and Miss Rockafellow are superb, and so, in the lesser role of Calvin's sister, is Nan-Lynn Nelson. Kevin Tighe has the disagreeable part of Ginny's husband, and Sloane Shelton plays one of her time-serving professional colleagues. The calculatedly ugly scenery is by David Gropman, the costumes are by Ann Roth and Gary Jones, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the admirably forceful direction is by Elinor Renfield. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

False Notes

THE Second Stage, temporarily homeless, is presenting its admirable revival of Lanford Wilson's "Serenading Louie" at the Public, through February 19th. The actors are so good that they almost persuade us that the two couples whom the dramatist examines exist, and are even worth an evening's attention. Almost, but not quite. The husbands are a well-to-do pair of Northwestern University alumni who live in Chicago. Peter Weller and Dianne Wiest play a successful lawyer taking his first step into politics and his rather desperate, thoroughly winning wife; and Jimmie Ray Weeks and Lindsay Crouse play a successful businessman (formerly a football star) and *his* wife, who is having an affair with his C.P.A. It must be said that Mr. Wilson displays considerable theatrical proficiency, providing his actors with scenes and lines and a story—with everything, that is, except credibility: the characters are all molded from virgin plastic. The play is a study of the malaise of the mid-thirties and of two marriages that are unravelling because of bad sex, and much of the talk between the two husbands and among the quartet is reminiscence of carefree youth and unbridled love. I doubt if you'll see a more accomplished troupe of performers anywhere in town, and I wish I shared their apparent confidence in the characters they portray. This performance, under the direction of John Tillinger, is much better than the version I saw at Circle Rep in 1976, but I remain unregenerate and as skeptical as ever. —EDITH OLIVER

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MAN KILLS DOG, MISSES WIFE, RETURNS TAPES, IS ARRESTED
—*Dover (N.H.) Foster's Democrat.*

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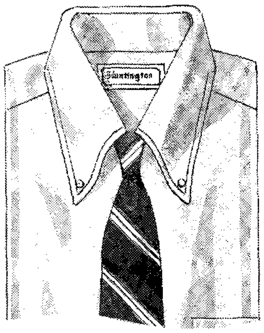

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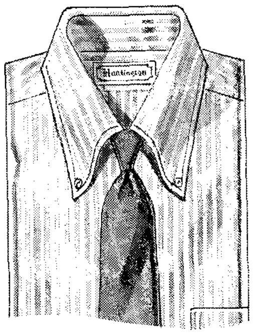

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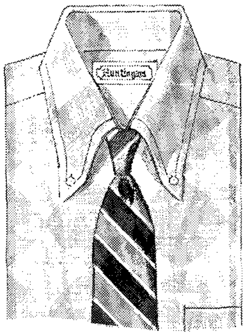

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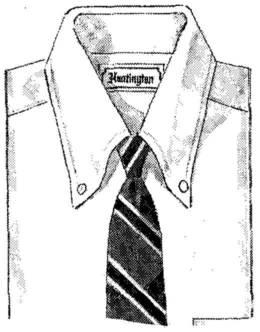

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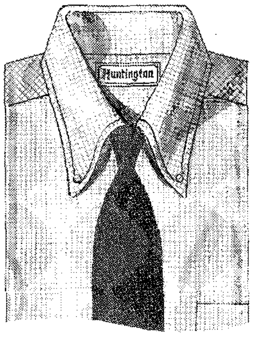

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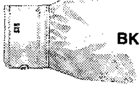

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DANCING

Schubertiad and Sinatraspiel

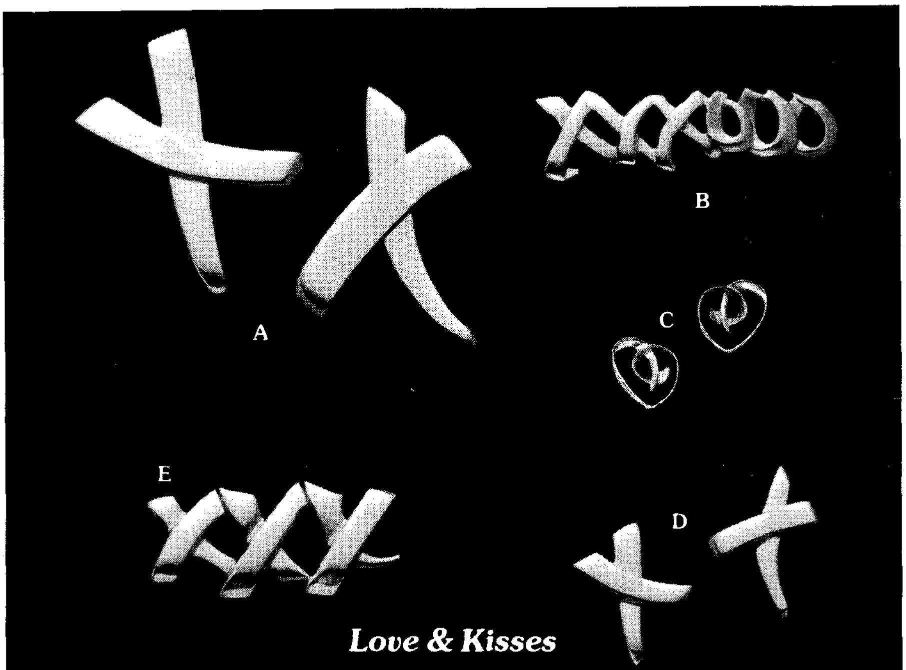
Peter Martins' new ballet is about young people, young emotions; it is about that time in life when we aren't sure who we are and hope to find the answer in another person. The seeking of partners, the choosing of partners, the changing of partners—this is Martins' subject. He makes it seem as solemn as the sealing of pacts, and for the better part of an hour he keeps a half-dozen or so young stars of the New York City Ballet caroming off each other while we in the audience try to gauge the suitability of the combinations. At the end, when all the choices have been made and the curtain falls, the partners are posed standing dubiously apart from one another. We aren't sure they've chosen wisely, and neither are they.

The note of skepticism has an undertone of practical truth. In the day-to-day operation of a ballet company, "right" casting may be as much a gamble as it is in life. The dancers who pursue each other through the piece are the same ones we've seen teamed in other ballets in the repertory, and our knowledge of how they have worked together influences—and is influenced by—the way we see them here. Are Maria Calegari and Sean Lavery really perfect together or does the perfection seem a trifle bland? Could (should) the vibrancy of Kyra Nichols and Joseph Duell be transferred to other ballets? Martins plays off predetermined images to a certain extent: Nichol Hlinka is eager, Stephanie Saland and Ib Andersen are insular (they get together), and Bart Cook and Heather Watts seem not so much to be enjoying a new equation of energies as continuing the relationship they have in Jerome Robbins' ballets. Like a novelist who has read his E. M. Forster, Martins uses round and flat characters. But the realism of the piece does not lie in the dancers' identities. It lies in the passing states, emotions, unpindownable significances that arise as the field of choice narrows and the dancers are more nakedly exposed in their will to perfection, their need to seek wholeness in one another's arms. The subject, one may say, is dancers' lives both in a literal and in a nonrestrictive metaphorical sense. Beside the ballets by Balanchine or Robbins that present this same duality, Martins' ballet seems remarkably worldly. No matter how we look at it—whether we see dancers pairing off or lovers bonding for all eternity—the dynamic process is the same, the poignance is the same, the complications are almost the same. Martins has composed a Romantic ballet in a spirit of empiricism which the Romantics themselves might recognize. His dancers live and move and couple in a world of sentimental experience governed by the mutable chemistry of human relations—by elective affinities.

The ballet takes its form and its title, "A Schubertiad," from the musical evenings held in private houses by Schubert and his circle during the eighteen-twenties. (Goethe had published "Elective Affinities" in 1809.) Gordon Boelzner is the onstage pianist, playing the twenty-three dances of the first scene from an alcove in a Biedermeier salon. (With his round face, rimless glasses, and full ruff of hair, Boelzner even looks like Schubert; only James Levine could look the part more.) The alcove changes to a pavilion in a garden, and we hear two impromptus (Op. 90, No. 4, and Op. 142, No. 4), followed by the Fantasie in F Minor, Op. 103, which was rendered in the initial performances by the ballet orchestra, in an arrangement by Paul Schwartz. The dancers—men in cutaways, women in adaptations of period dresses and hairdos—are guests at the party. Schubert pours out his écossaises and ländler, his valses nobles and sentimentales. Martins' choreography is for ballet dancers, on ballroom scale, and it is effortlessly seductive. The dancing, by turns frolicsome and serene, grows more brilliantly competitive. We begin to see who goes with whom, and in the garden scene we see these attachments explored at length. Balanchine's "Liebeslieder Walzer" was also in two scenes. The shift from the ballroom to the theatrical arena accomplished a dramatic heightening of scale and intensity which Martins tries to duplicate, with one great difference: he also tries to keep before us the possibly provisional nature of the attachments. Not until the end of the ballet does he settle all the options, and

then it's with an implied question. In Balanchine's ballet, the matter of who goes with whom was decided at the outset; his couples never parted. But then Balanchine's interest was hardly ever in how couples came to be or came to stop being couples. His men and women move toward and away from each other, but except in early ballets like "Serenade" or ballets with a mime base ("Ivesiana," "Meditation," "A Midsummer Night's Dream") their situation is fixed; they are how they are forever. In his second scene, Martins gives us two consecutive pas de trois which in the later Balanchine would be unthinkable: a man must decide between two women and then a woman between two men. The symmetrical reversal is not absurd as Martins stages it. The sexual geometry is engrossing; the second pas de trois (Nichols between Duell and Andersen) even imparts a suggestion of erotic fear and longing. From this peak Martins meant, I think, to bring his theme of partners to a summation by diffusing it throughout the rest of the cast. A good idea, much too leisurely executed. Where we need a synoptic compression of the theme and a quick finale, we get further development set to the twenty-minute-long Fantasie. The two characters left over from the two pas de trois (Watts, Andersen) are given mates (Cook, Saland), and in a passage reminiscent of a standard Balanchine "symphonic" recapitulation all the other dancers from the ballroom scene are brought back and married off. The choreography is too decorous for the dark tones in the music and helpless against its repetitiousness. Worse yet, the suspense has dried up. The ballet is really over before the Fantasie begins.

Richly conceived, handsomely wrought, perilously overextended, "A Schubertiad" is also the most expressive declaration of independence from his mentor that Martins has yet made. "Liebeslieder" exists as a model to be departed from. At times, Martins seems to be concocting a deliberately messy forerunner of that great work, searching out choreographic motives that Balanchine didn't use and putting his dancers through the process of selection that Balanchine didn't depict, in order to see where it would lead. It hardly leads us back to "Liebeslieder." "A Schubertiad" is Biedermeier Romanticism; it is daylit and pragmatic. Maybe, even if he wanted to redo "Liebeslieder," Martins would be prevented by temperament. He can be sar-



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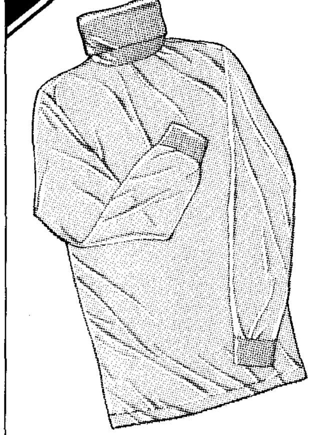

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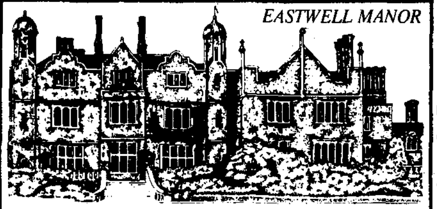

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donic but not dark. In the Fantasie, he doesn't come near the dark places in Schubert's psyche. He comes closer to mystery when he's dealing with his dancers.

A fundamental requirement of the piece, unevenly realized by the dancers, would seem to be acting. This is a vexed question at New York City Ballet. Emoting is taboo. But in a piece like "A Schubertiad" a neutral presence is death. The demands Martins makes as a dramatist are modest enough: the dancers are not to impose characterization on the dancing but to carry out the character implications of the dances and the dance situations. When this kind of impersonal dance-acting is done successfully, it dissolves the problem of effects and how to get them, leaving only a sense of completion of incident. Apart from its suite of ballroom dances, the most impressive achievement of "A Schubertiad" is the "story" of Kyra Nichols and Joseph Duell. Duell becomes a performer of force in this ballet, and he creates a muscular, saturnine figure. The quality is not overtly sketched in anything he does; it's a matter of tone. And we're given to believe it is the secret of his appeal for Nichols. In one of the ballroom dances, as he lifts her on his back he bends forward with the thrust of a buffalo, and she clings contentedly. In the garden pas de trois, he seems to have this lunging power bottled up inside him. Duell's role is a little like the one Martins made for Jock Soto in "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos." (In both ballets, the men are rivals of the elegant and fluent Ib Andersen.) Nichols' character is completely unexpected. Role after role—most recently a consummate "Raymonda Variations"—confirms that, for all her speed and variety, her great quality remains stability. Physically, she is solid-state, like a marble colt, and her marmoreal looks never melt or flow—not in legato, not even in the white heat of high-velocity allegro, which is one of her specialties. The changelessness is proof against the myriad changes of her dancing—it's a gift of grandeur. There's nothing intractable about Kyra Nichols, but nothing quicksilver, either. And Martins casts her as a mercurial tease. If she didn't understand her part as well as she does, she'd look miscast.

Federico Pallavicini, a new designer, contributes a pretty baroque room with high windows. His garden is a mite tropical for Vienna. Chenault Spence chose to key his lighting to the colors of the set rather than to the time of day, so this Schubertiad seems to start at 4 A.M. The piano in the alcove-pavilion is not amplified, and the sound is muffled in some parts of the house.

FRANK SINATRA records may not seem much of a basis for serious choreography, but in "Nine Sinatra Songs" Twyla Tharp has made them work excitingly for her and her superb company, now performing at the Brooklyn Academy. The dance style is ballroom-acrobatic, and it's very different from her original, rather arty approach to this music back in 1976, when she and Mikhail Baryshnikov worked together in a duet called "Once More, Frank." The three songs she used then—"Somethin' Stupid," "That's Life," and "One for My Baby"—are represented in the new ballet, along with "Softly As I Leave You," "Strangers in the Night," "All the Way," "Forget Domani," and "My Way." ("My Way" is used twice, in two different versions.) It's certainly a mixed bag. Tharp hasn't tried to separate the connoisseur's Sinatra from the Vegas brawler, and in that I think she's been true to the nature of her material. In pop music, one can flash from the shallows to the heights without warning. Tharp confronts what Sinatra stands for in all its aspects (though when we get to the "dooby dooby doo" section of "Strangers in the Night," she lifts the needle; there does seem to be a limit to her tolerance). She emerges with something like a panorama of Middle America in middle age. The generation that came of age in the fifties probably knows Sinatra best. It spans his bobby-sox era and his ring-a-ding-ding and Paul Anka and Stephen Sondheim eras, and it was one of Tharp's most perceptive decisions to set "My Way" both times as an ensemble dance instead of as a duet. The graying masses have throbbed to this valediction ever since Sinatra first recorded it. As staged by Tharp, with first three, then seven couples wheeling and sweeping across a stage lit by a turning silver ball, it has an anthemic power.

Oscar de la Renta's ball gowns are fifties-ish without being archaic, and, with the exception of the one for Sara Rudner, which looks like two bibs hanging back to back, they aren't examples of egregious chic; they're what wives and girlfriends might reasonably dream of wearing on New Year's

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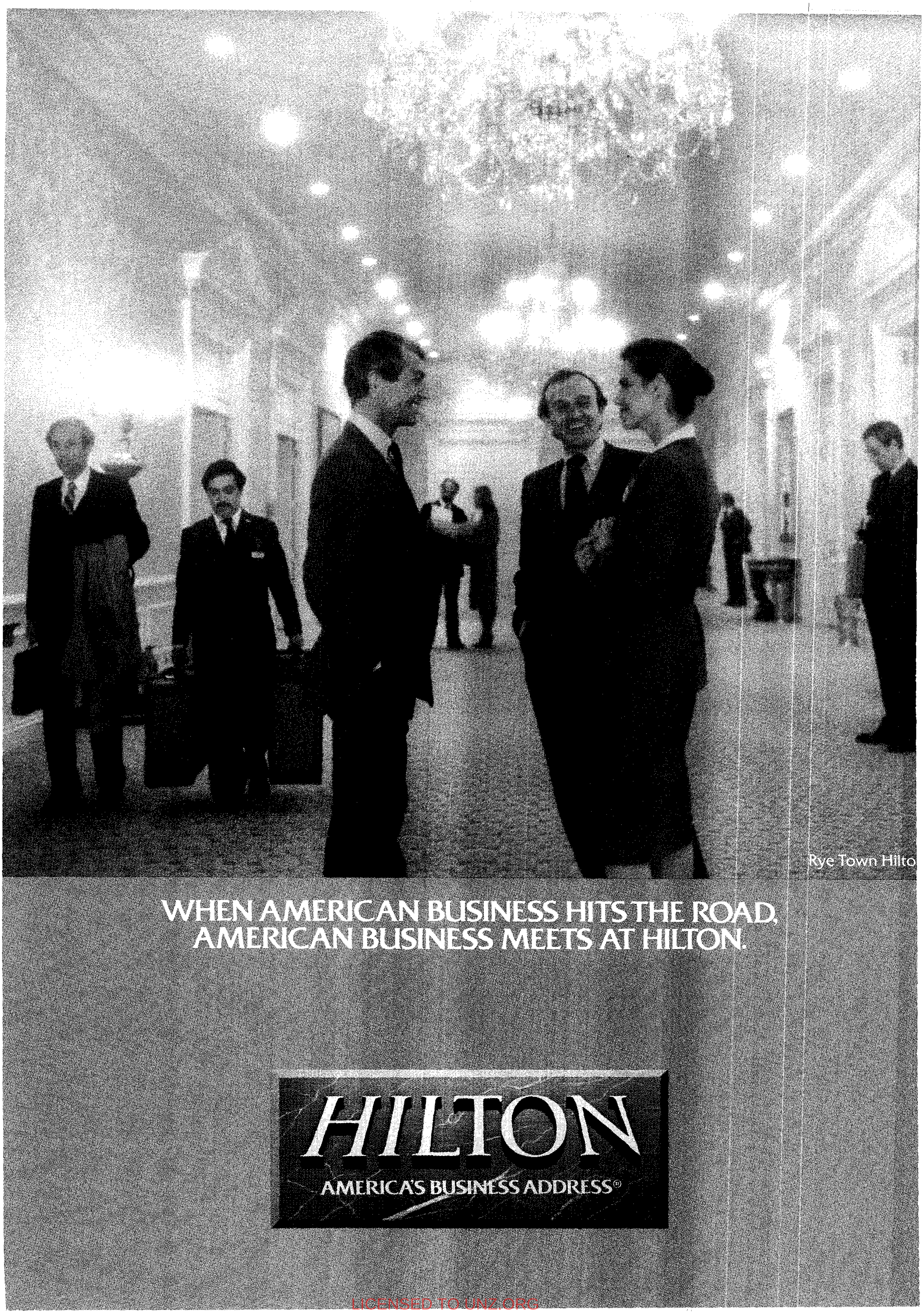

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Eve. The great Rudner is also given the most labyrinthine acrobatic choreography—a tortuous series of slithers, blind leaps, upsy-daisy lifts, and ass-over-heels floorwork, to "One for My Baby." With excellent support from John Carrafa, Rudner makes it all lyrical. (When Tharp devised her spinoff "Sinatra Suite" for American Ballet Theatre last year, she gave "One for My Baby" to Baryshnikov for a solo and used some of the Rudner material for his "That's Life" duet with Elaine Kudo. In yet another permutation, Tharp and Baryshnikov will dance the "Suite" in the "Songs" context at a gala on her company's closing night in Brooklyn.) The sexual frankness of Tharp's choreography here and in the rough-and-tumble "That's Life" may surprise people who haven't seen exhibition disco recently. But the discos know nothing like Tharp's wit. Her roughhousing is as tautly controlled, as systematically applied as her boffo effects. The two tactics come together in Song No. 8, "That's Life," when Sinatra sings "Pick myself / Up and get / Back in the race!" and a supine Shelley Freydont is yanked to her feet by degrees, one yank per beat. The audience starts to yell, because nothing as brutally obvious and as funny has happened up to that moment. Then Tharp tops it by having Freydont hurl herself through the air at Tom Rawe *before* he has quite finished putting on his dinner jacket. He makes the catch: uproar.

"Nine Sinatra Songs" hits the audience very hard—it can barely keep still. Nearly every number is met with groans and giggles at having these old family albums brought out and plumped down right in front of everybody. Even if you haven't grown up with the songs, the mixed emotions they induce are apt to make you slightly queasy. Tharp toys with the audience's susceptibilities, but she doesn't take undue advantage. The straight numbers are perfectly straight. "Softly As I Leave You" is a gliding and flying exhibition-style number, arranged for Shelley Washington and Keith Young. "All the Way," more intimate and romantic, is performed by the tall and beautiful Amy Spencer, with Raymond Kurshals. As for "Strangers in the Night," it's a militant tango done by a mock-serious, straight-backed team, Mary Ann Kellogg and John Malashock. In the up-tempo division, we get two surprises. The newest and youngest-looking woman in the company, Barbara Hoon, dances "Somethin' Stupid" in puffed sleeves with Richard Colton and captures the essence of dopey Junior Prom ecstasy. "Forget Domani" is Jennifer Way and William Whitener wagging their heads roguishly and practicing their flamenco—the essence of dopey middle-aged escapism. I wouldn't care to choose among such riches, but when I think back on "Nine Sinatra Songs," "Forget Domani" is the one that makes me smile.

Technically speaking, the main interest of the piece is its adaptation of professional ballroom dances. Tharp has dissected the style with her usual care. Her tango parody is a knowledgeable one. Her aerial work in "Softly As I Leave You" is a beautiful development of exhibition heroics. There's a whole stack of dance manuals—as well as a few cruise brochures—behind "Forget Domani." Even the roughhouse has its model in the knockabout ballroom acts; it's crème de l'apache. Like Peter Martins, who is a former ballroom champion, Tharp knows how to feature the women without shading the men. In another area of technique, her work here can be admired for its resourcefulness in setting steps to long vocal lines and chunky ones, to rigidly regular rhythms and overplangent orchestrations. Although the spectacle of the ballet seems utterly familiar, people never actually danced to Sinatra records. Tharp's choreographic line is like a wide silk ribbon winding through the plush of the ballads. When I first heard of her Sinatra project, I wondered why she wasn't using a virtuoso jazz singer like Mel Tormé, whose way with a pop song strikes me as more nearly equal to her own methods than Sinatra's. Possibly there would have been too even a match—silk on silk. As it is, "Nine Sinatra Songs" joins "Sue's Leg" and "Baker's Dozen" and "Eight Jelly Rolls" on the Brooklyn bills as a masterpiece of Americana.

—ARLENE CROCE

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[*From the Battle Creek (Iowa) Times*]

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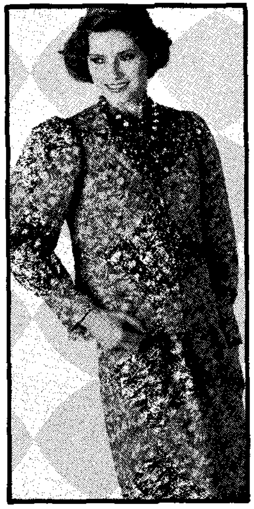

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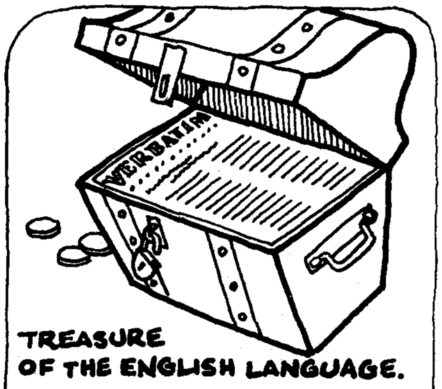

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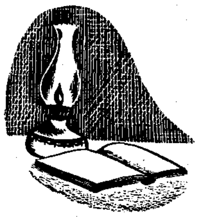


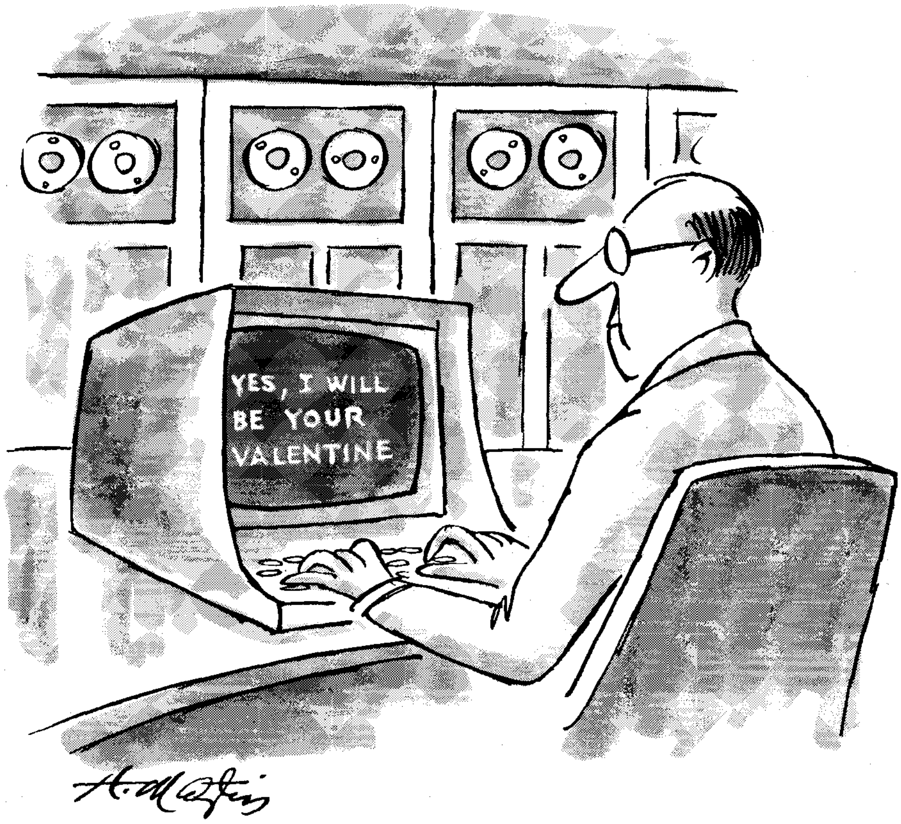
APPROACHING his eightieth birthday, Joseph Campbell, one of our two best-known mythologists (the other is the great Rumanian savant Mircea Eliade, of the University of Chicago), has created a blockbuster of a work, the first volume of which has now appeared, and which will be called, in toto, "Historical Atlas of World Mythology." This first volume is called "The Way of the Animal Powers." It is published by Alfred van der Marck Editions and is being distributed by Harper & Row, San Francisco. The volume contains no fewer than a hundred and seventy-five illustrations in color and four hundred in black-and-white, along with fifty maps, also in color, and it weighs about six pounds. It is priced at seventy-five dollars. There will be three more volumes, Volume II being entitled "The Way of the Seeded Earth," Volume III "The Way of the Celestial Lights," and Volume IV "The Way of Man."

Campbell starts his colossal task with an essay on "The Mythological Dimension," which contains a valuable definition of myth and a discussion of its influence on humanity. He discerns four essential functions of myth. The first is to

> waken and maintain in the individual a sense of wonder and participation in the mystery of this finally inscrutable universe, whether understood in Michelangelo's way as an effect of the will of an anthropomorphic creator, or in the way of our modern physical scientists—and of many of the leading Oriental religious and philosophical systems—as the continuously created dynamic display of an absolutely transcendent, yet universally immanent, *mysterium tremendum et fascinans,* which is the ground at once of the whole spectacle and of oneself.
>
> The second function of mythology, then, is to fill every particle and quarter of the current mythological image with its measure of this mystical import; and in this regard, mythologies differ as the horizons, landscapes, sciences, and technologies of their civilizations differ. . . . A third function is . . . the sociological one of validating and maintaining whatever moral system and manner of life-customs may be peculiar to the local culture. . . . A fourth, and final, essential function of mythologies . . . is the pedagogical one of conducting individuals in harmony through the passages of human life, from the stage of dependency in childhood to the responsibilities of maturity, and on to old age and the ultimate passage of the dark gate. And it is in its service to this function that the most evident of its elementary ideas, or universal themes and motifs, are to be recognized; for a human life, after all, whether in the Andaman Islands or in the city of New York, will have to pass from infancy to engagement in the world and on to disengagement in old age, after which the mystery occurs of death, the ultimate term to the no less tremendous *mysterium* of birth—between which terms there will have been so many minor cycles of sleep (with dreams) and waking.

In "The Mythological Dimension," Campbell does not immediately plunge into mythology; he writes of history, beginning with the Sumerians. And then, after presenting six creation myths, he describes the development of hominid anatomy, including the measurement of cranial capacities, from the early *Australopithecus afarensis,* through *Homo erectus,* to *Homo sapiens.* Toolmaking by early man and primitive peoples is discussed. In considering creation myths, Campbell places the origin of the Eden myth at 930-721 B.C., and ascribes the account of the six days of creation and the seventh day of rest to the time of the Second Temple of the Hebrews, in the fourth century B.C. "We have to ask," he goes on, "when was it in the long course of the evolution of our genus that the awakening to the knowledge of death set man apart from the beasts and plants?" He allegorically answers this question by relating a story told by a Pawnee chief, in which the animals teach man the secrets of life, and proceeds to give a more literal answer by discussing Neanderthal man's burial customs and reliquary shrines to animals. He quotes Oswald Spengler fairly frequently, first on the awakening of the inner life, and then when Spengler quotes Tolstoy's "From the child of five to myself is but a step. But from the newborn baby to the child of five is an appalling distance."

It is impossible to encompass the whole subject of Campbell's volume in a review. The volume is a compendium with example after example of primitive manners and beliefs. There is comparatively little original research here; Campbell relies on his encyclopedic reading on the subject. He is generous in quoting his sources, which range from Father Schebesta, a missionary who studied the African pygmies during the nineteen-twenties, to the great German anthropologist Leo Frobenius. Nevertheless, the bringing together and the interpretation of all


YES, I WILL BE YOUR VALENTINE
H. Martin

this anthropological material is an extraordinary feat. He notes the curious fact that the Eskimo culture is quite uniform, whether in Greenland or in Siberia. He also discusses early and present hunting-and-gathering societies. Some of them (notably the African Bushmen) feel a certain sense of guilt over their taking of life, for which there is the necessity of atonement. The African pygmies, on the other hand, are true children of nature. They appear to feel little guilt, and celebrate their hunting exploits with various sorts of dancing.

The prehistoric caves in southern France and northern Spain receive a great deal of attention, and here Campbell has done original research, having entered the famous cave at Lascaux and carefully examined the animal paintings on its ceiling and walls. In this cave, as is well known, there is the figure of a supine man with an erect penis. According to Campbell's theory, this supine figure represents a shaman, a type of quasi-supernatural being common to nearly all primitive societies. (A shaman is someone who goes into a trance, during which he claims he is able to travel great distances and finally return. He can also cause and heal sickness and summon spirits by pronouncing incantations.)

If one should be asked to give a general description of the main subject of this volume, the answer would be that it is the history and distribution of shamanism all over the world. There are odd, and sometimes amusing, customs described. In the Andaman Islands, which are close to the Burmese coast and were at one time inhabited by a fierce, warlike people, a widow would carry the skull of her deceased husband around on her shoulder until she found a new mate. The pygmies believe that death was confined to a pot that was carried by a toad and a frog. The latter dropped the pot and broke it, thus releasing death into the world. There are curious parallels. According to another belief of the pygmies, a deity, with the help of the moon, created the first man, who had many children and passed along to them the deity's warning not to eat the fruit of a certain tree. But one day a pregnant woman got a craving for the fruit and nagged her husband so relentlessly about it that *he* sneaked off and ate some of it. This made the Creator angry, and he cursed the human race with death.

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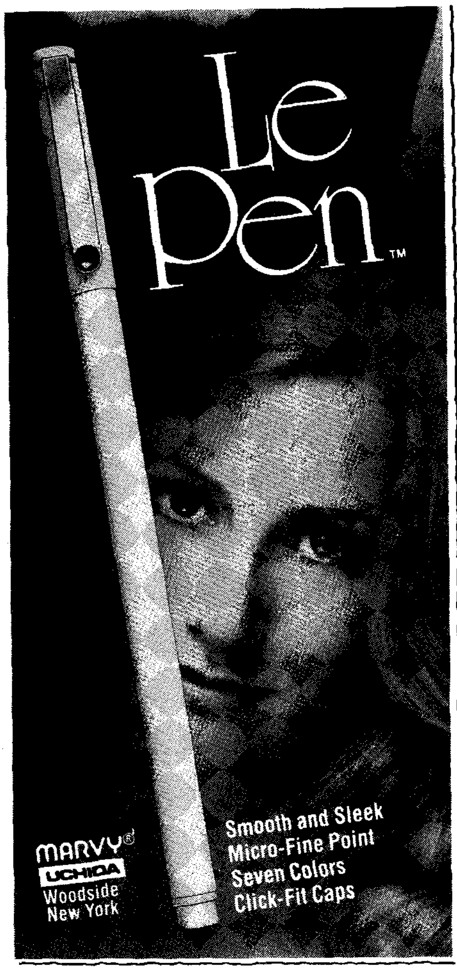

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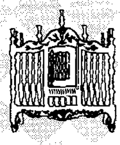
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the sea that it subsided, leaving a land bridge between Siberia and Alaska, and the hunting tribes of the period crossed it from the west, penetrating the Americas all the way to Tierra del Fuego. Campbell examines the myths of these hunters, as well as those of the primitive civilizations of Africa, noting that the Sahara was once a verdant plain, full of plant and animal life. Among the Ojibwa, there is a legend about a boy who wrestled with the messenger of the Great Spirit (again a Biblical analogy). The cult of the bear, an animal that can stand like a man, was pervasive among the Paleolithic hunting peoples, and is attested to by the skulls of bears carefully preserved in archeological deposits. Among the African Bushmen, the mantis is associated with Kaggen, the principal deity, and the Bushmen believe in a universal force known as *ntum*, which pervades everything and can be utilized by man.

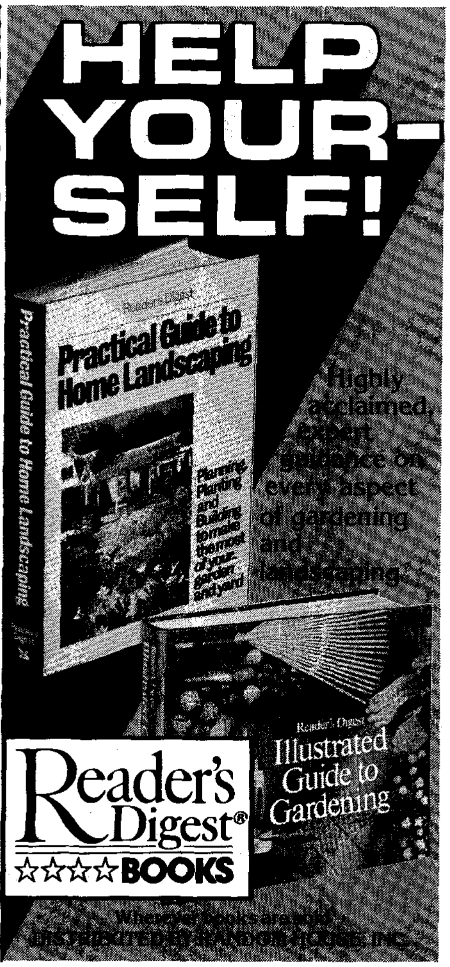
Being a compilation of data, Campbell's volume can be read only as encyclopedias are read—in bits and pieces. However, for anyone interested in world mythology in all its ramifications this book contains quantities of information that he would not come across otherwise except in a lifetime of reading, and specialized reading at that. Thus, it is an invaluable contribution to contemporary knowledge.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TOOTS IN SOLITUDE, by John Yount (St. Martin's/Marek; $13.95). "Robinson Crusoe" with a twist. Instead of an island, there is a tree house on a river. Instead of Friday, there is a battered cocktail waitress on the lam. Instead of an ingenious Englishman, there is a one-eyed, divorced, middle-aged American hermit. That the plot is implausible—it involves a drug dealer, his flunky, the flunky's flunky, and a quarter of a million dollars—does not diminish the delight that John Yount, like Daniel Defoe, generates in describing a man who has managed "to pare his prejudices and pleasures down to fighting trim." We learn our way around the hero's hideaway, with its garden and its springhouse, and we share his mixed feelings about his guest (intruder?) and about his newest feeling: a "giddiness that buzzed in his bones"—a giddiness that re-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minds him of what it is like to love someone, and what it is like to be lonely.

THE BALLAD OF TYPHOID MARY, by J. F. Federspiel, translated from the German by Joel Agee (Dutton; $12.95). According to J. F. Federspiel's narrator, that typhoid bacteria can be transmitted by an immune human "carrier" was not known in 1868, when an immigrant ship full of typhoid victims sailed into New York Harbor and a teen-age girl, unscathed, stepped out. Within a few months, small plagues were breaking out around Manhattan; within a few years, Typhoid Mary had become as familiar, and as elusive, a phantom as Kilroy would be one day. Working as a cook from Philadelphia to Maine, she was a particularly virulent (if, at first, unwitting) carrier; eating food she had touched could be fatal. Little is known about most of her life. Doctors eventually cornered and quarantined her, and she was buried, in the Bronx, in 1938. The narrator admits at the outset that much of "Mary's reality is my own invention;" a subplot involves a penniless friend who finds time to read the parables of Horatio Alger, Jr., while he plots world revolution. Mr. Federspiel's portrayal of Typhoid Mary as a sort of anti-American avenging angel—most of her victims are petty tyrants exploiting the influx of cheap immigrant labor—helps account for the melodramatic excesses of his "invention," and for the book's success in Europe, where it was published in 1982.

GENERAL

THE BOURGEOIS EXPERIENCE, VICTORIA TO FREUD—VOLUME I: EDUCATION OF THE SENSES, by Peter Gay (Oxford; $25). The first of four projected volumes, which will afford a collective portrait of the middle classes between 1820 and 1914. Mr. Gay starts off by demonstrating his notable capacity for clarification, in discussing who, exactly, composed the middle class. He shows that during this historical period several generations changed ideas, behavior, and circumstances with (to them) bewildering speed. He persuades us that, despite the cliché of Victorian prudery, many Victorians enjoyed sexual relationships in harmonious marriages. But he also discusses bizarre aspects of Victorianism, such as the strong

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hostility to women evoked by such mild requests as higher, or merely better, education for them, and by the characterization, in all the arts, of women as temptresses and destroyers. There does indeed seem to have been throughout this epoch an underground of hysteria ready to be mobilized against sexuality, but it never prevailed (in part because of the spread of birth control and the decline of maternal and infant mortality). Mr. Gay does not pretend that every Victorian love story ended happily, but his absorbing panorama presents a richer range of human experience than traditional studies of the Victorians have done.

THE UNCIVIL WARS: IRELAND TODAY, by Padraig O'Malley (Houghton Mifflin; $20). Mr. O'Malley, who was born in Dublin, is a senior policy analyst at the Center for Studies in Policy and the Public Interest at the University of Massachusetts. He has interviewed political leaders in both Ulster and the Republic of Ireland, and brings rationality to bear on an irrational situation. North and South, he tells us, the overriding problem of Ireland is a failing economy. In this crisis, Irish republican irredentism is an irrelevance; Irish nationalism and Ulster separatism alike function as static to interfere with understanding of social and economic realities. Irish politicians are manipulated by violent extremists, but Mr. O'Malley finds that the politicians also manipulate extremist movements. He demonstrates that contemporary claims and counterclaims allegedly based on history derive mainly from myths and fibs, and that even ostensibly moderate leaders, North and South, conceal from themselves the extent to which they regard terrorism as legitimate. He explains that the economic costs of uniting Ireland at present would be destructive, and mentions possible alternatives. A first-rate volume of social analysis.

ROLLING NOWHERE, by Ted Conover (Viking; $15.95). Several years ago, aged twenty-two, Ted Conover, the son of a successful Denver lawyer, took a leave of absence from Amherst, hitchhiked to St. Louis, found his way to the freight yards, managed to board a freight car, and set forth on what turned out to be some four months of living as a tramp. This book is a detailed chronicle of

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that experience—an experience that took him west to Salt Lake City, north to Montana and North Dakota, west to Washington and Oregon, east to Nevada, south through California, east through Arizona and New Mexico, and home to Denver. He lived on castaway food, on Salvation Army handouts, on Jesus Saves mission sermons and handouts; he lived filthy dirty and usually hungry and sometimes full of wine and often cold and often afraid (of railroad police and weirdo tramps and accidents); and he learned that "unless an awful lot of things in my life went very wrong, I could never really become a tramp. Becoming a tramp apparently meant traveling a hard road of personal crisis, one that began long before it reached the rails." His story is interesting—he writes well—but it is also somewhat empty. He doesn't really tell us why he wanted the experience of being a tramp, and, for all the hardship he endured, he was never really a tramp. One wonders, too, whether he has been able to repay the Sally and the other missions for all their help. There is a useful map of his itinerary.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SHORT BREAK IN VENICE, by Peter Inchbald (Doubleday / Crime Club; $11.95). Another adventure (the third) involving the Florentine-born Chief Inspector Franco Corti, of the London Art and Antiques Squad, and a gang of neo-Nazis who have declared war on the Jewish art and antique dealers of Europe. There is plenty of action here and plenty of double-dealing and mysterious coming and going, but Mr. Inchbald's real gift to us is Venice. He shows us that ever-enchanting city in every weather and every aspect—most of its celebrated sights and restaurants and museums—with the certainty and charm of one who knows it well.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Raleigh* (*N.C.*) *News & Observer*]

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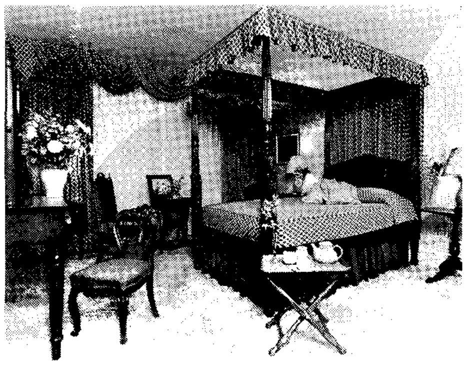

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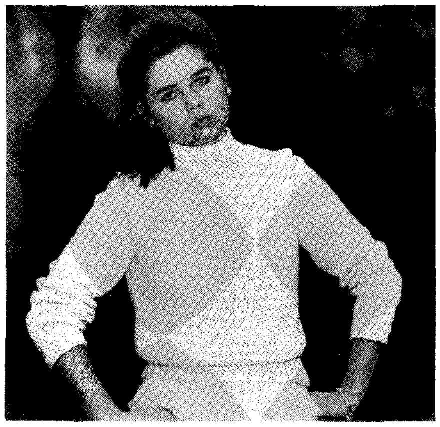

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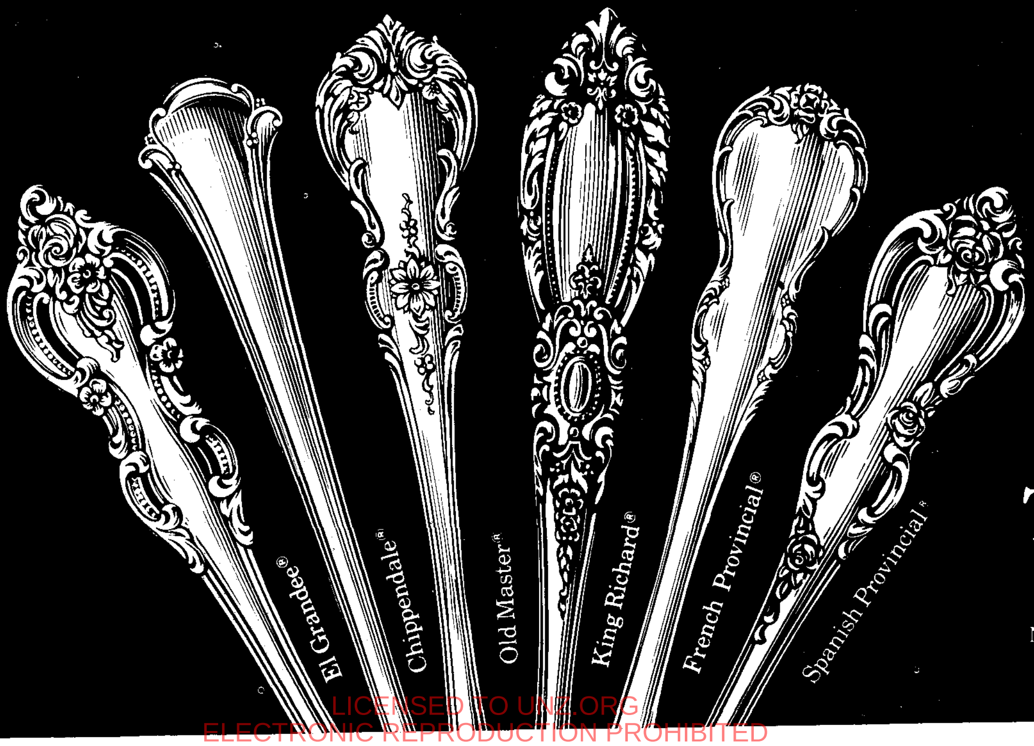
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Family portrait, circa 1992, 2016, 2045, 2078, 210

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